McCALL'S

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

WHAT WE THINK ABOUT WAR
BY THE YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN
WHO WILL GO OR STAY AT HOME

JUNE
1938

TEN CENTS
IN U. S. AND CANADA

I NY 5079 W7 12-9

MRS WALTER NORRIS
ARNOLD MARYLAND

"26 years -and no sign of wear!"

Could you look at your bathtub and write a letter like this?

"WE HAVE LIVED in the same private house for 26 years," writes Mrs. H. E. Parry of New York City . . . "The bathtub, the basin and the kitchen sink were put in new when we bought the house . . .

"For more than a quarter of a century they have been cleaned and scrubbed by an assortment of cleaning women, good, bad and indifferent . . .

"They have been given a 'lick and promise' by youngsters in a hurry . . . by menfolks to whom household jobs are a plague . . .

HER SECRET

"But today—the bathtub, the basin and the kitchen sink are as white, as shining, as unmarred as the day the plumber finished putting them in. The reason, of course, is Bon Ami. For year in and year out no matter who was doing the cleaning, the cleanser was Bon Ami."

☆ ☆ ☆

Saves time

Do you realize that Bon Ami not only cleans quickly, thoroughly—but *polishes as it cleans and rinses away easily, completely, too?*

Saves porcelain

Do you realize that Bon Ami does not make scratches that catch dirt? As a result, it keeps sinks and bathtubs easy to clean!

Saves hands

Do you realize that Bon Ami leaves your hands soft, white? Try Bon Ami. See how quick, thorough and safe a cleanser can be.

Copr. 1938, The Bon Ami Co.

Bon Ami

"hasn't scratched yet!"

Engaging—Enchanting

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

LIKE A SONG in your heart, her loveliness warms you, holds you enthralled. "Such fresh, young charm!" you say, "this is the beauty of youth and the Springtime!" But when she smiles, that devastating, dismal, shocking smile, how quickly the illusion fades! How swiftly you and the world turn away!

Dull teeth and dingy gums—loveliness shadowed and ruined—what a foolish chance to take! What a heavy price to pay for carelessness, for continued neglect!

Don't let it happen to you—don't risk your happiness, your loveliness, your dental health! When you see "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist promptly.*

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

Remember—"pink tooth brush" is only a warning. You may not be in for serious trouble, *but let your dentist make the decision.* Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy and tender—gums deprived of vigorous chewing by our modern soft, creamy foods. He'll probably suggest more exercise for your gums—and, like so many dentists, he may add "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth, but with massage, to aid the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the gum tissues—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier.

Change to Ipana and massage today. Adopt this common-sense dental routine as one sensible and helpful way to a more brilliant and radiant smile.

• • •

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

LET IPANA HELP KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER!
LOOK, AUNT SUE! IT TALKS ABOUT "GUM MASSAGE." WE PRACTICE IT IN SCHOOL!
YOU MASSAGE YOUR GUMS LIKE THIS AND IT HELPS KEEP THEM FIRMER AND STRONGER!
SMART LITTLE ANN! IT WAS HER TIP ON IPANA AND MASSAGE THAT MAKES BILL LIKE MY SMILE!

Ipana

TOOTH PASTE

McCall's

OTIS L. WIESE,
EDITOR

Often obscure, rarely spectacular, millions of women daily go about the most important business in the world—the business of homemaking. They must know the mechanics for creating a home, yet sacrifice none of its charm to practicality. Theirs is a manifold rôle which, in each of its phases, has always found full interpretation in the pages of McCall's.

Now, we offer still another way to help homemakers with their tasks. In the April issue of this magazine, McCall's-How-To-Buy-Service was established. This is a service which supplements our usual informative articles and provides a clear, concise statement of buying values.

Proof that this new feature has been received with warm enthusiasm has come to us in hundreds of letters, one of which—written by Mrs. Bert W. Hendrickson, Chairman of the American Home Department of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs—we print here in part:

"It is with both pleasure and satisfaction that I note the active entrance of McCall's into the consumer field. True you have done indirect consumer education for a long time, but the movement has reached the stage when it is the direct information which is going to help most.

"I like your insignia and your title 'How-To-Buy-Service.' I am glad you were original and tied it in with your articles. It makes sense and will give greater value to the articles and call attention to the consumer service they render.

"Being both an expert in the field and a garden variety of consumer, I have looked at your information from both angles. From both I like your selection of four separate fields: food, textiles, houses and equipment. As an ordinary consumer your 'how's' are excellent; as an expert, there are, of course, more things to be considered. However, after considerable thought, I believe what you have selected is right for your readers."

By the insignia illustrated above, you may identify McCall's-How-To-Buy-Service on subsequent pages of this issue. It may be used as an unfailing guide in the day-to-day activities of homemaking.

The Editor

JUNE 1938

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Try the treatment that *works*

LISTERINE FOR DANDRUFF

Keeps hair good-looking—scalp youthful and healthy

If your hair is dull and lifeless . . . If your scalp lacks tone and vigor, itches and burns . . . If dandruff bothers you temporarily or chronically . . .

Start right now with the delightful Listerine treatment—the only treatment, so far as we know, backed by clinical evidence *that dandruff can be cured.*

Tomorrow, your hair will look cleaner and feel healthier.

Your scalp will begin to tingle with new invigoration. Those ugly dandruff scales will begin to disappear as if by magic.

Nothing complicated about this proved treatment. Just douse Listerine on the scalp and accompany it with vigorous massage by the fingertips. Do this once or twice a day, and keep it up systematically. Remember, dandruff is a germ infection and requires persistent treatment.

Once you try Listerine Antiseptic for dandruff, you will echo what thousands are saying: "The surest, most delightful remedy ever."

To help us check how many people read this ad, we will send a regular 25¢ can of Listerine Tooth Powder upon receipt of 10¢ in coin to cover cost of handling and mailing. This offer good in U. S. A. only. Write today to the Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. 626, St. Louis, Missouri.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES
Don't treat dandruff with unproved remedies. Play safe. Use Listerine—the same antiseptic which was used in the reported laboratory tests.

WITH LISTERINE, DANDRUFF GONE IN 30 DAYS
In a New Jersey clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine twice a day, showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, symptoms of dandruff in a month.

DO OTHERS OFFER SUCH PROOF? Laboratory and clinic show the following results: Rabbits inoculated with dandruff were cured in two weeks. In a mid-western skin clinic, a substantial number of men and women dandruff patients, using Listerine once a day, obtained marked relief in the first two weeks, on the average. In a New Jersey clinic, 76% of patients showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of four weeks.

Before you invest a single penny in any remedy claiming to relieve dandruff, ask yourself: Has it been subjected to authentic research by competent authorities? Are its claims backed by ample clinical and laboratory proof? So far as we know, only Listerine offers such proof. On its scientific record alone, it stands forth as the truly effective treatment for dandruff.

"I GET $100 A WEEK FOR HAVING MY PICTURE TAKEN"

"In school I wos considered pretty; so I sought work os o photographic model. I mode the rounds of the studios, but everywhere I got the same onswer, 'Nothing doing.'

"One day o photographer gave me o hint. 'The thing that is holding you back is your teeth. They oren't ottractive enough for work before the camera.

"'See those girls,' he soid, 'they use Listerine Toath Paste. They soy it gives teeth the brilliont lustre studio work requires. They call it their Beauty Both far teeth.'

Use the Tooth Paste that Glamour Girls Use

Start today to give your teeth the "Beauty Bath" New York models use—Listerine Tooth Paste. It is sensationally different! Made *without* soap! Instead of slipping over the surface the way ordinary dentifrices often do, Listerine Tooth Paste really "takes hold." You can feel it. Such cleansing! Such brilliance! Such lustre! You must see for yourself how this special combination of rare, delicate cleansers and polishers makes teeth sparkle. Get a tube of *economical* Listerine Tooth Paste from your druggist today!

"I started using **Listerine Tooth Paste** ond loter I londed the job. Now I moke $100 a week hoving my picture token. I odvise ony womon who wonts **reolly brilliont teeth to use Listerine Tooth Poste.**"

Not of the Civil War, but of the old South is "Jezebel" told—with Bette Davis and Henry Fonda

What's Going on this Month

MOVIES By Pare Lorentz

FOR years it was an adage in the movie industry that no picture dealing with the Civil War ever was profitable. This, of course, was rather paradoxical in that *The Birth Of A Nation,* which dealt somewhat with the war between the states, made twice as much money as any movie ever made in the history of the industry.

Now, of course, since *Gone With The Wind* is practically a national institution, Hollywood is breaking its own taboo willy-nilly, and to date we have had *The Prisoner of Shark Island, So Red The Rose,* and more recently, *Of Human Hearts*—pictures which, if not record box office attractions, at least have had more distinction than several hundred other little epics produced in the same period.

A more recent picture, *Jezebel,* does not deal with the war, but it does have an authentic feeling of the deep South that makes it an unusual movie.

(And before all you people South of the Mason-Dixon line start oiling your pistols, understand I don't think *Jezebel* is "typical" of anything—I just said it had a genuine feeling. Besides, I was smiling when I said it.)

Originally a play by Owen Davis, *Jezebel* has gained power and substance in translation to the screen. As a play, it was nothing but a character study: a portrait of a vicious, lusting Southern belle who, despite the retribution she suffered, was so nasty a little lady that you did not care what happened to her family or her men simply because she did not possess even one saving grace.

Now, however, as she is played by Bette Davis, the girl is something more than an unmitigated so-and-so, and director Wyler has brought some superb scenes of the yellow fever plague that hit New Orleans before the war—scenes impossible on the stage—which give the movie great power.

Some of the accents and the attempt at ante-bellum manners by the players will make you wince, even if you don't live in the South; but once Miss Davis drives Henry Fonda to the North, and once she spies his bride when he returns, and begins to hate, you will find *Jezebel* an authentic and logical piece of work, and you will find Miss Davis a really fine actress.

I suppose we shall have to wait until the theater or the novelists call their attention to it, but it is amazing that Hollywood for the most part evidently never has read any American history save that section: 1861—1898, or roughly, from Lincoln's first administration to McKinley's death.

Whether they make any money or not, the producers will undoubtedly give us a great deal more Southern history between now and that breath-taking moment when *Gone With The Wind* finally is presented to a swooning public.

One producer I know has bought William Faulkner's last war novel, and another is contemplating doing a picture about Abraham Lincoln.

But even Mr. Faulkner knows some Southern history that antedates the Civil War by quite a few years; naturally, they couldn't make a movie from them, but his stories of the days when the Creeks and the Cherokees owned slaves are as fresh as they are fantastic.

Mr. de Mille recently gave us an epic about Lafitte and the war of 1812 but, then, Mr. de Mille's history sooner or later all looks and sounds alike, whether it deals with Egypt, Biblical times or Buffalo Bill. But from New England to Florida, from St. Louis to San Francisco, there are characters and locales that would make exciting and novel historical movies.

Mind you, I'm not arguing that Hollywood should go into the history business, nor do I think they have any obligation to educate the movie-goers of the country.

But right now, besides the aforementioned Civil War stories, the producers have in the works a life of Jesse James; a re-make of *The Valley of The Giants;* two stories that might—just barely might have been—suggested by *Wells Fargo,* one being *Overland Express* and the other *Stage Coach Days;* a cattle story called *The Texans*—and some others called *Thunder in Alaska, Under Western Skies* and *Outlaws of Sonora.*

(And as long as these articles are copyrighted, I think I'm safe in coming right out with some suggestions and some dates the producers evidently never read about in school.)

AS LONG as they insist on making pictures about Texas, they might start at the beginning and think about Sam Houston. Mr. Marquis James wrote a book called *The Raven* which is in my opinion the most exciting history book I've read in ten years; not so much because of the fighting or the conquest of the West, but for the fantasy of the story; the fantasy of a man who starts life as a gentleman poet, becomes a politician and a soldier, lays around drunk with the Indians for ten years, then gets up off the ground and goes out and steals Texas from the Mexicans.

Mr. James goes a little bit more into detail, but the facts are there—the most important, to me, being that fact that one of our great empire-builders was not an old illiterate who picked his teeth with a bowie-knife, but a Virginia gentleman and a poet.

This, of course, is not Hollywood history. Even if a producer did make *The Raven,* he'd probably just hire 5,000 extras to put on the [*Turn to page 95*]

THE MOVIE GUIDE

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE. Although Gary Cooper seems far too pleasant to be a seven-time married man, and although Claudette Colbert, as the eighth wife, is not very convincing as a wife in name only, they are amusing and pleasant in the frothy situations given them by director Ernst Lubitsch.

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST. In which Jeanette MacDonald keeps a saloon, and Nelson Eddy is a bandit, and if you can put up with the old David Belasco plot, you will like the Romberg music, and the singing of the leading players—who can, at least, sing.

THE JOY OF LIVING. Another labored attempt at smart comedy, but this time Irene Dunne has a chance to sing same Jerome Kern music as well as to frolic with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and a host of comedians including Alice Brady, Guy Kibbee, Eric Blore and Jean Dixon.

Neighborhood Notes

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS. In which Virginia Bruce and Robert Montgomery go through that old plot about "should a wife work?"—in this case the alternative being for her to live in New Bedford, but there is some freshness of detail, and some first-class playing on the part of the personable Miss Bruce and Mr. Montgomery make it an entertaining picture.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM. In which the late Kate Douglas Wiggin favorite is slightly changed—the story opens in a broadcasting station this time—but in which Shirley Temple sings and dances with more finesse than ever before and with the support of Bill Robinson.

Recommended: *Adventures of Marco Polo; Adventures of Chico; Bringing Up Baby; Goldwyn Follies; Mad About Music; Of Human Hearts; Paradise For Three; Slight Case of Murder.*

Miss Alicia Rhett

OF CHARLESTON

An interesting younger artist....
with a marked dramatic talent....
she is devoted to the life of outdoor sports

SHE is a Rhett. of Charleston. Which means that her "presence is requested" at the St. Cecilia Ball, aristocratic social event dating back to 1762—still firmly exclusive. Her forefathers—among them, the founder of Charleston—have borne the titles of Lord Proprietor ...Colonel...Governor...Senator. She, herself, is a gifted artist...models heads in clay...does life-size portraits in oils. And she has unusual dramatic talent. She goes in for sports, and smokes Camels.

In studio, at left, Alicia tells a friend about the difference between Camels and other cigarettes. "You always smoke Camels, Alicia. Why *Camels* all the time?" asks Mary Middleton French, sitting for her portrait. "When you smoke as steadily as I do, you appreciate Camels," says Miss Rhett. "They're different." "How different?"..."So different that I can smoke all the Camels I want and they never tire my taste or jangle my nerves. The best way of saying all that I mean is—Camels *agree* with me!"

Miss Rhett is shown in costume (above), smoking a Camel backstage at the historic Dock Street Theatre where she has played leading roles. It is now whispered in the drawing rooms of old Charleston that she may soon lend her talent to the long-awaited filming of an exciting Civil War romance! "My dramatic work involves hours of rehearsing," says Miss Rhett. "A real test of the voice—and cigarette mildness! So I smoke nothing but Camels. Camels *are* mild. And so gentle to my throat!"

Despite her artistic interests, Alicia Rhett finds time to follow her favorite sports—riding and tennis. Above, Miss Rhett was caught by the photographer as she smoked a Camel on the balcony of the Dock Street Theatre—"America's oldest." Right—she enjoys another Camel on her way to the courts. Note the Sword Gates—famous Charleston landmarks. "After a game of tennis," she says, "I walk straight to my pack of Camels, and smoke as many as I please. It takes healthy nerves to enjoy a life full of activities. So my smoking is confined to Camels. My nerves and Camels 'get along' beautifully!"

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS ARE A MATCHLESS BLEND OF FINER, *MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS* . . . TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

One smoker tells another:

"CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels delightfully different:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Alexander Black, *Los Angeles*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston*
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
Miss Alma Nicoll, *New York*
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, *Baltimore*
Miss LeBrun Rhinelander, *New York*
Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena*
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago*
Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., *Philadelphia*

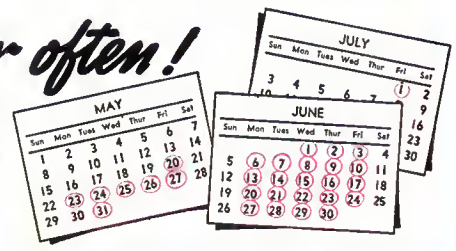
FREE 300 SERVEL ELECTROLUX REFRIGERATORS

CHOICE OF GAS OR KEROSENE MODEL PRICED UP TO $295

30 BIG DAILY CONTESTS

10 NEW REFRIGERATORS GIVEN AWAY EVERY DAY FOR 30 DAYS

Enter now! Enter often!



First contest closes midnight Friday, May 20 — with another new contest every day (except Saturdays, Sundays and May 30) through July 1. See this calendar!

DAILY contests limited to U. S. and Hawaii.

EASY TO WIN! JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE:

"I like P & G White Naphtha Soap because....."

(WRITE 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)

300 FIRST PRIZES! Just imagine! *Ten* new 1938 Servel Electrolux Refrigerators will be given away every day for six weeks (excepting Saturdays and Sundays and May 30) . . . A new, easy contest each day —and ten opportunities each day for you to win!

What a joy to have this beautiful, money-saving refrigerator in your own kitchen! This silent Servel Electrolux is the last word in modern, completely automatic refrigeration! Saves money—*no ice* to buy. Keeps foods fresh, crisp, wholesome! Think of the fun of making ice-creams, pretty frozen desserts and salads!

IMPORTANT: Winners may choose the Servel Electrolux model that operates on city gas . . . or the model that operates on bottled gas or kerosene (coal oil). Perfect refrigeration for *your* home—whether city, suburban or rural!

HINTS ON WINNING! We're offering these generous prizes so you'll try the new improved P AND G White Naphtha Soap! Just read how P AND G whitens clothes! Shortens washing time! Saves work!

A touch of P AND G soap on dirty streaks soaks dirt loose in less than ten minutes—cuts washer time one-third to one-half!

Towels, sheets, shirts whiten up — often several shades whiter — without boiling, bleaches or scrubbing.

P AND G Naphtha is *guaranteed safe* for bright washable ginghams, prints and linens.

This new P AND G Naphtha is amazingly economical! In hard water, it gives 25% more suds than other bar soaps tested! And you can use this fine white bar soap for only half the cost of most granulated or flaked soaps! Easy on your hands!

So many reasons why you like P AND G Naphtha. Just write us your *best* reason—and you'll have a *swell* chance to win a beautiful Servel Electrolux Refrigerator. Don't fuss with big words—be natural. If you like P AND G especially for children's clothes, you'll write something like this:

"I like P AND G White Naphtha Soap because it gets those dirty streaks out of children's clothes without any scrubbing, it doesn't ever fade colors, and gets my white clothes wonderful and white."

Or if you like P AND G best for dishwashing, for cleaning—write about that! Judges will read *every* sentence. So *yours* will be read. Perhaps its simple, honest sincerity will bring you a grand new SERVEL ELECTROLUX. So enter now—and enter often!

FOR CONTEST NEWS—HINTS ON WINNING—AND ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNERS' NAMES, TUNE IN ON "THE GUIDING LIGHT." SEE YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR STATION AND TIME.

The Duchess... NEW 1938 MODEL
DELIVERED AND INSTALLED FREE IN YOUR HOME—GUARANTEED
WHEREVER YOU LIVE
Servel Electrolux gives perfect refrigeration —a gas refrigerator for the city (illustrated) —a kerosene or bottled gas model for the farm.
SENSATIONAL ECONOMY!
Operates for a few cents a day! No water, no electricity needed.
SILENT, LONG LIFE
No moving parts to make noise or wear.
SAVES ON FOOD!
Keeps milk sweet! Keeps vegetables, fruits, left-overs fresher, longer!
ROOMY! CONVENIENT!
12.2 square feet of shelf space. Three ice trays. 80 ice cubes. Flexible ice-cube release. Extra dessert tray. Two vegetable fresheners.
DURABLE NO-CHIP NEWTONE CABINET
Baked Porcelain Enamel Interior. Height, 62 3/8 in., Width, 29 1/8 in., Depth, 29 1/16 in.
Good Housekeeping Bureau
THE DIFFERENT REFRIGERATOR WITH NO MOVING PARTS

GO AND INSPECT

a Servel Electrolux . . . the Gas or Kerosene Refrigerator at your gas company or neighborhood dealer's showroom! And remember, either the gas or kerosene model you may choose is guaranteed for one year and serviced by your local Servel Electrolux Dealer.

WINNERS ANNOUNCED DAILY

on P and G Naphtha's Radio Program "The Guiding Light" about one week after each contest closes.

READ THESE EASY RULES:

1. Finish the sentence "I like P AND G White Naphtha Soap because....." in 25 additional words or less. Write your sentence on entry blank or on one side of a sheet of paper and sign your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings or photographs with your entry.

2. Attach front panels of the wrappers from 5 cakes of P AND G White Naphtha Soap (or facsimiles) to each entry. Mail to P AND G White Naphtha Soap, Dept. M-68, Box 828, Cincinnati, O.

3. There are thirty separate contests—a new contest every day (except Saturdays, Sundays, and May 30), from May 20 through July 1 inclusive. Entries received before May 20 will be entered in that day's contest. Entries received after the close of one contest will automatically be entered in the next contest. Entries for the final (30th) contest of July 1 must be postmarked not later than midnight of that day.

4. You can enter each day's contest and enter as often each day as you choose. Enclose the front panels from 5 wrappers from P AND G White Naphtha Soap (or facsimiles) with each entry.

5. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought, concerning the qualities of P AND G White Naphtha Soap. Decision of judges will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas contained therein, become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6. Anyone may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble and Servel, Inc., their advertising agencies, and their families. Contests open to residents of the U. S., including Territory of Hawaii, and subject to Federal, State and Local regulations.

7. The ten winners of each day's contest will each receive a Servel Electrolux Refrigerator as stated above. Names of winners of Servel Electrolux Refrigerators will be announced daily about one week after the close of each contest over the P AND G radio program, "The Guiding Light."

ENTRY BLANK

25 WORDS WRITTEN HERE MAY WIN FOR YOU

"I like P & G White Naphtha Soap because.....

_____

_____

_____"

_____

(FINISH THIS SENTENCE IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)

P and G WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP
Dept. M-68, Box 828, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Here is my entry for the P and G White Naphtha Soap Contest. I attach the front panels of five wrappers from P and G White Naphtha Soap. (or facsimiles)

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

NOTE: Get more entry blanks at your store, at your local gas company, or your Servel dealer. Or just use plain paper.

"Let's just talk." "I—love to talk, don't you?" "Better than anything"

IMAGE OF LOUISE

BY FELIX NOLAND

IF PEOPLE in Clinton think I have forgotten Louise Kimbrough, they are wrong. Eleven years is a long time, I know. But you don't forget a girl like Louise. Her eyes, for instance—I keep seeing them. In all these years, I have never been able to look at anything beautiful without seeing Louise Kimbrough's soft, wounded eyes.

Sometimes I think if I had kept the picture of her niece, it might have been better. I mean, you can't run away from a thing like that, any more than you can forget a girl like Louise, and what happened to her. Because, in a way, it happens to you, too, and nothing is ever quite the same again. . . . If I had just taken the picture to school, that morning after the storm, and showed it to them—explained to them something of how it was with her, it might have made all the difference in the world. Louise might have come back to school again, and everything would have been different. Instead, I tore the picture into a dozen pieces and threw them into the street. I don't know what made me do it. It was like setting my seal to something I thought was ended, maybe that was why. I thought that tearing it would help me to forget. But that was crazy, too. It is better to look at a painful image, now and then, than to carry it inside of you forever.

AT THAT time, we were strangers in Clinton, and we lived upstairs over the Kimbroughs, in their dark green, shuttered house on the corner of Woodland and Vine. When the wind blew, you could hear the dry whisper of the magnolias in the yard, and see how the young winter grass bent vivid but tender, in their heavy shade. Even on the brightest fall mornings, there was a curious stillness below, as if the house crouched full to bursting with some secret knowing, and took the hard lashes of the wind without a flicker of its tightly closed lids. My father, hearing it, would pause in the act of lifting a hot buttered biscuit to his mouth. His shrewd blue eyes would narrow. "I want you to go straight to school this morning, Sarah."

"Yes."

Tall and erect, he sat, the creases sharp as razors down his immaculate white shirt sleeves. "No hanging around with that girl downstairs, now!"

My eyes fell to my plate. "But Father—why?"

"Eat your breakfast, Sarah," my mother soothed. She was tiny but strong and shining as metal, in her crisp tan percale. "Walk to school with Marion, why don't you? She's such a nice girl."

"Sssh—Mother!" Swallowing, I broke a piece of thin bacon with my fork. What was the good of arguing? It was always the same, where Louise was concerned, and it was always ugly.

She was the only one of the Kimbrough girls at home then. The other three were married, thanks to Mr. Kimbrough. Nobody knew exactly where they lived, or whether they had kept their husbands, but one of them —Daisy, I think it was—had had a

little girl after the boy who was born too soon. Louise used to carry the child's picture in the back of a silver vanity case, and whenever anybody was close enough to see it, she pretended to be powdering her nose. But I never heard her mention the little boy, and I never heard her speak one of her sister's names.

"Gee," the girls said at school, "gee, but you're lucky, Sarah. Living upstairs over the Kimbroughs! I bet you see plenty, don't you?"

"No," I said, "I've never seen anything."

This was true.

Frances sniggered. "Maybe Sarah needs glasses."

"Well, there are a lot of trees around that house," Marion said. "Don't forget, I live right across the street from them."

"Yes, and you've seen plenty, Marion Willis!"

Nancy's languid eyelids drooped. "Why don't you tell Sarah about the night you went over there to study with Louise. Remember?"

"Oh, that time!" She glanced over her shoulder, and toward a dense clump of trees opposite the basketball court. Behind the scabby black trunks, something white seemed to rise and fall. It might have been a piece of newspaper, but I watched, out of the corners of my eyes. "Well, Mr. Kimbrough was out of town, see? For a change!" Everybody giggled. "Louise called me up one night, and asked me to come over there and study with her. So I waited until Mother went upstairs, and then I sneaked across the street." She made a gesture with her long narrow hands, drawing us closer. "Louise answered the door. I never will forget how funny she looked—kinda scared, or sick, or something. And no wonder!" Her voice dropped lower, and the words slurred as she whispered. "Just as we passed the parlor . . . . way to her room . . . . door swung open, and there . . . . sofa . . . . Mrs. Kimbrough and Maybelle—you know, Maybelle Kimbrough, the oldest?—and two men! And they were all . . ."

"Sssh—here comes Louise!"

"Oh, pretend you don't see her!"

"Here, Sarah—show us your Friendship bracelet—"

"Don't look, kids—don't look!"

OUT from the dark shadows of the trees she stepped, and stood still for a moment, her head lifted as if she were listening. Then with her white middy blouse blown tight against the sharp points of her breasts, she started toward us—not directly but with quick, uncertain movements, her eyes all the time fixed in the distance, lustrous and shy. There was something about her that made you think of a young doe setting its arched hooves in wariness ahead, a trembling upon it, and the soft polished brown eyes so asking. . . . Across the cindery clay yard she stalked, her beautiful red mouth held still, a sheen on her skin like wet autumn leaves, and you could see the boys halt in their tracks as she passed. You could see them fling up their hands to their neckties, as if to loosen them for the sudden rush of blood that stole to their whetted faces. "Hey, there—Louise!"

With one accord, we whirled. It was Spike Hunter, the captain of the basketball team, and though we all stared, breathless, he kept his eyes on his sneakers as he ran. "Louise!"

On she came, not turning her head, but darting her begging eyes toward us again and again. "Don't look, Sarah—don't look!"

"Louise!" Spike's voice was rich and wooing. "Wait a minute!"

She flung us a last imploring glance, bowed her head, wheeled and went leaping up the cement walk to the entrance of the gray stucco building, her slim heels tap-tapping, while back of her crept Spike, a faint smile on his lips and his eyes very black in his keen white face. *"Louise!"*

At the steps she paused and waited for him, fumbling with her vanity. We could see Spike's copper head bent down, his smiling mouth close to her ear, and Louise looking out and beyond, her dark, silky hair writhing in the wind. Above the shrill clamor of noon recess, her voice came toward us as if directed. "I'm sorry, Spike. I can't have dates."

He whispered something, and ran his quick fingers down her arm.

"No," she said again, and louder. She opened the silver vanity, and looked. "No, Spike—I'm sorry. My mother won't let me have dates."

With the words, Frances snickered so loudly that I dropped her arm, and stepped to one side. I remember the sudden hurt crying of the sparrows, in the old trees, and how the sun disappeared behind a thin smoke of autumn clouds. But I could not look at Louise. I stood as if turned to stone, saying to myself that I would leave this crowd and walk with her—not for pity alone, but because I wanted to be her friend. There was something about her—some quality that I recognized, even then, but without understanding. I wanted so much to be her friend, but my knees were locked, and I could not speak. I couldn't even look at her. . . . At last, when I raised my eyes, Spike was swinging across the yard with a strange, fixed smile on his lips, and Louise had disappeared. "Tomorrow," I said to myself as if making a vow, "tomorrow I am going to ask Louise to walk with me. Maybe we'll eat lunch together. I'll ask her at study period."

Of course, I didn't. It was not only the girls. Once I had walked arm-in-arm to assembly with Louise. All of the teachers had watched us as we passed, and not one of them had spoken. That was the first time I noticed the little girl's picture in the back of her vanity. "Who is it?" I said, while Louise stopped on the landing to powder her nose. "Who is that darling little girl, Louise?"

"My niece," Louise said. "She is named for me. Louise."

"She's the image of you," I said, reaching for the vanity and studying the little girl's still, watchful face—the eyes so far apart and dark as old wounds. It was a beautiful face, but already older than mine, and quick with knowing. "Oh, the very image, Louise!"

"Do you really think so?" She wiped the loose powder from the photograph, and looked at it again. "It's the only one I have," she said.

That same afternoon, Miss Selover kept me after Ancient History. The pupils of her eyes were keen as drills behind her polished glasses. "Do you know Louise Kimbrough very well, Sarah?"

"Well, we live in the same house with them," I said flushing. "Upstairs."

"Of course—I'd forgotten that." She straightened the spotless blotter on her desk. "You seem to have plenty of nice young friends, Sarah. This is very important, at your age. You can't be too careful."

I blinked at her. "No'm."

"Louise Kimbrough is far too old for you, anyway."

"We are both fifteen," I said, but faintly.

"Even so, you are entirely different types. I taught all three of Louise's sisters. I know them all."

I said nothing.

"Not that there is anything wrong with Louise—don't misunderstand me. But she is years older than you, in most ways. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, Miss Selover."

I didn't, then.

Her eyes ground into me, as she rose. "So far, I like your work in this class, Sarah. I hope you keep it up. I'd hate to be disappointed in you, my dear. We all should."

"Thank you."

Walking through the long, dusty halls, I kept looking in all the dark corners. It was as if I could feel Louise hiding in one of them, and maybe bent double with pain, because she had heard what Miss Selover said. I kept watching and listening, but I was hurrying, too, because it was late, and I wanted to catch up with the crowd.

AFTER school, Louise usually hurried off alone. Sometimes she would walk two or three blocks alone, her slender figure bowed and swaying before us, the faint tap of her heels as light and fleet as a gazelle's. I couldn't get over the feeling that she was running from something, and all the time knowing that it was of no use. "Listen," Frances would say, narrowing her prominent eyes against the strong yellow sunlight, "listen, Sarah—don't you ever see anything?"

"No. Really, Frances, I don't."

"Not even Mrs. Kimbrough, or anything?"

"Oh," I said carelessly, "I see her, of course. But just driving the car in and out. She's very old, isn't she? I bet Mrs. Kimbrough is almost fifty."

"Well, what of it?" Nancy said. "Those black, frizzly bangs and rhinestone earrings. Marion, remember what their cook told yours?"

"Do I!"

"Remember the time Velma Kimbrough was so sick?" Edith shuddered, and drew her hard, freckled arm tighter through mine. "Oh, you could hear her all over the neighborhood, couldn't you, Marion?"

"I'll say you could." She winked, grinning. "They said it was ptomaine."

"Ptomaine?" They shrieked. "Ptomaine!"

Nancy swallowed a whole chocolate cake in one gulp. "I bet Sarah sees things, all right," she said. "I just bet she sees plenty."

"I don't," I said. "I tell you, I've never seen anything."

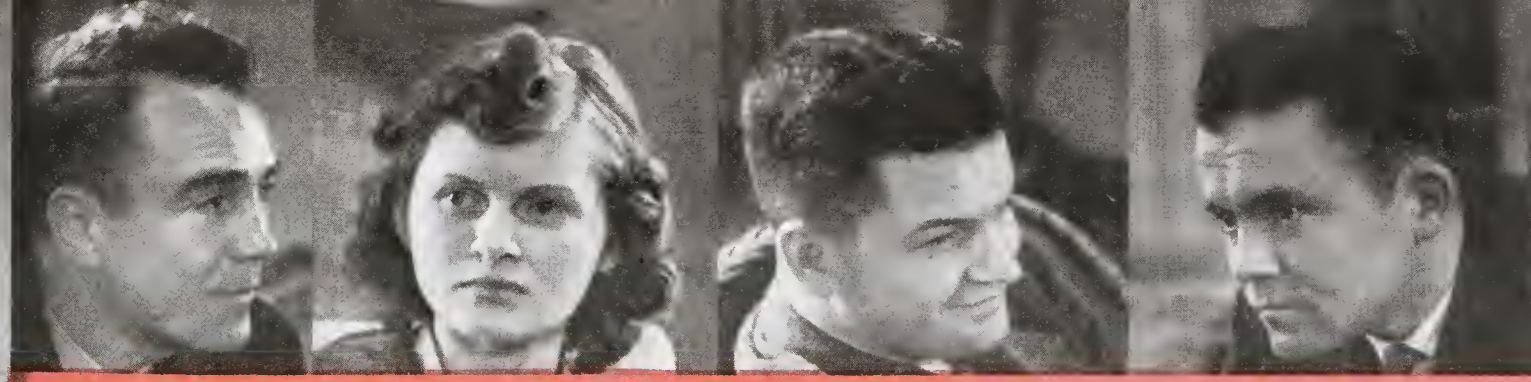
And it was true. The worst of it was that I didn't even know what they were talking about, most of the time. But always, when it concerned Louise, it was ugly. And although I was curious as any young girl, I could not have asked them if I had tried. There was something about Louise. . . . I just couldn't do it, and I didn't really want to know.

Near the top of the hill we were beginning to climb, Louise was hurrying now, racing between two boys. She looked little, between them, with her navy blue pleated skirt billowy as if she were flying—the ends of her shining hair lifted high above her head, and the silver vanity dangling, flashing in the sun like a badge. I remember how my own breath quickened, thinking they had probably hidden in wait for her, and now they had caught her—she could never escape from them. I went on walking, taking slow, measured steps, but all the time I was racing with Louise, a salty taste in my mouth, and a swelling in my chest that stopped my breath. "For two cents," I thought, swallowing, and saying nothing, "for two cents, I'd leave this crowd and walk with Louise. I'd walk all the way home with her." [*Turn to page 50*]

He whispered something and ran his long reddish fingers down her arm. "No, Spike — I'm sorry. My mother won't let me have dates." With the words, Frances sniggered audibly

ILLUSTRATED BY
PRUETT CARTER

JAY ALLEN "How many countries are left in the world where a meeting like this would be possible?"



"My country, right or wrong'—bunk"

"I honestly don't know"

"We'll all be a long time dead"

"Let's not go looking for trouble"

"What is war anyway?"

"We can't tell what we'll do when the war drums start beating"

"Remove the possibility of gain and you won't have wars"

Youth SPEAKS ITS MIND on War and Peace

Airplanes drop death from the sky...mighty guns roar on disputed frontiers...nations march in grim hordes against each other...There is war. And, ever alert, the youth of America is not blind to its ominous implications. What do they think about war? Peace? What will they do if America is threatened? In March, in Portland, Oregon, with the editors of McCall's, twenty-six representative young persons came together in McCall's second Youth Conference to debate these questions. Their convictions, distilled from the day's discussion, are given you in this factual report

BY JAY ALLEN

THE Waverly Club stands up a little and back from the Willamette River but not very far back so that when a sternwheeler passed, hugging the near bank, she was nearly in the windows, jerking by like a cardboard prop in a river boat drama of the Mississippi.

Funny the things you think of when you stare idly out a window as I was when the young man who was talking about Raw Materials and War, settled down to his subject with all the determination of a three-miler.

I was thinking that the sternwheeler might have been a showboat rounding the bend for the levee, but of course it wasn't because it was obviously carrying wood pulp; and the green of the other bank—the rusty greens of the conifers and tender greens of the other trees that have the decency to renew themselves—was so unmistakably the super and over-lush green of an Oregon spring and had nothing in common with the wan and battered foliage of the Mississippi valley.

And that led me to thinking of the view a long time ago from Don Pepe Ortega's lecture hall in the University of Madrid, where you saw the spring come as a faint blush of green until the Spanish sun found it out and seared it brown.

And *that* led me to thinking of how—only a year ago—we sat in that same lecture hall in the Philosophy building and watched the machine gun planted on Don Pepe's desk, its nose through the Venetian blinds, spit a gale of lead at a trench hardly forty yards away, and thought how strange were the antics of the dead Moor on the parapet when the gale ripped into him and how the crocuses all around him shuddered.

AND then I heard a man say, "That's bunk!"

"What's bunk?"

"All this stuff about my country right or wrong."

We were discussing war and peace.

We were at it all day long, eight girls and eighteen boys. They were as nearly an average group as you could get. They were between the ages of twenty and twenty-eight like the sixteen odd million Americans of the same age who would, if not *make*, certainly *wage* the Next War, if and when.

Twenty to twenty-eight or thirty is the best age for a fighting man, unless you are a pilot and then eighteen is better. It is cleaner to be a pilot but the mortality (in Spain) is about ninety percent in a year.

This is also the age at which the most women in wartime are elected to say the goodbyes, to marry or not to marry—and it is open to dispute which is the best if you haven't some way of knowing that he is going to come back. It is also the age at which women are apt to have children in arms, which is a great drawback when the air-raid sirens scream and you have to run for the shelter. Modern war, which has made such advances that now bombs can drop out of a silent, speckless sky, plays no favorites, but it is especially hard on the men and women in the twenties.

They had been fine. All day long they sat about and, because this thing was important, produced their ideas on war and peace and listened to each other. They were glad to have the chance to discover what their fellows and, I wouldn't be surprised, what they themselves thought. They were, of course, less interesting on raw materials than "on my country right or wrong."

OUT of a day's talk—some of it very good, as that mysterious process of catalysis that can operate in any conversation, began to work—came no formal conclusions. Far from it! And that, perhaps, is the proof that this forum on War and Peace was conducted according to plan, not to convince our eight girls and eighteen boys of anything at all, but to discover what were their ideas about this business that concerns *them* now most of all.

What we found from each other, with each other's help—was, succinctly, this:

That they will not be led, if they can help it, on any adventure whatsoever.

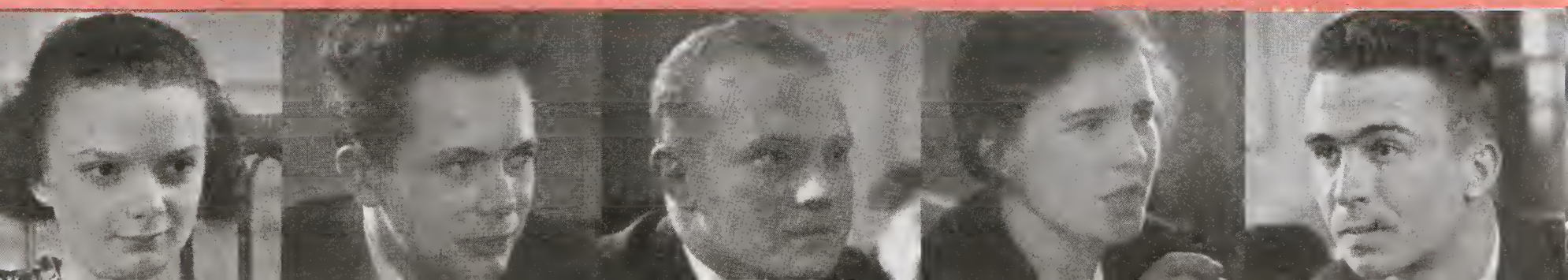
"Propaganda can do strange things with us"

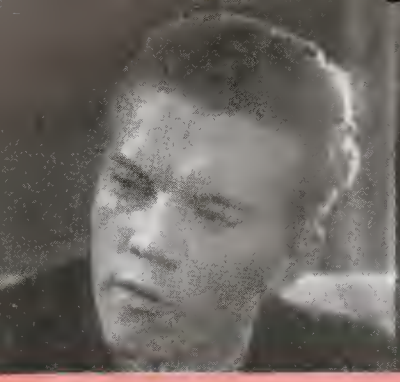
"Any war is a 'defensive war' when cannon fodder is needed"

"Most wars are fought for material gain"

"No child should be asked to sacrifice a parent"

"A uniform would do a lot for some men"

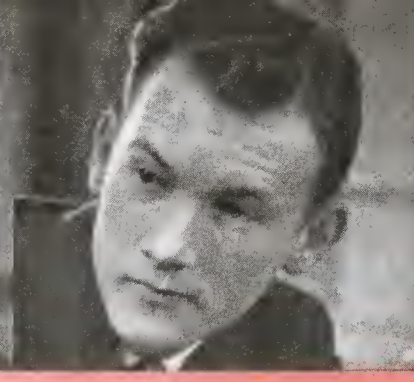




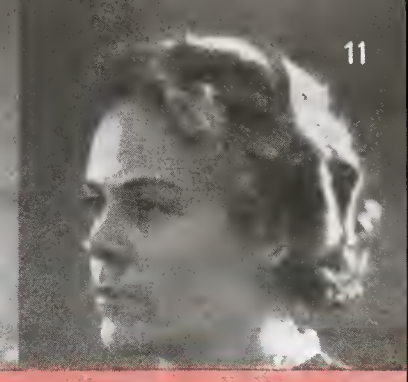
"It's human nature to fight"

"Many girls sigh over brass buttons"

"Our greatest danger lies in our complacency"



"World morality *is* possible"



"Women are naturally against war"

That they are very chary about making things "safe" outside our own borders, very chary indeed.

That whatever their ideals for international coöperation, they have lost all belief in the validity of treaty structures.

THAT they do not think war imminent but see its threat on every hand.

That the old shibboleths have lost their potency and the crusader, the volunteer, is apt to be a "damn fool." Ideals are at dead center, even the pacifist ideal.

And that they are apprehensive, terribly so, as to what will happen "when the heat is put on" to their thinking and to their persons.

Portland was chosen for the setting because, while in many ways Oregon is a very average American state, it is not the farthest removed from the Orient where is raging what—since it has not been officially declared or espied as a War—may be Peace but a very special and novel kind.

As in every sound military operation, scouts were sent on ahead to round up these twenty-six with special care. They were found in most of what are known euphemistically as the "walks" of life in which men and women from twenty to twenty-eight are apt to be found.

Among the men there were, in sound proportion, five students—of law, of journalism, of medicine, of economics, and one from high school—an all-round athlete. There was a truck driver, a sawmill worker, a clerk and a junior in an advertising firm, a reporter, an artist, a sailor-prizefighter, a University student captain of the R.O.T.C., a precocious politician and two college instructors.

Of the eight girls, one was a clerk, one a textile worker, one a pre-medical student, one a "home economist," one a secretary, one a campfire leader and one a student who is widow and mother.

They were representative in other ways; there was the usual majority of conformers hoping for the best, two or three of those perfervid champions of the *status quo* who carry on the great tradition of the Sinclair Lewis' Babbitt of the '20's. The majority were Protestants. A few were free-thinkers and several were Catholics.

Now, these characteristics, the discovery of any of which would prove prejudicial to one's health in some one of an increasing number of countries, were not to be seen as quickly as all that.

After a decade in Europe a correspondent worth his salt can distinguish a Fascist, a Bolshevik, or even a simple Liberal, with his eyes closed. This is a talent of great importance in societies that have come apart or are about to. But with the forum I failed miserably and had to resort to a pocket album gotten up for the occasion.

Their faces put me off.

There was the young man with the grave eyes, grave until they found echo to their humor and then, miraculously, smiled without a muscle quivering in the deadest of dead pans. He was very gentle in voice and concept. I thought him the college instructor wearied with successive crops of fresh ignorance. He turned out to be the sailor-prizefighter who had fought in seventeen states.

There was the girl with freckles, milky skin, sensitive lips and the subtle chic in her clothes who was not a designer at all as she should have been, but a day worker in a textile mill.

And the one with his chin set to lead with and the sullen eyes, was not the boxer, as we already know, but a reporter who doesn't like reporting, who would like to be an aviator and, for all that, talks most uncommon sense.

AND the young man with his hair ruffled and the mobile features that are supposed to come with poets, turned out not to be a poet; he had it all down pat, pat like a parchesi board and quite unlike a poet.

Nice faces they were, accustomed to looking into a future that is still soft and veiled like the atmosphere in the Oregon valleys, and not harsh and clear as in Europe where the youth is doomed and knows it even when it whistles furiously in the dark.

There was more that I could not see in their faces, something you sometimes see or imagine you see in Europe. Once, not long ago, in the *Place de l'Etoile* in Paris, a friend, who must be forgiven because he put in four years on the Western Front, suddenly clutched my arm and stared, pointing with his free hand at the crowd hurrying home. "Look, look, while you have the chance to see them and count them walking, the corpses of the next war! Every fifth man of them is a corpse and doesn't know it."

You could almost believe it that night. The news from the various fronts on which this Peace is being waged was bad, as always. An icy wind blew, swirling the papers people dropped around the pillars of the *Arc de Triomphe* and caused the blue flame that issues from the innards of the Unknown Soldier to gutter and hiss and look anything but eternal. And people hurried, their collars turned up, their heads down but vaguely blue in the light of the street lamps which had been painted over for the trial blackouts.

I thought my friend was being very conservative with his one out of five, but he said that he was only figuring the men who would be killed in the old way of war, not the victims of the bombings. We couldn't have worked out the proportion of those with any accuracy because there were no children in the streets and very few women.

But in the living room of the Waverly Club, with spring exploding all around outside the windows, I couldn't work the trick; I saw no corpses in the room at all. And it was clear that they, the clients, did not consider themselves candidates for corpsedom, not even the professional warrior of the R.O.T.C. who held his peace most of the time during the discussions lest he commit the Army to his views.

For not only did they not think of war as an inevitability more or less imminent, but they seemed to derive much comfort from being there, being able in 1938 to discuss the question of war and peace and to proclaim without jeopardizing their health or freedom of movement what they would or would not do in the event of war.

"How many countries are left now in the world where a meeting like this would be possible?"

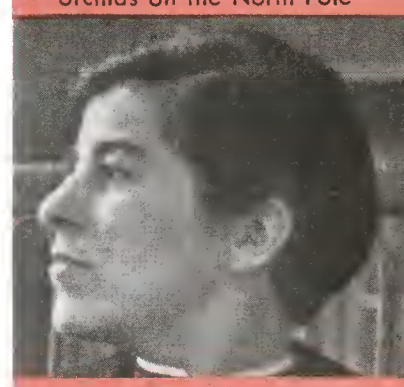
Not many, they found with pride and satisfaction. Only in England, in France, in Czecho-Slovakia (if there is any such country on the coalescing map of Europe by the time this magazine comes out), in Holland, in Belgium, in the Scandinavian democracies and a few more. Certainly *not* in Germany and Italy, in Hungary, Yugoslavia, Japan, probably not in Russia and in some South American states.

NO FLAIR that I might have had for picking the walking dead, if there were any there, would have been operative in that room. I had only to look through the French door and see the conical tree with the shiny leaves in the shadow of which a young man I knew very well got himself engaged, and quite solidly so, in 1922. There had been a dance. Many of us were veterans of the late jamboree to end all wars. We were the artisans of the peace that was clamped on the world in 1918 and already for three years had been enjoying the fruits of it. Life stretched straight ahead, like the shadows behind the conical tree with the shiny leaves. If you couldn't make the grade, it was obvious that you had only yourself to blame.

It was quite a long time afterward that we discovered that something, possibly even the mainspring, had been broken in the struggle to save things. By that time I had gone to Europe and had discovered that the Armistice was only an Armistice—if that. I sat in at the slow and relentless process by which the Disarmament conference finally disarmed the world [*Turn to page 29*]

Candid Camera Shots: By Ray Atkeson

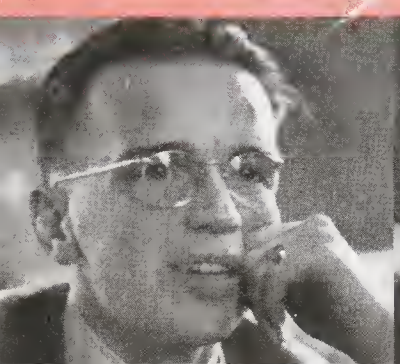
"World disarmament—fine, but it's as easy to grow orchids on the North Pole"



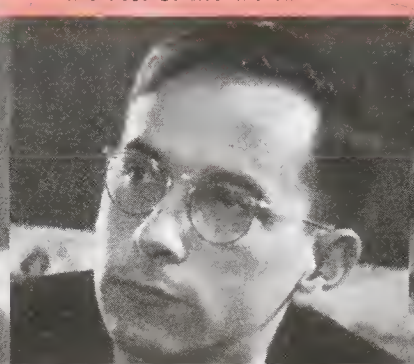
"War is inherent in the capitalistic system"

"That kind of adventure I don't want"

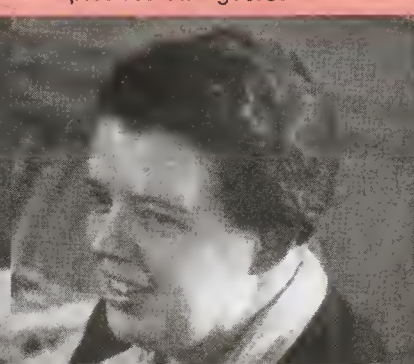
"War would mean a boom, then a depression"



"We're *bound* to have an interest in what goes on in the rest of the world"



"Chemist though I am, I won't experiment on explosives and gasses"



"I'd give my life for freedom"

"When war hysteria prevails, conscientious objectors will never be respected"

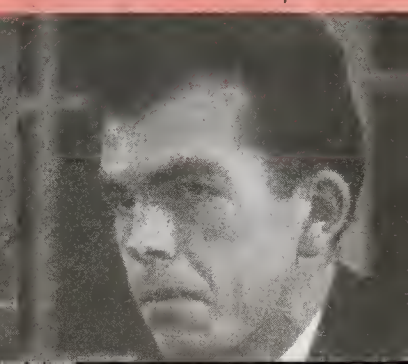


Chart for a

Mrs. Forrest Wendell was the glamour girl with the tiny baby in 1040. Julie Dewart was the nurse. She was also the girl Forrest Wendell once had hoped to marry

IT WAS not that Julie had ever withheld exactly who she was; her name in full. Julia Mary Dewart, was inscribed soberly on the Nurses' Register and on the records of the Boston school where she had taken her training. It was her good fortune that no one in this spacious new world had ever connected her with the Julie Dewart of the old, constricted one.

The skirt of her fresh uniform swished crisply as she walked down the corridor.

"This way please," she said to the visitors as she turned a sharp left. She explained automatically that they must stay outside the glass and she would wheel the baby into their line of vision. She could have predicted exactly what they would say before they said it, the oh's and ah's and "Isn't he too adorable?" and "He's the image of Dick." etc. These girls, like three out of five of the women who came to see patients at the East River Hospital, were wearing mink coats.

"Yes, he's a fine baby," she answered. "I'll have to wheel him back now. It's nearly feeding time."

If 1022 had had a Special, the girls might have been able to stay longer and hear more details, but 1022—like so many of the young marrieds—had gone on floor care for her second week.

As a matter of fact, floor care, as represented by Julie, was notably efficient and adequate for anyone who was not desperately ill, but some of the pampered young mothers liked to pretend they were making untold sacrifices for economy's sake. . . .

The minds of the mink-coated ladies were already on their own lives. As they stepped into the elevator, Julie heard one of them murmur, "We're stopping at the Merry-go-Round first. Why don't you and Tony meet us there?"

For a second—only for a second—she felt a stab of curiosity about all those places she had left. The upholstered leather stalls, the tables for two, the little man with the accordion, the throaty girl at the piano—were they all there? Had they changed? In her rather nimble imagination, she could see a new débutante generation sitting in the places vacated by the old. Everyone could be replaced, of course, and who was sitting in the seat of Julie Dewart? Or did it matter?

She was in a funny mood today. If it had been spring, she might have called it spring fever. But it was autumn, a bleak day, one of those days when the sky seems white. She went inside the alcove where the charts were kept and, before making an entry on 1031's, stood at the window a little while, looking down at the river. In the few months she had been here, she had learned the boat schedules rather well. The river was apt to be quiet at this time. It brought an elusive peace to her spirit to look at it. A barge went by on the heels of a small tug. Two gulls wheeled in concentric circles and flew out of her line of sight. She turned and saw 1031's light again.

The lady, it seemed, was only bored. After Julie had filled her thermos pitcher and reeled her head higher, she asked suddenly, "What's your name? I hate not knowing people's names."

"Miss Dewart," said Julie concisely.

"Dewart—Dewart—I knew a boy by that name once. It was at a Princeton prom. I suppose he isn't any relation, though—"

"There are a good many Dewarts," evaded Julie. She changed the subject at once. "Is this your first baby, Mrs. Willets?"

"No, but I can assure you it's my last! I have a little girl at home. My husband's crazy about her, but he was awfully anxious for a boy. And now he has one and I expect to rest on my laurels!"

Another nurse put her head in the door and withdrew.

Julie reached for Mrs. Willets' light button at the end of the long cord and pushed the catch. She smiled disarmingly.

"Always push in the release when your call is answered, won't you? Otherwise your light stays on and another floor nurse sees it and comes running."

"Running?" sniffed Mrs. Willets.

Julie's smile deepened. They always felt neglected. And no matter how often you explained it, they never remembered to press the release.

"Shall I give you more light? It's a dark day."

"I'd like to have my make-up box, please."

Julie handed it over. She would undoubtedly change her nail polish now. They did that when they had nothing else to do.

Coming out into the corridor again she met the girl who attended to the flowers. The girl's name was Amy and she was gay and fresh to look at in her starched pink smock.

"Hello, Amy, what's news?"

"Ten-twenty-five has orchids again. You just ought to see them. They cover up her bed jacket and even drip over on to the spread!"

"An appreciative husband, I see."

"He's handsome, too," sighed Amy with a trace of envy. "Well, some people have all the luck."

"Has anyone exciting registered?" asked Julie absently. The corridor was still buzzing with last month's movie star.

"There's a glamour girl in 1040," said Amy judiciously, as one who's seen plenty and can evaluate. "Honest, you ought to see her. The room's packed with flowers, and she has two Specials."

"Had her baby?"

"Last night when you were off. It's a boy."

Julie said she'd drop in and have a look around time for the dinner trays.

"Well, she's worth looking at."

Amy drifted off, with her armful of roses. Julie felt the same little stab of—not envy, perhaps, but something near it—that came to her whenever she saw the girl. Amy had what she called "a steady"; she was planning to get married when they had both saved enough to make some sort of start. Julie had seen the boy once at the side entrance of the hospital—a clean-cut blond youngster whose smile was engaging.

And Amy had said once, "Gee, it must be wonderful to be an R.N.—you know, feel you were doing something swell for the world and all that. . . ."

"It is, Amy," Julie had told her honestly. "Only sometimes you feel pretty tired and futile. You stick to Joe. You'll have a marvelous life. . . ."

JULIE had a one-room apartment in a row of remodeled houses in Yorkville, near the Hospital. She had decorated it carefully from the Venetian blinds to the porpoise wallpaper in the bath, had brought to it from storage several pieces of fine old mahogany that were a part of her earliest memories of home. But however she tried to delude herself that she and her apartment were sufficient unto themselves, she had occasional bad moments when she admitted to Julia Mary Dewart that these were lean days for Julie. . . .

She could have predicted what they would say—the oh's and ah's and, "Isn't he too adorable?"

nameless nurse

BY SARAH-ELIZABETH RODGER

She knew she was lucky beyond belief to be at the East River Hospital. Nurses with school records as impressive as hers had not made the grade. What they wanted here was more than an efficient nurse; it was personality, assurance, whatever you cared to call it. Also, they were partial to youth on the nursing staff, and it might not have been by accident that the good-looks average was high. . . . Miss Dewart, Miss Cameron, Miss Reeves, Miss MacAllister, brunettes; Miss Mitchell, Miss Gates, Miss Webb, blondes. All of them consecrated to handling with tact and dispatch, the triumphant ladies of the stage and the Social Register . . . and their very new infants. Julie gave mental thanks that she was on nursery duty the next day. She loved a session with the comparatively unrequiring, and certainly unpretending, babies. She liked giving the formulas, the careful oil baths, dressing them in the little white dresses with the lace edgings. The East River was very superior in the matter of the infants' clothes—no nightgowns or hospitalish bibs tied in the back for these pedigreed youngsters. They were put into dresses the day after birth.

Certainly a life so busy and so varied should be enough . . . Julie's work began at seven in the morning and lasted till seven at night, leaving her healthily tired in body and mind. She knew two or three of the other younger nurses well enough to go out to an occasional movie with them. She had no men friends at all. In Boston, during her training, there had been a handful of attentive internes—attentive mainly, she had always suspected, because acquaintanceships between internes and probationers were frowned upon and therefore had the charm of forbidden fruit. Here in New York there was nobody—nobody to whom she cared to recall Julie Dewart, Anthony Dewart's daughter. . . .

It was not as if she were ready to emerge into the battlefield again, she told herself—not as if she had yet recovered from the deep wound left by Forrest. The world of men could wait till later; she was, after all, quite independent of them. It was that feeling more than anything else, that inward shrinking, which had made her just perceptibly rude to the Resident the other evening. She had nothing against him, nothing more valid than the absurd far-fetched objection that he wasn't Forrest. . . . He wasn't even like Forrest. He was blond and stalwart where Forrest was lean and dark. He had an open, aggressively cheerful face—and Forrest's, which she had never forgotten or really wanted to forget, was the nervous shut-tight kind. None of that excused her offhand manner with the Resident when he had only wanted to be kind. Perhaps he had seen her loneliness; she had a theory that doctors saw farther beneath the surface than other men, that the understanding of the intricacies of the body was somehow or other tied up with knowledge of what lay beyond the body. And therefore, perhaps for only a split second, Dr. Reall might have glimpsed the Julie that usually stayed buried, by her own wish, under the crisp efficiency of the nurse. . . .

She answered two more calls, brought several late-afternoon frosted chocolates and orangeades, then went to early dinner in the nurses' dining room.

"Have you seen 1040 yet?" asked Miss Gates.

"No. Is she something special? Amy spoke of her too."

"She's divine-looking and she seems to feel as well as she ever did, though it's only the day after. A platinum blonde."

"Another one?" said Julie wearily.

"No. She's different. Why don't you pop in and see her?"

"I might."

JUST before she went off duty, Julie paid a call to the desk to see if there were some letter or message she could take as a pretext for a peep at 1040. There was a box of flowers which had come five minutes ago. Amy had left, and 1040's day Special was at dinner and her night Special had not yet arrived, so Julie bore off the box unchallenged. She tapped lightly on the door before she noticed the name plate, and was answered with an impatient, "Come in!" It was too late to retreat.

Feeling her legs weak and unsustaining under her, Julie stepped over the threshold of the room. The patient behind the dinner tray was as Amy and Miss Gates had indicated. You couldn't deny her beauty; you wouldn't try. Julie stood still a long moment, merely looking at her. She felt no particle of triumph that the lovely wide-apart blue eyes became uncertain, then afraid. . . .

"It's you," said Mrs. Forrest Wendell faintly.

THERE was something vaguely familiar about that gleaming ash-blonde hair and the curve of the young chin, but Julie couldn't think what. She had known for some time that Forrest was married, but during those years in Boston she had long since gotten out of the habit of reading the New York society columns, and she had never known the name of his wife. With much the same instinct which moves the ostrich to stick his head in the sand, she had not wanted to know. . . . Any knowledge of names or dates would have given Forrest's marriage bitter reality, and Julie wanted to go on dreaming. . . .

"I'm a floor nurse," she said mechanically to the beautiful person in the bed. "I have a box of flowers for you. Your Special is at dinner."

"You're Julie Dewart," said the girl. "I know."

"I'm sorry," said Julie in almost a whisper, "I don't remember you."

Yet an elusive knowledge of having seen Mrs. Forrest Wendell before nagged at her brain.

"You wouldn't, of course. I was younger. I wasn't in your form and I had a brace on my front teeth. . . ."

"Pussy Moreau—" It had come to Julie in a flash.

"Really Katherine. I'm called Karen now—I don't know where the 'Pussy' went," said the girl nervously.

"Karen would suit you very well." Julie's voice was gentle. "And now you're married. You look very young to be anyone's wife—or—or a mother."

"I'm nineteen."

That made Julie, who was twenty-three, want to sigh a little, but she kept her face firm and expressionless. A while ago she had been wondering about who had taken the place of the Julie Dewart of four years ago; the answer had come with breath-taking swiftness and in this very hospital. Well, now she knew. She could say something nice about Pussy's—Karen's—baby, leave the room, and stay far away from 1040 during the next two or three weeks. But even in thinking this, she realized with desperate clarity that sooner or later she must, inevitably, encounter Forrest. He might or might not know her in her uniform and nurse's cap, but she would know him. The old wound would re-open, the old hurt would be dealt—again. She had a frantic wish to run away, to get as far from the East River Hospital as it was possible for boats or trains or even planes to take her. . . . But she saw at once, with weary acceptance, that she couldn't leave. It took money to run away from things—either much money or a vast recklessness toward life, and Julie's recklessness was all gone now, burned out, lost. She had run away four years ago; none of the same daring was left. It had been used.

She moistened her lips.

"Your Special will be back in a minute. Can I do anything for you?"

To her horror, slow tears began to slip down Karen's beautifully modeled cheeks.

"Please!" cried Julie unprofessionally. "Why should *you* cry? You have everything. Everything."

"You have a high pulse, my girl," Chris said, then gently touched her cheek. "Shall I prescribe?"

Julie stood still a long moment, merely looking at her. You couldn't deny her beauty; you wouldn't try. Mrs. Forrest Wendell said then, faintly, "It's you"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CROSMAN

Karen shook her pale head. "He's never forgotten you. I was warned of that when I first met him, but I loved him— Oh. I loved him so!"

Julie collected herself into a nurse again.

"Mrs. Wendell—Karen—you really aren't responsible just now, you know. You had a baby twenty-four hours ago, and though you may feel quite normal, your body and your emotions are all tired out. . . . Here, I'm going to reel your bed down and turn out the light. You must rest."

Before she went, Karen whispered, "Are you—are you on at night?"

"No. I'm going home now."

"Where do you live?" came the small insistent whisper.

"Near here, but on a side street. Go to sleep now, Karen."

"Then you won't see Forrest. . . . He's not coming till eight."

Julie caught the questioning inflection in that.

"No," she said firmly, "I won't be seeing Forrest. But you will. You want him to find you looking your best, don't you?"

"Yes—"

"Then take a nap now." She turned off the light at the door of the room. "Good night, Karen."

"Good night—"

Julie caught the night Special on her way to 1040. It happened to be a nurse she had met before.

"Miss Ainslee—" She stopped her. "I've just been in to take some flowers. Mrs. Wendell is very tired. I think she'll sleep a while if she's left alone. Why don't you just tiptoe in without switching on the light and let her know you're here and on call, and then go sit in the nurses' parlor a while?"

"Thanks. I will. How are you, Miss Dewart? Night or day duty?"

"Day. I'm just going off."

"Good night."

"'Night—"

Julie felt a terrible exhaustion, as if she had been in surgery all day. Throwing her long cape around her shoulders, she slipped out the side entrance of the hospital and breathed deeply of the autumn night. For some reason she couldn't bear the idea of going back to her apartment quite yet. She turned and crossed the Avenue and walked into the strip of park which bordered the river. A few children from the poorer neighborhoods of Yorkville were still out playing. Here and there a butler or a chauffeur walked a dog on leash. Julie paced restlessly along the pavement nearest the river. She stared at the lights on the other side, not really seeing them. It was cold, but she was so used to wearing nothing warmer than her nurse's cape in all weathers that she didn't feel the sting of the wind. At last she turned and retraced her steps. There were, after all, some new magazines in her canterbury at home, and she had a letter to write to the Head in Boston. If she felt too alone, there were always the string of brilliantly-lighted movie houses on Eighty-Sixth Street.

SHE looked up at the hundreds of windows of the Hospital as she passed it again. On the tenth floor, there was Forrest's wife, Forrest's small new son—perhaps, by now, Forrest himself. She had never in her life, even during the stricken days four years ago, felt more desolate, more stripped of friends, possessions and privileges. . . . She didn't belong anywhere. Even the Hospital, which had promised her safety and a measure of peace, had given her over into the hands of the enemy. . . .

"Miss Dewart!"

The pleasantly peremptory male voice was just behind her. There was no mistaking the unconscious authority of a doctor's voice. . . .

"Good evening, Dr. Reall," she said politely.

His hand slipped itself under her elbow.

"Where are you going? Home? I'll take you."

"I—I'm walking," she said faintly.

He cocked an eyebrow at her. "Fine. I like to walk."

She was impatient with him. He hadn't any right to interfere with either her walk or her thoughts. She was in no mood for his buoyant vitality, his rather disturbing bigness and strength.

"I've watched you several months, Miss Dewart," he said in his alarmingly direct way. "And you're a fine nurse—that is, you manage to shove self out of it altogether when you're on duty. That's a good thing for a nurse—or a doctor, for that matter—to be able to do."

"Thank you," said Julie.

"Not at all. I was about to say something you won't like as much. . . . That it's too bad you can't, off-duty, snap back into yourself. You know, like a stretched elastic band. Most of us do. It isn't good for any human being to live with that terrific impersonality, that cold withdrawal you manage to achieve."

"It isn't any of your business how I live," she began furiously. "I have a—"

"You have a right to do as you choose," he finished for her. "Of course. That's the cry of the very young, isn't it? Mind if I come in?" They were on the steps of the remodeled house where Julie lived.

"If you like," she said coldly.

"I like."

HE STOOD by while she fitted the key into the lock. Her apartment was on the ground floor, near the vestibule. She fumbled for the other key and he took it from her, admitting them to the dark room with a quick precision which was one of the things she had always admired in doctors. With another swift easy motion, he found the light switch.

"You're very well fixed," he told her appreciatively, seeming to envelop the lamp-lit little apartment in one long look.

"Yes," she said faintly. "It's efficient too. The kitchenette pops out at you when you open those cupboard doors, the ironing board pops out of the kitchenette, and the—"

He laughed deeply. "I know all the answers. I've lived in one just like this. Mind if I smoke?"

She shook her head. She watched him reach in his pocket for his pipe, touching it with tender, sentient fingers. Obviously he loved it and it was old. Julie had a sharp memory of her father lighting a pipe in just that way. . . .

"What is it?" asked Dr. Reall keenly. "What are you thinking of?"

She kept her lips shut firmly. There must be no trembling or she was lost. Tears were near her eyes.

"I'm afraid I'm rather tired tonight," she said finally. "I—I'm not good company when I'm tired."

"Meaning you'd like me to go." He settled himself more comfortably on one side of her deep sofa. "I'm all set for at least an hour. I like it here."

"How nice," she said coldly. "Am I supposed to make you some coffee and turn the radio to soft music?"

He looked at her calmly. "Please do, Julie. I'd like it very much. But couldn't you go in the bath and change from that uniform? I've never seen you in anything else."

"And never will."

She was furiously angry with him, and ashamed of herself for being angry.

"If you want me to obey your orders, you had better issue them only in an operating-room where I recognize your authority."

He stood and gently took her shoulders in his hands, shaking her a little for emphasis as one shakes a loved but stubborn child.

"Let me help you, Julia. . . ."

Her anger left her and she looked at him. It was a long, appraising look. Then she said hopelessly, "No one can help me. It's inside myself."

"All our worst troubles are. The others—loss of money, physical aches and pains, theft of our possessions, burning of our houses—none of them really matter. It's what's inside that betrays us in the end. Tell me about it, Julia."

"I can't. I just—can't."

"Then let me tell you." His even husky-timbered voice proceeded to barge into the secret citadel. "You're all alone, aren't you? You had a father once and he's dead. He died of a heart attack while his name was still under a cloud, during a certain bank investigation. He could have cleared himself, could have cleaned all the tarnish off the name [*Turn to page 92*]

WEEK-END TO KILL

BY FREDERICK NEBEL

A novel complete in this issue

I HAD finished packing and was waiting for the long-distance operator to ring me when Harrigan's trick auto horns struck three different trombone notes down in the street. He was a little early. The henna-colored roadster was parked at the curb with its canvas top snugged down in the slot and the rumble open. Harrigan was plumped comfortably behind the wheel. The sunlight gleamed on his bald pate, glanced off the blond and silver hair slicked back above his ears.

"In a couple of minutes," I called down.

He waved and nodded and said something but I didn't catch it because a Third Avenue car racketed past the foot of the block. Then the phone rang and it was the long-distance operator saying she had my party now.

"Stan," I said, "this is Larry Webb."

"Oh, Larry. Hello. You're coming out, aren't you?"

"That's what I'm phoning about. I've been trying to get you since yesterday."

"We were out in the boat."

"Well, look. Do you remember Harrigan?"

"Harrigan?"

"I thought so. Listen, Stan. When you were in town the other night you invited me out and—"

"I know, sure. We're expecting you."

"Yes, but later in the evening you invited Harrigan too. He's a retired cop and he runs a restaurant in West Forty-eighth Street. We ate there. You and Harrigan got talking—"

"Oh, wait a minute. I know. Does he play ping-pong?"

"That's right. You asked him to come out with me and you'd take him on. But if it's not all right, I'll figure out a way—"

"Oh, no—nothing like that, Larry. It'll be swell."

"That's what I wanted to make sure about. Because Harrigan's a right guy and I don't want him to feel when he gets out there—"

"It's all right, I tell you. It's great. Ivy'll get a kick out of him and Vivian's here and there're some others—I don't think you know them—and I'm all for it. When will you start?"

"Any minute."

"Good. And Larry, I really want to see you. I—I want to get your advice—" He stopped short and if it was because of what I thought it was, it was somebody else listening in on an extension. "Well," he said, "I'll see you in a couple of hours, then. Remember, turn right just before you come to the bridge."

"Yes," I said. "You wrote the instructions down."

I carried my suitcase down two flights, through a vestibule, and out into Thirty-seventh Street.

Harrigan was standing on the curb leaning against the roadster's door. He wore a clay-colored sports jacket, a pale green shirt with a brown tie, tan gabardine slacks and a pair of brown reverse-calf shoes.

"Nice day for the country," he said.

He looked all right. His face was big, round, fat but not flabby, and in the very center of it, bunched neatly together, were small, bland eyes, a small nose, a small full-lipped mouth with upturned corners. It was a contented face; good-natured. His trunk was big, thick, broad, and his legs tapered away to rather small feet.

He took the bag away from me and heaved it into the rumble. "How far is it, about?"

"Fifty-odd."

"Hour and a half."

"Two and a half, with traffic, Abe."

"I'll settle for two."

We drove over to the West Side express highway and north to the George Washington Bridge, where you come out on Riverside Drive. We went up Riverside Drive. We crossed the Hendrik Hudson Bridge and took the Sawmill River Parkway to the Cross County. We took the Hutchinson River Parkway to the White Plains-Port Chester road and at Port Chester we came onto the Boston Post Road.

Harrigan said, "This Mr. Cantwell, seems like a very nice and democratic gent. He used to work with you, didn't he?"

"Yes. On the 'Dispatch.' But his old man died and left him a lot of dough. Then he married Ivy Traynor. She was on the stage. His old man owned the Bridgepoint Metal Products and there were two sons and a daughter. Stan and Rupert, who's older, forty or so, and then Vivian. Vivian's the youngest; she's twenty or twenty-one now. Stan's about my age, thirty; or he may be a year older. I haven't seen much of him in the past four years."

"He's a very democratic guy."

"He bought a newspaper a couple of years ago, but I don't think he works much at it. A guy named Mace Shelby runs the editorial end. Stan and Ivy are on the go a lot. Palm Beach. Hollywood. Bar Harbor. They just open this place a couple of months in the summertime."

"What was Mr. Cantwell talking about the South Seas?"

"He was just talking, I guess. He has a swell sister. I ran into her in Grand Central about two weeks ago but she was hurrying to make a train. Hadn't seen her in three or four years. She sure grew up."

"It wouldn't be her you're going to see, would it?"

"It could be. But I think Stan's okay too."

We turned under the New Haven tracks at Stamford and Harrigan said, "He looks like a guy you could feel sorry for. This stuff about the South Seas—"

"I guess I didn't pay much attention. He used to pull that when we worked on the 'Dispatch' together. Palm trees. White beaches. Coral reefs."

"Never did get there, huh?"

"No. Dough and then Ivy."

"Dough is what a guy uses to get places, ain't it?"

WHEN we came within sight of the bridge I began giving directions. We turned right toward the Sound and in a little while, about five minutes, caught sight of it through the trees, a live white metal flash in the sunlight. We passed between stone gateposts studded with chips of mica and followed a bluestone driveway upward among evergreens. First we saw parts of the house, then we saw all of it—a square stone house with four white wooden columns out front.

There was nobody on the veranda but there were voices somewhere, outside, and the muffled smacking of a tennis ball. A houseman in a white coat came out and began burrowing in the rumble.

"Where's the garage?" Harrigan asked him.

"I'll put it away for you, sir."

"I'd rather put it away myself."

"Come on," I said. "It can wait. Let's see who's out back."

He shut off the switch, shoved the key in his pocket and we walked around the house.

On the east side of the house was a tile terrace with some wicker long chairs, two glass tables, some metal spring chairs. Glass doors were folded back, showing a pale blue floor inlaid with a dark blue anchor; a lacquered black bar with chromium and white-glass fittings.

"I hear people," Harrigan said, "but I don't see anybody."

THERE was a small veranda in back that looked out over a big lawn. Beyond the lawn an elaborate rock garden rose in tiers to a tennis court and to a pavilion with a glazed cement floor, rustic tables, a big glassed-in contraption that would play a lot of phonograph records one after another.

A man and a girl were playing tennis. The girl wore yellow shorts and a bandana halter, and her hair almost matched her shorts. She was not a good tennis player and the man was just kidding her.

"Who are they?" asked Harrigan.

I said I didn't know.

From the pavilion you saw the beach through a gap in the trees, but it was at least five hundred yards away.

The houseman was out back of the house removing a chair from a wooden crate.

"I'm going to like it here," Harrigan said. "Yes, Webby, I'm sure going to like it. I wonder where the ping-pong table is."

"Probably in the game room."

"I brought my own paddles. You take some guys, they like rubber. I like mine sanded."

We left the pavilion and went down the winding steps through the rock garden to the lawn. The houseman had got the chair out of the crate and was wiping it off. The chair was enameled green. We walked around to the tile terrace.

A girl was standing with her back toward us watching a Scottie chase a rubber ball. She had on a tailored white sun suit, the skirt of it pleated, and high-heeled white slippers. Her legs were long and very beautiful, and you could have fitted your hands around her waist. Her hair was copperish and like one big wave.

The Scottie got the ball and came racing back toward her, but at the last second he shot to one side and bolted between Harrigan and me.

"And with them short legs, too," Harrigan said.

Vivian said, "Larry Webb—Hello!"

"Hello, Vivian. Vivian, this is Abe Harrigan. This is Stan Cantwell's sister Vivian, Abe."

Harrigan said, "How do you do, pleased to meet you. I came up to play some ping-pong."

"Oh, good. That's what Stan said. He's on the boat but he'll be back any minute. The others are upstairs. Ivy, and Mabel Ryan and Roy Strickland. It's just great, Larry, having you out."

"We just got here."

"I'll bet you're thirsty. I'll ring—or if you'd rather mix your own, the bar's right there."

Harrigan raised his index finger. "Let me. What'll it be?"

"Just some vermouth. There's a chilled bottle in the icebox."

"You, Webby?"

"If there's any ale, ale."

"Yes, there's ale," said Vivian.

Harrigan nodded and went into the cool blue bar whistling "Time On My Hands." There was no breeze moving but the air was mellow and not too warm.

I stretched out in one of the wicker long chairs and put my hands behind my head.

"This is wonderful," I said. "Peace and quiet."

The Scottie gave Vivian the ball and she threw it away again and said, "Did you say peace and quiet?" She sat down and looked at me. "Larry, why did you come out here?"

"That's a nice question."

"No. I mean, why did you, Larry?"

"Swim. Lounge around. Maybe dance with you."

She stood up and held out her hand. "Come on."

"Not now, please. I don't like to dance till after the sun goes down."

She shook her head. "I mean I want to talk to you."

I got up and we strolled to the pavilion and sat down. They were still smacking the tennis ball back and forth and I asked, "Who's that?"

"Ivy's friends. George Hazelhurst and Karen Langard. She's a model. You see her in ads. George is in real estate and investments."

"He looks like a good tennis player."

"He's very fond of Karen. Honest, Larry, didn't Stan ask you out for a special reason."

"If he did, he's been keeping it from me. He asked Harrigan out to play ping-pong."

Her forehead clouded and she shook her head. "He's not happy. He's—I don't know—he's desperately unhappy."

"Nobody's really happy. When I was a police reporter I wanted to be a sportswriter, and now that I'm a sportswriter, I'd like to do a column."

"But you're not really unhappy, Larry. Anyone can look at you and see that."

I leaned back. "You're looking swell, Vivian."

"It's just as though Stan were being driven by something inside him. Even when he's playing hard, having fun hard, I can feel it there."

George Hazelhurst and Karen Langard left the tennis court and ran down the slope. They went into the house.

I sat up and then stood up and said, "We'd better go back to the bar."

"Just don't let him do anything foolish, Larry."

"Listen, there's only one thing to do about a guy that's determined to be unhappy: let him alone. A lot of people around offering advice only makes him unhappier."

She stood up too. "All I asked was, did you come out here for a special reason."

"Well. I didn't."

"All right then."

CHAPTER 2

HARRIGAN was leaning in the wide bar entrance drinking white stuff out of a tall, slender glass. He pointed with the glass to one of the tables. Vivian's vermouth was there and my bottle of ale alongside a tulip glass.

Vivian picked up her vermouth and smiled at him. Her body was very straight, each part flowing naturally and gracefully into the other. Her face was angular, with high cheekbones, a full forehead, deep violet eyes with soft smoky shadows beneath them. There was a flare to her nostrils and her upper lip was long. It was a passionate face but it made sense.

Harrigan lifted his glass, said, "Well, upsydaisy."

I had taken a mouthful of ale when the shot cracked and if the sound had been nearer, I'd probably have gagged. But it was far away, either inside the house or on the other side of the house. Harrigan really started more than I did. Vivian looked curious and bewildered as though she couldn't make out what it was or why it had occurred. We were both standing at the edge of the terrace and she turned and stepped to the ground and listened.

Harrigan was leaning comfortably again. He said off-hand, "That was a twenty-two."

"Some kids, probably," I said.

"Not just an ordinary twenty-two. Sounded like a super-X blast. Bad bullet for kids to use in the open. Too much range." He took a swallow of his eggnog. "Pretty close, too."

Vivian walked toward the back of the house, still listening, and then disappeared.

Harrigan said, "There ought to be a law against kids using them little guns. I shot myself in the foot when I was a kid. But you take these new super-X bullets, they're liable to bust the back out of the ordinary twenty-two rifle. Or them cheap revolvers they sell." He gestured with his glass. "That one might have come from a revolver or an automatic pistol. Brother, this sure is a good eggnog." He finished it, walked across the blue floor and washed out the glass back of the bar. Then he came out and said, "Guess I'll put the car away."

I crossed the bar and went into the living room. Two of the windows were open and I heard footfalls on the driveway and saw Vivian walk past. She was hurrying and in a minute was out of sight. I stood at one of the open windows and in a couple of minutes Harrigan drove past on his way to the garage.

WHEN I turned around to go out, a tall, broad-shouldered man in a double-breasted white coat was standing in the entry-way from the main hall. I had the feeling that he had not just come there. He moved easily into the living room and said, "Hello. We haven't met, have we? My name is Strickland."

"Webb is mine. How do you do."

"Oh, yes. Stan said you were coming out. Did you just arrive?"

"About half an hour ago."

He looked straight at me and smiled, saying, "You must have made good time."

"Pretty good."

He offered me a cigarette and I took it. He had a soft, round voice with a lot of body to it, like good wine. His hair was coal black and fitted his chiseled head like a tight béret and his dark eyes were level without being blunt. He looked about forty.

I said, "Vivian's around outside somewhere. We were out on the terrace and heard a shot. Did you hear it?"

"Yes. It was probably off in the woods. Is Stan around?"

"Vivian said he was on the boat."

"You'll be around for a while?"

"Several days, I guess."

"Good," he said, and strolled toward the bar.

I walked to the entrance hall and went out to the front veranda. Vivian wasn't anywhere in sight. I followed the driveway down the west side of the house and saw Harrigan standing in front of a six-stall garage talking with a man in a chauffeur's uniform. The man was straightening a window screen that was warped in the middle.

Harrigan said, "This is Shultzy."

"How do you do, Mr. Webb," Shultz said. He was grimly preoccupied.

"The world," Harrigan said, "is a small place. Shultzy, for instance. He used to drive for the Department of Sanitation."

"Years ago," Shultz said defensively. "I been private for ten years."

"I was on the Broadway Squad then," Harrigan said. He placed his hand on Shultz's shoulder and smiled. "Still the same old Shultzy. You know, Webby, it near to busted his heart when he couldn't make the cops. He was always a cop at heart."

Schultz said, "An inch under height, was all," and moved off into the garage.

We strolled down the driveway. I heard the sound of an automobile motor droning uphill.

Harrigan said, "Some guy must have taken a cut at that with a niblick," and pointed to a raw gouge in the smooth lawn.

A beach wagon came up the driveway out of the trees.

"Did you see the kid with the gun, Abe?"

"Nope. Shultzy thinks it was some kid in the woods."

A hand waved at us from the driver's side of the beach wagon.

"This is Stan now, I guess."

"Handy things, them beach wagons," Harrigan said.

SOMEBODY had brought our bags up and they stood in the center of a big corner bedroom. The rear windows looked toward the rock garden and the side ones were almost over the terrace. Harrigan tossed a coin. I called heads and it showed up tails, so I picked up my suitcase and carried it through the bathroom into a bedroom that was directly above the terrace. Harrigan came in and said:

"Leave your bathroom door open and I'll leave mine. Better circulation. There ain't a breath of breeze."

"You going to take a bath?"

"I took one this morning. I'll just freshen up. How would a Palm Beach suit go?"

"Anything, I guess. It doesn't matter much."

"Say, that Mabel Ryan girl is sure hefty, ain't she?"

"She's a swimming teacher, I think."

"She was taking a snooze and didn't hear the shot. Miss Langard didn't hear it but she was taking a shower at the time, she says. So was Hazelhurst, he didn't hear it, either. The houseman and his wife, the cook, think it was in the woods, some kid hunting. The maid was running a vacuum cleaner and didn't hear it at all. Mr. Cantwell, of course, and that young guy Bennett weren't here. Mr. Cantwell's dead against guns and won't have 'em on the place. He says it was probably some kid in the woods. Well, no one's hurt; so what the devil."

I took a shower and was standing in my bathrobe, smoking a cigarette, when someone knocked. I said come in and it was Stan.

"Is everything all right?" he asked.

"Fine."

"I'm awfully glad you came out, Larry."

"It's a treat."

"Was I all right the other night?"

"You were high."

"I guess I was. Did I say anything?"

"Just the South Seas stuff."

"Did I say anything about Ivy?" He watched me closely.

"I don't think so. It was all about the South Seas and some schooner."

"Oh, that schooner. Yes. I can buy a ninety-footer, only two years old."

"I thought you had a boat."

"I have. But it's a fifty-four foot cruiser. No good for long hauls. This schooner would go anywhere."

"You're not really serious about this South Seas stuff?"

"Why not?"

I sat down and put on my socks. "Well, now that you ask me, I don't know. Maybe you're right."

He sat on the edge of the bed with his hands clasped between his knees. His eyes were light blue, dreamy, and wandered easily. His face was big and browned by the sun and his hair was light brown and thick and combed straight back from a widow's peak. He had big shoulders and big brown hands. He gave a sudden rueful laugh and stood up.

"Well, it's old stuff to you, Larry. I just wanted to make sure I didn't talk out of turn the other night. Come on down any time."

He went out and I finished dressing and stood by the window. The air was soft and sweet and summery. Ivy and Strickland were standing by the marble bird bath. I could see only his back, his square shoulders and lean head. They didn't seem to be saying anything. Downstairs in the bar the radio was playing.

Harrigan strolled in, looking very elegant in a white suit and a pale blue tie. He said, "Do you know what Shultzy said this afternoon?"

"No. What?"

"Well, I was saying what a nice, democratic gent I thought Mr. Cantwell was, and Shultzy says, 'Too damned nice for a lot of people I could name.' Just like that, like he was sore at somebody."

"Shultz looks like a sourpuss anyhow. You ready? Let's go down."

CHAPTER 3

IVY looked as if she had been born physically perfect, had remained so and would continue to remain so indefinitely. It was half fact and half illusion. Small tight brown waves of hair clung to her head. Her eyes were blue and as a rule wide open, and though this gave the impression of candor, it was misleading. She was not tall but when she stood alone you thought she was. She was very graceful.

It was almost ten and we were dancing in the pavilion to phonograph music. George Hazelhurst was dancing with Mabel Ryan and Strickland was dancing with Karen Langard. Vivian was dancing with a fellow named Norman Bennett who was the lifeguard at the beach club. Stan and Harrigan were sitting at a table talking.

Ivy said, "This is the first time I've had a chance to talk with you since you came."

"I've been around all the time."

"Tell me what you're doing."

"Don't you ever read the 'Dispatch'? Sports."

"I don't read sports. I think you once took me to a baseball game?"

"And you wondered why the man kept swinging at the ball all the time and never hit it. We went somewhere for dinner afterward and ran into Stan."

"We did, didn't we?"

"That was when you met him."

"I know."

"He'd been in the money about three or four months and you were the trader's half-caste daughter in that flop I can't remember the name of."

"The Reef."

"Was that it? Anyhow, Stan saw it half a dozen times. Then it collapsed. The only part I remember was where you shot the Belgian pearl trader. By the way, did you hear a shot this afternoon?"

"I heard something. I thought it was a backfire."

"Maybe it was. Harrigan thought it was a twenty-two."

She turned her head and looked at Harrigan. "Where did you find him?"

"When I was first a police reporter in New York. He showed me the ropes. Stan invited him out to play ping-pong. He used to be a cop—plain clothes, when I knew him. Now he runs a swell restaurant."

"He makes a very good appearance."

"He was always a good dresser. Who's Strickland?"

"Roy? He's an architect. He designed this house. This is good rhythm, isn't it?"

WE DANCED around once saying nothing. Then the music stopped and the houseman came out with fresh coffee and I went over and got some. Vivian came over too, a little flushed from dancing. It made her look lovely and fresh and buoyant.

I said, "If you can break away from the body beautiful sometime this evening, I'd like a dance."

"Is that nice."

"I hate guys with nice shapes. They show me up."

"Anyhow, you dance better. Really, Larry, it's wonderful having you out. It does Stan good. He was happiest, really, you know, when he worked on the 'Dispatch' with you. I'm sometimes sorry he ever quit."

"Show me a million and I'll quit any day."

Harrigan came over and poured a glass of water.

Vivian was looking around. "Where's Stan?"

"The houseman," Harrigan said, "come out and said something to him. He went in the house."

Ivy strolled over and asked idly, "Has Stan left us?"

"He went in the house a minute," Vivian said.

"I thought maybe he'd gone to bed again," Ivy said dryly.

Vivian colored. The others, all except Mabel Ryan, were busy talking among themselves. Mabel was staring at Ivy and there was the shadow of irony, not pleasant, around her mouth. Mabel was five-feet-ten, and well built. Her hair was flat brown, parted on the left, and her skin was deeply tanned. She had clear blue eyes, a wide generous mouth, a fine throat.

Vivian called out, "Let's have music, Roy."

Strickland had been looking curiously at Mabel Ryan. He came out of it suavely, saying, "Yes, of course, Vivian," and turned on the switch. For less than a minute Ivy's face looked beautifully sullen and her lips, usually a moderate red, looked rich and dark and hot. Then the music crashed and Harrigan, listening for a moment, said:

"You don't hear many waltzes any more. Rumbas and tangoes and this screwy swing stuff. But no waltzes."

Vivian looked at me and let her breath out. There was anger in her eyes and it didn't go out of her as easily as her breath did. Ivy was dancing with Norman Bennett. Roy Strickland was watching the phonograph play.

"Dance, Vivian?" I said.

She said, "Love to," preoccupied, and I took her in my arms. I could feel her heart pounding in her breast and faint tremors traveling over her arms. I caught a glimpse of Ivy staring at me over Norman Bennett's shoulder with her wide-open, unrevealing eyes. We danced a couple of numbers and were starting on a third when Vivian said:

"I think Fritz wants me."

I stopped and watched her walk toward the houseman, who was standing on the pavilion steps. Mabel Ryan was watching her too. Vivian went away into the darkness with Fritz. She was way ahead of Fritz, hurrying. I poured some coffee and carried the cup over to the phonograph. Roy Strickland was still leaning on it watching the record go round.

He looked up at me, smiled. "Give up dancing?"

"Vivian went in the house. Fritz wanted her."

He glanced toward the house and then glanced around the pavilion. His face was remarkably clean-cut and he looked as if he took good care of himself.

The music stopped and George Hazelhurst said, "Listen to the piano!"

SOMEWHERE far away, on the beach or on the water, someone was playing a piano. The notes came clear and liquid and I think the tune was "The Girl Friend." Everyone listened.

Harrigan said, "Nothing like a piano on the water."

"It's probably on the Aldebaran," Norman Bennett said. "There's a girl on board can hit them."

We all listened. Somewhere in the house a door banged, an outside door. A minute later there was the sound of a raced automobile motor and then the harsh scuffing of tires getting away fast on the drive.

Karen Langard raised her arm in a mock-imperious gesture. She said, "Let us have music, Roy darling."

"She calls everybody darling," George Hazelhurst complained.

Mabel Ryan said, "Everybody calls everybody darling these days. It gets in your hair."

"Who calls you darling?" Ivy asked her.

"Okay, Ivy; you win," Mabel said.

I said, "Hello, Mabel darling."

"Thanks," she said.

Ivy looked at me and said, "I do believe we have a wit with us."

Harrigan laughed. "Who, Webby, a wit? Webby?"

THE music started again. Ivy turned her back on me and George Hazelhurst, grinning, was waiting for her. I sat down on the pavilion railing and after a couple of minutes swung over and dropped to the ground. The moonlight made the stones in the rock garden look pale gray and put a pale gray misty film on the lawn.

I went into the house through the bar and saw Stan slouched on a divan. His hair was mussed up. Vivian was sitting beside him and bathing his mouth with a wet cloth. There was blood on the cloth. Fritz was standing holding a basin of water and making gentle, concerned motions with his bony head. Vivian glanced at me but went back instantly to bathing Stan's mouth.

I sat down on the other side of him. He smiled and put his hand on my knee.

"Hello, Larry," he said.

Vivian said, "Don't talk now, Stan."

"Okay, Viv."

I watched her bathing his mouth. It wasn't bad, it looked as if just the lower lip was cut. It was more blood than anything.

"Alum will stop it," I said. "I've got a piece."

"I'll get it, sir," said Fritz, "if you'll—"

"No, I'll get it."

Stan said, "I may as well go up."

We went up and I got the alum and took it to Stan's bedroom. I said to him:

"You can probably hold it to your lip better yourself."

"Sure. Thanks."

I thought there were tears in his eyes.

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

"No. Just don't say anything to anybody. It'll be all right by morning. You go with Larry, Viv."

She kissed him on the cheek. "Good night, Stan."

He didn't want me to see the tears in his eyes, so he turned around and looked out the window.

I went downstairs with Vivian, saying, "He walked into something, didn't he?"

"A fist."

"What was he doing at the time, dreaming? I went three rounds with him once and he could sock—and take it, too."

"This was his brother Rupert. Stan just took it. He's taken a lot from Rupert." Her jaw grew firm. "He's taken a lot from too many people."

LET THERE BE MORE LIGHT

"...I saw her turn down a dark street so I followed her, grabbed her and choked her. Then ... "

This happens to be part of an Ohio sex killer's confession of three such crimes committed after his release from an asylum. Yet change the date line and names and you have a standing news item that is read from day to day in city after city.

Recently in Boston the molesting of fifteen women in seven nights brought an extra police detail to the residential area between Central and Harvard Squares. In certain sections of Brooklyn, New York, assaults are now so common that policemen are voluntarily working their posts in plain clothes on their off time.

With a wave of sex offenses sweeping the entire land, the problem merits study. And one of the basic points to consider is covered by the first eight words of the confession: *"I followed her down a dark street...."*

Most crimes of violence are committed in the dark. A typical police report from the city of Los Angeles shows some 4500 felonies from 8:00 to 10:00 P. M. as against about 850 from 8:00 to 10:00 A. M. in the same year. At night there are twice as many rapes, five times as many assaults, six times as many thefts and eight times as many burglaries as in the daytime. And it goes without saying that the bulk of them occur where poor street lighting sets the stage.

This has been proven in scores of localities. A few years ago the city fathers of Beloit, Wisconsin, decided to save $3,200 a year by turning off residential street lights at 11:00 P. M. On the first night of the new "economy" twenty homes were robbed!

Curtailment of the street lighting budget in the business section of Atlanta, Georgia, brought a jump in crime there. While, from the opposite angle, the introduction of twentieth century illumination in Cleveland reduced crime 40% in the business district and 50% in residential areas.

Crime waves always result in loud demands for more policemen, more judges, more psychiatrists, more institutions, more work among the underprivileged. Yet while we are waiting to raise the money for these laudable remedies, it would seem like plain horse sense at least to ease the immediate burden by adequate illumination. Even today your underpaid cop represents an annual investment of $5,000 in salary, administration, court and institutional costs. You can get a lot of candle power where it is needed most for the price of fifty more policemen, the net savings of which would help pay for the other remedies.

Obvious as the point is, the average American city is still illuminated as it was thirty-five years ago. The typical community of 100,000 spends $1.15 per capita for street lighting—exactly half what an adequate job would cost. Yet when the direct fruits of this parsimony approach dramatic proportions, we reach for every solution but the obvious one.

We bewail the fact, for example, that 15,000 pedestrians were killed by automobiles last year, yet the bulk of those deaths must be charged to poor visibility on dimly lighted streets. It is more than interesting to note that 70% of the night-time motor fatalities involve pedestrians—and that 54% of them are killed between intersections (which means *between lights!*) where the exposure is only 8%.

In most cities the night-time death rate is seven, ten, twelve times the daylight ratio. And in those communities which have finally awakened, the hazard of darkness has been cut to the level of the daytime risk.

Detroit, to cite a single instance, had seven times as many traffic deaths at night as in daylight on thirty-one miles of main thoroughfares: with improved illumination the ratio is now about equal.

It has been conservatively estimated that a street lighting budget increase of only one dollar per capita would net the taxpayers a saving of $2.50 in night accident reduction plus another $1.00 in crime reduction, over and above the total light bill.

For our own security and well being we owe ourselves even greater improvements. Yet when you add only that much to the first eight words of the murderer's confession, the logic of twentieth century illumination becomes undebatable!

PAUL W. KEARNEY

Ivy was in the downstairs hall. "Where's Stan?" she asked.

"Bed," said Vivian. "Sick headache." The color came up into her face again.

Ivy saw it and didn't say whatever she was going to say. Vivian walked swiftly past her toward the living room door. I leaned against the newel post. Ivy looked at me and I shrugged. At the door, Vivian stopped and turned and stared at Ivy and Ivy stared back at her and you could feel the tension—cold and bright on Ivy's part, hot and dark on Vivian's. Then Vivian went out.

Ivy's voice was unmoved: "What was it?"

"I don't know. Sick headache, I guess."

"You get funnier."

"All right. Why don't you go up and see?"

Her eyes shimmered coolly. She said, "Listen. Larry. Just because you once did a little necking with me, don't think you can come out to my house and clown all over the place." She swiveled and went out of the hall and I could hear her high heels pegging the living room carpet.

CHAPTER 4

THE bar was empty. One light was burning: it was blue and cast very little radiance on the chromium fittings. I heard the phonograph playing and woven through the sound of the music was the singing of the tree toads.

It was dark back of the bar but I found the icebox and when I opened it a small light inside jumped on. A fat quart milk bottle was half full. I took it out, closed the icebox, poured the milk into a glass. The milk was cold and rich and tasted very good.

I hardly knew Rupert Cantwell. I'd seen him only once. In fact, I didn't know much about the family at all. I'd met Stan on the "Dispatch" and run around with him quite a bit the year he worked there. Vivian used to come into New York week-ends sometimes, and that was how I'd met her. I'd never met the old man and I guess the mother must have died years ago. Rupert, I believe, owned a great deal of stock in the company, but he was not active there; he had. Stan told me once, political ambitions. He was the gregarious type, a bit flamboyant as I remembered him. Maybe a little hot-headed.

From where I was leaning against the back of the bar I could see part of the living room. Fritz appeared in that part, closed the French doors on the west side. He emptied some ashtrays. There were other footsteps and Fritz looked up and then went on with what he was doing. Shultz appeared in the part of the room that was visible to me.

"I don't see the boss around outside. Is he upstairs?"

Fritz didn't stop what he was doing. "Yes," he said.

"I've been trying to get him alone," Shultz said grimly. "I think I'll go up. I got something to tell him."

Fritz stopped and shook his head. "No. He's turned in. He don't feel good. Don't you go up."

"Who was that got away in that car so fast?"

FRITZ shrugged. "Why don't you mind your own business, Oscar?"

"You know," Shultz said, folding his short strong arms, "I feel like chucking this job."

"Jobs are easy to find, I suppose."

"No, they ain't. But I get things on my mind and I can't get them off. You see, Fritz, all the time I was a kid I wanted to be a cop. I tried and tried. It was in me, the thing that makes a cop. I keep putting two and two together all the time."

Fritz looked at him curiously. "What are you talking about?"

"Nothing," Shultz said, unfolding his arms, sliding his square hands into his coat pockets. "It wouldn't do you any good to know anyhow. It don't do me any good. It just makes me think and figure and I get sore."

"Look, Oscar," Fritz said, "the less you know, the better it is. Hear nothing, see nothing, say nothing."

"Well, *you* ain't ever heard me say anything."

"How's the new sport shoes you got yesterday?"

"They kind of hurt," Shultz said, looking down at his feet. "But I'm wearing 'em, anyhow. Well, I'm going out. Probably be back late." He left the room and in another minute Fritz left also.

The music in the pavilion hadn't started again and the bar, with the soft blue light, was very restful. I suddenly felt like smoking a pipe.

As I reached the top of the staircase I heard a radio playing very softly. It sounded as if it came from Stan's room. I knocked on his door.

He opened it and said, "Oh, Larry. Come in."

"I heard the radio."

There was no blood on his lip but there was a small lump that looked like a small onion. He was in trousers and undershirt and held a big map in his hand. On a small desk were some more maps.

He said. "I'm afraid you're not having—" he gave a little apologetic laugh—"a very good time."

"I'm having a swell time."

"I've always envied the easy way you take things, Larry."

I stopped at the desk and glanced at the maps.

"You'll laugh," he said.

"Why?"

"Oh, those maps. I like to look at maps. I can almost picture myself in the places the maps show."

I sat down in an armchair and said: "What you ought to do, you ought to see what those places look like."

His voice was low, an eager whisper. "I'd like to! There's nothing in the world I'd like to do more." He sat down on the edge of the bed. "But it just can't be done."

"This newspaper cramp your style?"

He shook his head. "No. I've got men running it that know a hundred times more than I do about it." He rubbed his hands together slowly. "The paper would be in good hands. Shelby's a crack editor. I don't interfere with him."

"If you did, he'd probably quit."

"I hadn't thought of that. But I just don't interfere with him. That's what's causing this trouble between Rupert and me. Rupert wants me to put the rein on him but I told him, no, I won't do it." He touched his lip. "Rupert loses his temper sometimes."

"Who's Shelby after?"

"The district attorney's office and a couple of magistrates. He's hammering the state capital for a special grand jury. It happens that Rupert and Stahlman, the district attorney, are old classmates, lodge brothers, and if he plays along with Stahlman and that crowd he'll probably be senator in a couple of years. He gets incensed when I tell him I signed a contract with Shelby. Of course, I could let Shelby go and pay him for the remainder of his term of contract, but I feel he knows what he's doing, and he's doing right. Rupert says I'm all wrong, Ivy wants me to lay off, Vivian's frightened, George Hazelhurst says that we'll never get a special grand jury with the political set-up, and Roy Strickland just thinks I'm a plain fool." He slapped his knees. "I sometimes wish I'd never bought the paper. But I bought it and I believe in Shelby and I won't interfere with him."

"What's Vivian frightened of?"

"Oh, some bit of nonsense." He pulled open a desk drawer, rummaged in it, drew out a sheet of wrapping paper about ten inches square. Pasted to it were letters clipped singly from a newspaper but arranged to read: LAY OFF OR ELSE!

I said. "Who was it sent to, you or Shelby?"

"Me." He shrugged. "It doesn't really mean anything. Some crank, probably."

"Cranks shoot kings and dictators and presidents."

"But what could you do about a thing like that? Obviously no one in the district attorney's office would be stupid enough to pull that hokum."

I threw it on the desk. "No. Probably some guy way down the line that feels patriotic. Or somebody, not necessarily a politician, who might get roped in if a special grand jury sat. Did Shelby get anything?"

"A phone call yesterday from a fellow with a very thick lisp. 'Cut out this special grand jury stuff,' he said, 'or you'll be sorry.' Another crank. You can't get anywhere, do anything, on this crank stuff. You don't even print it, Larry."

"Well, you're right about that. But I'd be careful."

"But you wouldn't let stuff like this make you ease up, would you?"

"No. But I'd be careful. You never know what some of these screwballs will do. You ought to buy that schooner and take that trip. Let Shelby fight it out. He started it."

He stood beside the desk, gazed down at the map, and said, "Pago Pago. What a name! Pago Pago! And Samoa! And Fiji!"

"Take Ivy with you."

His fingers were splayed stiff above the map. Gradually they relaxed, curled up. I saw him swallow. We were silent for a couple of minutes and then I got up and walked to the door. As I put my hand on the knob, there was a knock. I opened the door and saw Mabel Ryan. She laughed good-humoredly.

"Come in," I said.

"No, I just wanted to see how Stan was. Hello, Stan."

"Hello, Mabel. I'll be all right by morning."

"We're all going to Jonesy's for steak sandwiches. You going, Larry?"

"Sure. I'll be along in a minute."

She walked down the corridor. Her back and shoulders were golden-brown against the color of the blue dress she wore. Just before she turned the corner she looked over her shoulder and smiled.

Stan said, "Mabel's a grand kid. You ought to see her handle a boat."

"I'll bet."

"Got a heart big as a house."

He came over and laid his hand on my shoulder. "Go along, Larry. Have fun."

"I really could go a steak sandwich right now. See you in the morning."

CHAPTER 5

WE DIDN'T go to Jonesy's after all. Norman Bennett said there was a new orchestra at the beach club, so we drove to the beach club. It was pretty crowded. Karen gave a squeal of delight and ran up to the orchestra leader. He inclined his head toward her and they talked while he kept his baton moving. When the music stopped she brought him over to the table and said:

"Ivy, this is Jack Kingsley. Jack, my hostess, Ivy Cantwell. You can just call everybody else darling."

He nodded to Ivy, grinned at the rest of us, looked for an extra minute at George Hazelhurst. He was a square-built man, with conical shoulders and a large, dark, amiable face. But he said he couldn't stop, patted Karen's shoulder and strode back to the orchestra.

Karen said, "I met him in Miami in 'thirty-four, when he was playing at the Everglades Casino. He's really awfully nice."

"Very democratic," Harrigan said.

"Yes," Karen nodded. "Jack lost a lot of money in Miami. Something or other—I forget. He's very attractive, don't you think?"

Ivy said, "We ought to ask him over to the house."

"He's a divine piano player."

Norman Bennett said. "Maybe George would disapprove. I think Karen has a yen for this guy."

Karen rolled her eyes, said, "H-m-m-m!"

"Trouble is," Norman Bennett said, "George is stodgy. All real-estate brokers are stodgy. He's a good tennis player but he's stodgy."

Harrigan said, "Do you play ping-pong, Mr. Hazelhurst?"

"No."

"Stodgy," said Norman Bennett. "Doesn't play ping-pong. Georgie-porgie does *not* play ping-pong."

"You're tight," George Hazelhurst said.

"Don't get mad, George." Norman Bennett laughed.

Vivian said, "He's not mad, he's just preoccupied."

"If you people insist on discussing me," Hazelhurst said, "maybe I ought to leave the room."

Norman Bennett held up his hand. "See? George is mad. I did it. I apologize, George."

"All right, all right. I accept your apology."

Mabel said. "Good. Now let's have Welsh rabbit."

WE ALL had Welsh rabbit. At midnight there was an intermission in the dancing and Harrigan, after a short talk with the headwaiter, went back to inspect the kitchen. I went out to the veranda with Mabel Ryan for a smoke. The breeze coming in off the Sound was stronger now and you could see the white surf breaking on the beach.

"Too bad Stan's not along," I said.

"I suppose you thought it was funny when I knocked at his door."

"Who, me?"

"I've known Stan since I was a kid. We used to sail a lot together. He had a little sailboat and we'd go out and I learned to handle it just as well as he did."

"Of course, I only met him when he came to New York to work on the 'Dispatch.'"

"He hasn't changed a bit," she said. "All that money, and he hasn't changed a bit." She was sitting on the veranda rail swinging her legs. "Sometimes I think it might be better if he did. Better for himself. Things and people have a habit of getting in his way. People take advantage of him. I get so mad sometimes that I could—" She shrugged. "But I guess you know him pretty well too. Did he ever show you his maps?"

"I saw them tonight."

She leaned back against a pillar. "That's what I mean. He hasn't changed a bit. We used to pore over them together."

"I told him tonight; I said, 'Why don't you buy that schooner and see what those places are like?' "

She sat up and gave a short laugh. "Don't be silly."

Hard footfalls came up from the dark end of the veranda and George Hazelhurst strode past without seeing us. His hands were clinched. His jaw was knotted. In his eyes was a blind headlong look and there were ragged red patches high on his cheeks. I caught the flick of his coat-tails as he swung inside.

Mabel said, "George looks mad enough to hit a cop."

"Does Bennett always ride him?"

"Norman doesn't like him."

"Why?"

"Oh, no reason. He just doesn't like him. You know, you just meet a person sometimes and you don't like him. There doesn't have to be any reason. Norman's sweet on Vivian."

"That's what I thought."

"George was making quite a play for Vivian but she didn't give him any encouragement. Then Karen Langard turned up. He's either nuts about Karen now or he's trying to get Vivian sore. Here comes your friend."

HARRIGAN came strolling down from the dark end of the veranda.

"I just been back in the kitchen," he said, stopping. "They got a nice one. Not as modern as mine, though. When you come to New York, Miss Ryan, you ought to stop by my place. Try my turkey under glass."

"Do you do your own cooking?"

"No. I got a French chef. But I've always been interested in recipes. My Viennese Potpourri is my own. And—"he leaned closer—"I can give you a better Welsh rabbit than they dished out here tonight."

"Who gave it such a swell name?"

"What the Viennese Potpourri? Webby, here. I used to call it Harrigan Stew. Come on. Where's the bunch?"

When the music started again we all came together at the table and Norman Bennett grabbed Vivian and trotted her out onto the dance floor. Harrigan bowed before Ivy and was very stately about leading her out. Roy Strickland raised his eyebrows at Mabel Ryan and they went out. I waited a while to see if George Hazelhurst was going to dance with Karen Langard, and when he showed no signs I asked her to dance and she sparkled. Hazelhurst remained at the table, his lean face stony.

Karen Langard said, "George is certainly determined to enjoy himself. I am found of him, though."

"You practically fell all over that orchestra leader."

"Oh, don't—now don't, please, pick on me. It was just that I was overjoyed to see Jack. He's sweet. But goodness, Jack's married and has two kids and he *adores* his wife."

But Hazelhurst wouldn't pull out of it and we all decided to go home at one. Norman Bennett didn't go with us because he lived in one of the club cottages and had no car. Out in the parking lot, he kissed Vivian good night. I was already seated in the back of the phaeton and by the time everybody else got in, it was pretty crowded. Mabel had to sit on Harrigan's knees and Vivian sat on mine. Roy Strickland drove.

Vivian twisted around and said, "Have a good time, Larry?"

"Swell."

"It was sure the nuts." said Harrigan.

Roy Strickland was opening up the phaeton.

"Not so fast," Karen Langard said. "There's no fire, Roy."

He eased up on the throttle but made no comment.

Vivian leaned back against me. The wind blew her hair against my face. I had no place to put my hands so I put them around her waist. Next to me, George Hazelhurst was stiff, silent.

Karen Langard said, "Please, Roy, not so fast."

He eased up again on the throttle. "Sorry, Karen."

Harrigan said, "Let's sing. Let's all sing something."

Vivian moved her head. "My hair's blowing in your face," she said.

I said, "Let it. I like it."

"I thought you liked to dance with me too."

"Sure. So does Bennett, and he's quicker on the trigger."

Roy Strickland was speeding again.

CHAPTER 6

HARRIGAN made a great deal of noise scrubbing his teeth. He was wearing red and black striped pajamas and a blue robe. White braid formed his initials on the breast pocket of the robe.

I was leaning in the bathroom doorway drinking a glass of ice water. "You're too dressed up for bed, Abe," I said.

He didn't answer but smacked his big freckled hands together and began whistling "Time On My Hands."

"Now for a little reading," he said, "and then sleep, sweet sleep. I sure had a swell time tonight, Webby. Nothing like the country." He strode to one of his bedroom windows, braced his arms on the sill, inhaled deeply. "Ah, you can't beat it. It's wonderful."

He poured ice water from a thermos pitcher into a glass and sat down on the edge of his bed. He drank and he looked at me several times, curious, half smiling.

"You don't know any of these people, do you, Webby?"

"Only the Cantwells."

"That's what I mean. They all sure razz each other, don't they?"

"It's all in fun."

"Yeah, I guess so. But for a time there tonight I sure thought Hazelhurst might take a poke at that kid Bennett. What do you think of Hazelhurst?"

"I don't know. What should I think?"

"I mean, he don't take a kidding."

"Did you try kidding him tonight?"

"Me? No. When?"

"During the intermission at the club."

Harrigan gave me a bland look. He shook his head. "Nope. I guess it was that band leader Kingsley. Kidding or something. I went back to the kitchen to look it over and when I left, I left the back way, to get a breath of air. Hazelhurst and this band leader were standing in the driveway near the end of the veranda. I don't know what they were saying."

"I think Kingsley knows him."

"Yeah. I caught that look at the table too." He drained the glass, set it down, kicked off his slippers. "Well, baby, pick up your toys and go to your own room." He got under the covers, put on his glasses, picked up the book. "What about breakfast?"

"Any time, up here or downstairs, Vivian said. There's a buzzer back of your bed."

"What kind of a bird's that?"

"It's a whip-poor-will."

I went to bed and lay in the darkness listening to the whip-poor-will. The glow from Harrigan's bed light shone faintly on the open bathroom door. In about fifteen minutes his light went out and I heard him sigh contentedly. It must have been almost two o'clock.

A GENTLE rhythmic shoving on my shoulder woke me up but not completely and it was Vivian's voice saying, "Larry—sh!—it's Vivian, Larry," that made me open my eyes. It was dark, there was no moon any longer, and waking up in a strange bed in a strange house, it took me a minute to get things straight. "It's Vivian, Larry," she said again in a reassuring whisper. "Sh!" And then she waited, probably to give me a chance to come around completely. I sat up and my chest and head felt heavy from having been so hard and fast asleep. The sound of Harrigan's snoring came into my room.

Vivian whispered, "I'd better close that door." I didn't hear her close it but I knew she had because the sound of Harrigan's snoring almost vanished. I pulled on the reading light clipped to the head of my bed.

She came back and sat on the edge of the bed. "Stan's not in his room," she whispered. She was wearing a turquoise silk robe trimmed with old lace. There was no make-up on her lips and they looked pink, like pink coral.

"I heard a sound, something fall," she said, "and I got up—my room's across the corridor from his—and looked in his room. It was Kilts."

"It was what?"

"Kilts. The Scottie. He sleeps on Stan's bed and sometimes he dreams and falls off. He fell off. Stan wasn't in his room."

"Maybe he went downstairs for something."

"The bed wasn't slept in."

I was having an awful time waking up. "Did you look downstairs?" I asked.

"No, I didn't."

"Well, look downstairs, why don't you?"

"Wait here. I'll be back," she said.

She left the room, closing the door without a sound. I got out of bed, poured some ice water from the thermos bottle into the palm of my hand and then splashed it in my face. Then I put on my bathrobe and slippers. Vivian came back in a couple of minutes.

"No," she said. "Everything's dark."

"He probably went out somewhere. Did you look in his room when we all came home?"

"No."

"Maybe he got lonesome and went out."

Her face was white, her eyes very round. She whispered, "I didn't tell you about the threat he received the other day."

"He did. I don't think it means anything."

She pressed her hands together. "We shouldn't have left him alone."

"There were servants in the house, weren't there?"

She nodded. "Yes. Fritz and his wife Emma and the maid Lily. Oscar has quarters in the garage."

"Why don't you ask Fritz if he went out while we were all gone? I'll go to Stan's room."

"All right."

She had left the light burning in Stan's room and when I looked in Kilts raised his head and gave a low growl.

"Nice Kilts," I said. "Nice Kiltsy."

The room looked the same as when I'd last been in it. The maps were still on the knee-hole desk. The clock on the desk said four.

Vivian came in and shook her head. "No, Fritz didn't hear or see him go out."

"How late was Fritz up?"

"Till midnight, he said."

I said, "You can see the room's all right. He probably took the car and went out."

"The roadster and the sedan were in the garage when we all came home in the phaeton. And Oscar was out in the beach wagon. Mr. Harrigan's car was in and so was George Hazelhurst's and Roy Strickland's. Stan would've had to walk."

"Are all the cars still there?"

"I asked Fritz to look. He said yes."

I LOOKED around the room. "Well, I'll bet there's nothing wrong. I'll bet you'll find he went somewhere somehow. Go to bed. Wait till morning." I went to the door. "I'll see you in the morning."

She was staring vacantly at Stan's desk.

"All right. Kilts. Here, Kilts."

We all moved into the corridor and then Vivian pushed open the door to her bedroom. She motioned to the Scottie and he went in, his rear end waddling leisurely. I stood and waited until she had gone in also, then I walked slowly and quietly to my room.

I was in bed about five minutes when I heard a door close somewhere on the same floor and not far from mine. Not far enough away for it to have been Vivian's door, or Stan's, or Ivy's. It could have been Roy Strickland's, Karen Langard's, George Hazelhurst's, Mabel Ryan's. Or it could have been Harrigan's. I was too sleepy to get up and see, or even to wonder much about it.

CHAPTER 7

WHEN I got up at half-past nine Harrigan was having breakfast in bed.

"Good morning, Webby," he said. "Between me and you, I don't think it's so hot."

"What isn't?"

"Breakfast in bed. It's too damned roundabout. First I get up and take a shower and wash my teeth and gargle and then I get back in bed again. Well, it don't hurt to try anything once. Want some coffee?"

I got a glass and poured hot coffee into it from a thermos pot. There was a rumpled newspaper on the bed.

"What's in the news?"

"The Dodgers won a ballgame."

"What did the Giants do?"

He looked smug. "Hubbell pitched." He held up three fingers. "Three hits." He squinted at me. "You look dopey, Webby. What's the matter, didn't you sleep good?"

"I always wake up slow."

The coffee was taking hold, however, and by the time I had showered and dressed I felt all right. When I went downstairs George Hazelhurst was eating breakfast alone on the terrace.

"Nice day," I said.

"Peach."

"Do you mind if I join you in some breakfast?"

"Sit down, sure."

I pressed the buzzer in the bar and when Fritz came out I told him what I wanted. I asked, "Has Mr. Cantwell eaten yet?"

"Yes, sir."

The sun was warm and it felt good on the back of my neck. I was practically completely awake and really hungry now.

Hazelhurst said, "Would you like part of my paper?"

"No, thanks. But you go ahead and read."

"I understand you work on a newspaper."

"Yes. That's how I met Stan."

He gave a short, amused laugh. "Stan's a babe in arms when it comes to newspapers. He still believes in the power of the press."

"I guess it's overrated."

"This fellow Shelby, Stan's editor, is an exhibitionist. He's trying to fight a tight political machine."

"Well, there's no harm in trying. Someone has to start things."

HAZELHURST gave me a look of disapproval. "If you had a brother aligned with a political group, would you go out of your way to castigate that group?"

"I don't think it's as cut and dried as that. The way I understand it, Stan signed a contract with Shelby giving him free editorial rein. What's stopping Rupert from breaking off any connection he has with this group?"

Hazelhurst leaned across the table and said, "Listen, you don't know Shelby. He's an egotist. A rat."

"Well, an egotist maybe. But no rat."

"You don't know him."

"Sure I do. I worked two years under him. I think he's a great guy."

Hazelhurst's face grew red all over. He gave a jerky little laugh. "Well, I'm sorry. I didn't know—I wouldn't have—I didn't mean to—"

"Think nothing of it," I said.

"I'm really very sorry."

"Sure. Sure."

Fritz brought my breakfast and after a couple of minutes Hazelhurst excused himself and went into the house. He was very slender and lithe and sun-browned and I guessed he was quick-tempered. You got the feeling that all his nerves were very close to the surface and that he was pretty touchy.

As I was finishing breakfast Vivian came out, her step quick and springy.

"Morning, Larry."

"So you busted up my sleep for nothing. Go away."

"I guess it was stupid of me. He'd gone to the boat. He couldn't remember whether he'd locked up, so he walked over, it's only half a mile. Then he decided to sleep there. He walked back this morning."

"How is his lip?"

"Pretty good. Everything seems better in the morning. Stan says we'll all go for a sail today and have a late luncheon on the boat—out somewhere. Don't you think that will be nice?"

"I'm all for it. Anything. I'm on a vacation. Does Norman Bennett have to go?"

"He can't. He's on the beach till five."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Oh, Larry, Norman's all right, he's all right."

"You ought to consider the lackadaisical type. It makes a better house pet."

"I like the lackadaisical type too, Larry."

I said, "I think the maid wants to see you." The maid had come to the edge of the bar and was standing there.

"Excuse me, Miss Cantwell," she said.

Vivian said, "Yes, Lily?"

"I took your breakfast to your room. Should I bring it down here?"

"No, Lily. I'll go up."

When Vivian had gone I wandered across the lawn to the garden. I was standing there when a black sedan pulled up out front. Two men were in it and one remained at the wheel while the other got out and looked at the house.

The man at the wheel said something to him and he looked from the house to me and then came over. In his hand he carried a hard straw hat.

"Good morning," he said. "Are you Mr. Cantwell?"

"Good morning," I said. "No, I'm not. Do you want to see Mr. Cantwell?"

He nodded. "Yes, I'd like to."

We went over to the terrace and I said, "Have a seat," and pressed the buzzer in the bar. He sat down and laid his hat upside down on another chair. He looked about thirty-five and was of middle height and wore a double-breasted gray suit and brown oxfords. His hair was black and bushy and so were his eyebrows. His skin was naturally dark.

Fritz appeared and said, "Yes, sir?"

"This man wants to see Mr. Cantwell," I said.

Fritz looked at him, raised his eyebrows. "Who should I say is calling?"

"Police. Pascarella."

"Yes, sir."

Fritz hurried.

Pascarella said, "That's a nice garden. I've had a lot of trouble with my zinnias this year. Those out there are nice, ain't they?"

"I don't know much about flowers," I said.

"Nice," he said, tipping back in his chair, rocking it gently. "Nice calendulas too. I've had a lot of luck with calendulas."

Stan's sneakers made a flat rubbery slapping sound on the bar tiles. His eyes were bright, curious.

"Morning, Larry."

Pascarella stood up. "Mr. Cantwell?"

"Yes. How do you do."

"I guess I got some bad news for you." Pascarella squinted at a small printed form he held in his hand. "Oscar G. Shultz. Worked for you, didn't he?"

"Yes. Yes, of course. My chauffeur."

"We found him dead in your station wagon this morning. About a mile from here. On the river road."

Stan grimaced.

HARRIGAN sighed and said, "Well, here today and gone tomorrow. Yup. Poor Shultzy. A guy never knows, does he?"

He was sitting on a chair in Shultz's room in the garage with his hands hanging between his knees. Pascarella was going through the dresser drawers and Engle, his partner, was reading a batch of old letters. Engle was younger than Pascarella. He wore a tweed lounge suit and there was a yellow cowlick that stood up at the crown of his head.

"Nope," said Engle, snapping a rubber band around the batch of letters, "there's nothing in these to hang a hat on. I think we're going to find that Shultz probably gave some guy a lift and the guy let him have it."

"Probably," Pascarella said.

Harrigan asked, "Did you find any dough on Shultzy?"

Pascarella, closing a dresser drawer, shook his head. "Just some change. Sixty cents. Whether he had anything in his wallet, I wouldn't know. There was just his driver's license in it. It was on the seat. I sent it with the other stuff to the lab, for fingerprints. We ought to get some off the car too. But that don't say it'll get us anywhere."

"Where does that river road go?"

"It hits the state highway about two miles up. People off the boats use it most. That's why I don't think it was some bum thumbing his way across the state. I think maybe it was some local guy. A transient'd stick to the state highway. But I don't know why he should've taken the ignition key."

Harrigan said, "What did Shultzy get hit with?"

"I don't know. There were no tools out in the wagon and when we found the kit under the seat it was all complete. He was probably socked with a gun butt. It stands to reason. Look. The beach wagon when we found it was about twenty-five feet off the road back of a gravel heap the city keeps there for the road. It's my guess the guy pulled a gun on him and made him drive there, then clouted him over the head. The only other thing would be that he parked there with a girl and she did it. I don't know."

"Tell 'em what else," Engle said.

"What else what?"

"The shoes."

"Oh, yeah; the shoes," Pascarella said. "He was in his socks when we found him. No shoes. No shoes anywhere."

OUR VANISHING GRETNA GREENS

"Why do you want a divorce?" a Chicago judge recently asked a pretty young bride of six months.

"Well, we were out on a party, had a few drinks, and some one dared us to get married. We made a flying trip to Crown Point. But he's brutal, gets drunk, and we're through."

"I see. More marriage mill grist. Forty per cent of the Gretna Green romances end up just like yours. Decree granted."

Another divorce court judge of the same city stated that one-third of all his cases were marriage mill products. Four Crown Point weddings blew up in his court in one day.

The high mortality rate among the usual impulsive, runaway, I-dare-you, drunken and surreptitious excursions to the domain of marrying parsons and justices is one reason why the Gretna Greens of America are rapidly vanishing. Another is the exposure of their racketeering methods.

For long years a few crusading souls have sought to have marriage laws grow up with the country. Now the break has come, thanks to Elkton, Crown Point, Reno, and other racket centers, which have focused public attention on the fact that it is easier in many states to get a marriage permit than a dog license. In the last year, however, nine states have passed restrictive marriage laws, making twenty-seven states where it is impossible for marriage mills to operate. Several more states are expected to pass similar legislation this year.

The most effective lethal dose administered to Gretna Greens is the requirement of notice of intent to wed, which necessitates waiting several days between application for and granting of a license. Fourteen states, from Maine to Idaho, specify a five-day interval. Ten states make the period shorter, usually three days.

Crown Point, Indiana, favorite rendezvous of elopers of the Great Lakes region, was recently put out of commission by the resurrection of a statute of 1842, which forbade the granting of a wedding license to a non-resident woman. An injunction was sustained by the supreme court, and all was over. Elkton, Maryland, is threatened by a referendum this fall. Reno, Nevada, catering to Hollywood and the rest of California, seems to have the strongest hold on life. Tia Juana, Mexico, is losing its prestige because of the occasional invalidation of its ceremonies by American courts.

When housecleaning starts, it is seldom confined to one room. Thus, another bar to hasty marriage is the growing movement to make a physical examination and a physician's certificate of good health part of the requirements for a license. Connecticut, Illinois, Michigan, New Hampshire, Wisconsin and Oregon have passed laws requiring both prospective brides and grooms to pass such tests. A number of other states require the man to be examined.

After Illinois had adopted its new marriage law, there was a grand rush to nearby lax states by couples intent on marriage. Then Dame Grundy began to get in her work. So you ran away to get married? Were you afraid you couldn't pass the health test?

The raised eyebrows worked wonders. Elopements seemed rather less romantic and rather more declassé. So month by month, the number of Illinois marriage licenses has more nearly equaled the number granted in the old free-for-all days. Other restricted states report the same trend.

Perhaps there *will* be fewer marriages in these restricted states. But there will probably also be fewer divorces. Any legislation which raises the standards for marriage should reduce the number of matrimonial casualties.

Marriage won't be deprived of romance and glamour by assuming that lovers are adults, willing to comply with adult laws. Gretna Greens, with their bill-boards, signs, runners, marrying parsons and justices, may disappear, but enduring marriage will get more of a break.

WILLIAM F. MCDERMOTT

Harrigan said, "That'd kind of indicate it was some tramp after all. A guy that needed shoes to walk in. Were there any footprints around in the gravel?"

"Sure. They went straight from the wagon to the road. You can't follow them on a black-top road, though. I got a man out from headquarters to preserve two impressions, right foot and left." He turned to Engle. "Find anything?"

"Nope."

"I didn't think we would. Listen, Joe, go and ask the help if they got any idea where he went last night. If they haven't, ask 'em if they know any places he was in the habit of going. Ask 'em if they know what time he went out."

"Okay, Al."

Engle went out.

Harrigan said, "No shoes at all, huh? If he took Shultzy's shoes, what about his own? You didn't find them, huh?"

"No shoes at all," Pascarella said morosely.

Harrigan picked up one of a pair of white sports shoes and looked inside it. He said, "Size eight." He placed the shoe back on the floor beside its mate and said, "Of course, there's no explaining the things some guys do. He might have reached out to shut the ignition switch and stuck the key in his pocket right then." He scratched his jaw with his thumbnail. "On the other hand, maybe it was a woman."

Pascarella said, "You mean she put his shoes on and carried her own, to make it look like it was a man?"

"Something like that. But then Shultzy was no cripple. She'd 've had to be a pretty able-bodied female."

"Listen, judging from some of the janes I been running across lately, they're plenty tough enough."

ENGLE returned and said, "The butler or whatever he is, this man Fritz, says Shultz said he was going over to the amusement park on the beach. He went out in the wagon at about eleven."

Pascarella shook his head. "If he went to the amusement park, what was he doing a mile from here up the river road? If he drove home from the park, he'd hit here without being on the river road."

"How do I know?" said Engle. "I'm just telling you what the guy told me."

"Of course," said Pascarella, "he could have picked up the party between here and the park and the party could have made him drive past here to the gravel pit. Anyhow, he probably didn't go to the park at all. He probably changed his mind and went into town. The river road would be a short cut home from town. Anything else?"

"Well, I heard he used to go in town and kill a lot of time at a bar called Dowd's, in Prince Street. You know, Dowd's Bar and Grill. And then the maid said he used to talk about the Gingham Inn, that roadhouse on the Post Road."

"How about the amusement park?"

"They said he liked the Beer Barrel."

"How about women?"

Engle shook his head. "He probably kept that to himself."

"Okay." Pascarella looked around the room. "I guess there's nothing here. Pleased to meet you, Harrigan. I'll be back and forth here a couple of times, I guess. Routine stuff. Come in to headquarters sometime and meet the gang."

"Sure," said Harrigan. "That's a swell idea."

PASCARELLA stepped down to the narrow bluestone walk outside the door. Engle joined him and they wandered down the driveway. Harrigan stood in the doorway watching them. After a couple of minutes he turned and said:

"What's the matter, Webby, 'd you lose your tongue?"

"I figured there was no sense in adding to the confusion."

"Oh," he said, "I thought maybe you were worried."

"About what?"

"Oh, I don't know." He turned and looked over the grounds, the house, shrugged and gave a little laugh. "No, you got me there, baby. Did you close your bedroom door last night because there was a draft?"

"Maybe it blew shut."

"I didn't hear it."

"Neither did I."

"It was closed when I got up," he said. He turned a little and leaned back against the doorframe. "When you went down to breakfast this morning, I went in your room looking for a match and found a gal's handkerchief on the floor by the bed. I put it on the dresser and I was going to call your attention to it. But when I went back in my room that maid came in your room and I guess she took it out with her."

"She had a nerve."

"That's what I thought. But I didn't want to say anything to her and pull a boner maybe. You work fast, baby."

"Guess again, Abe. It was probably Vivian's. She woke me up at about four this morning when she found Stan wasn't in his room. Stan spent the night on the boat."

Harrigan said nothing for a minute. He kept squinting at the sunlight. Then he said absently, "Yeah. On the boat."

CHAPTER 8

SHULTZ had worked for the Cantwells almost seven years. At the time of his death he was forty-five. Vivian was the only one who took his death as a personal loss and this was because when he'd first come to work for the Cantwells, she'd been a kid of twelve or thirteen and had more or less grown up under his wing.

"He used to take me to the movies sometimes," she said. "And he used to drive me to and from school and he was, well, always around. He was grumpy a lot, but he was nice, and he taught me to drive a car. Poor Oscar!"

We were lying side by side on our stomachs in the bow of Stan's cruiser with the wind in our faces. The Sound was very smooth and through the deck I could feel the muffled impulses of the engines.

"Did he ever give anyone a lift on the road?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. I remember once when I was riding with him—I was just a kid—I said, 'Oh, give that poor man a ride.' But he shook his head. He said, 'If it was my own car, I might. But I'm driving somebody else's property.' He had certain set ideas. You know, I don't believe he *did* pick up anybody on the road last night."

"It doesn't sound as if he would. What happened, then?"

"Goodness, I wish I knew! It might have been someone he thought was a friend."

"I thought Fritz said all the cars were in the garage when you asked him to look. That was about four A.M., wasn't it?"

"Yes. I asked him about that later. He said he knew Oscar wasn't in but he didn't want to say so. The help always try to cover up one another. He just thought Oscar was out on a late party."

"How long have Fritz and his wife been around?"

"Since Stan and Ivy were married. Three years."

"How about the maid?"

"Lily? About the same time. When Stan and Ivy take a trip, Lily goes along as Ivy's personal maid."

"Do you like her?"

Vivian said, "I never really thought of that."

"This fellow who's driving the boat now, doesn't he sleep on board and watch it?"

"He does as a rule, yes. But his home's in New London and he went up there yesterday to see his father. His father's an invalid. He got back this morning. That's why Stan walked over last night, to make sure he'd locked up."

Mabel Ryan's voice yelled, "Hey, sherry flips on the after deck!"

I twisted and looked around and saw her grin and beckon. She was wearing a white jersey and a pair of navy blue shorts.

Vivian said, "Coming," and we both got up. There were two steps down to the main deck and we followed the narrow passageway to the stern of the boat. Beneath a taut yellow awning were wicker easy chairs and a wicker table. Stout white forearms, spattered with freckles, were passing drinks up through a back window of the galley. Stan was taking the tray. Through the window I caught a glimpse of Harrigan's big, amiable face.

"I think," said Karen Langard, "we have a wonderful barman. Oh, Mr. Harrigan, your drinks look delicious!"

Harrigan's voice came out of the galley: "I go for brandy eggnogs myself, Miss Langard, but this time of day they're liable to take your ears off. A sherry flip gives you the lift without the sock."

Ivy, taking one of the flips, said, "I think it's terrible that Mr. Harrigan has to mix the drinks and be stuck down there preparing luncheon. Fritz could just as well have come along."

"Well, I offered to make the luncheon," Mabel said.

Ivy said, "Oh, did you? I must have been somewhere else."

"Let him," I said. "He loves it."

Mabel said, "I guess it was when we all were swimming."

"I wanted George to go in," Karen Langard said, "but he was in a vile humor this morning. Irritable. You'd think he'd been up all night. I said, 'George, a swim will do you good.' But no, he was determined to be irritable."

Roy Strickland said reasonably, "After all, Karen, you did play up to that orchestra leader."

"Jack Kingsley's a dear and I was just so overjoyed to see him again. I'm naturally affectionate, that's all."

George Hazelhurst's face looked drawn under his tan. "Just forget it, Karen, will you? Will you please just forget it?"

"Well, you have no cause to get sore because I happen to meet an old friend and am polite to him."

"Listen, Karen, I am not sore. Do you understand, please? I am not sore."

"Now that that's settled," Mabel Ryan said, "let's drink. Whom shall we drink to?"

"Mr. Harrigan," said Ivy, lifting her glass. "A toast to you, Mr. Harrigan."

"This," said Harrigan, "is more than I deserve."

Stan was sitting with his elbows on his knees. The spot on his lip looked now like a fever blister. He was staring vacantly into his drink and when we all raised our glasses he remained that way.

Ivy said, "Stan."

He started. "Yes, dear?"

"We are drinking to Mr. Harrigan."

He sat up straight and lifted his glass. "Yes, sure. To Mr. Harrigan."

"A swell cook and a swell barman," I said.

"And no doubt," Roy Strickland said, "an excellent detective."

"Oh, so-so," I said.

A STIFF offshore wind was blowing when we entered the mouth of the river. You could smell salt marshes. It was five o'clock and a lot of the wallop had gone out of the sun but it was still fairly high. The wind made the river choppy. Mabel Ryan was taking the cruiser in. She was handling it as unconcernedly as some people handle a car.

Harrigan said, "She's a pretty good sailor, ain't she?"

"I don't know anything about it, but I guess so. Stan's letting her take it in."

"I guess Shultzy's death kind of depressed him, huh?"

"He'd take a thing like that to heart."

"Well, you got a guy working for you seven or eight years, I guess it would."

The screened door opened and Ivy came in from the deck and made a hopeless gesture. She dropped to a green settee and wagged her head and said, "It's no use, I guess."

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Oh, George Hazelhurst. He's sore at Karen and he's going home."

"What did she do now?"

"Nothing. She said he didn't seem to be having a good time and she asked him if his stomach was upset. And he said, well, if it was, it was his own stomach. I think he just got up this morning and decided to be nasty."

I said, "He's probably still sore about that orchestra leader. Let him go home. He'll get over it."

"Sure," said Harrigan. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Ivy said, "I can tell you one thing, Mr. Harrigan. I wish everyone were as kind and as considerate as you are."

"Harrigan," I said, "you've made a conquest."

Ivy looked at him and said, "It would help your friend Mr. Webb a great deal if he took a lesson or two from you."

Harrigan was amused. "Oh, Webby's all right, Mrs. Cantwell. He just gets off on the wrong foot sometimes."

Ivy turned and opened the screened door.

"Anyhow," I said, "nobody'll make me sore enough to go home."

For an instant Ivy's eyes shimmered, then she went out and the door slapped shut.

WE ALL walked around the back of the house from the garage to the terrace. George Hazelhurst was well ahead of the rest of us, because he was going to pack his bag and go home. When we got to the terrace Pascarella and Engle were sitting there drinking beer. Both set their glasses down and stood up.

"Hello, Mr. Cantwell," Pascarella said.

Stan said, "Hello. Have you been waiting long?"

"No. Fifteen or twenty minutes is all. Look, Mr. Cantwell, did all you people here ride in that beach wagon?"

"Yes, we did—all of us, I guess, except Mr. Webb and Mr. Harrigan. We drove out to the beach club yesterday at about three to see some high diving."

Pascarella said, "Then we can leave them out. It's like this, Mr. Cantwell—and you other folks, too—they been taking fingerprints off it at headquarters and what we want to do is eliminate as many as possible. We don't like to bother you and your guests here, but it would be a great help if we could have all your fingerprints."

Ivy said, "That's ridiculous! Are we going to be constantly annoyed because our chauffeur was fool enough to give somebody a ride?"

Pascarella's gloomy expression did not change. He said, "But we won't ask you all to come to headquarters, Mrs. Cantwell. We can send a man out to get 'em. It won't take but ten minutes for all of you."

"I don't care if it would take only a minute," Ivy snapped back at him. "I'm not going to have my home overrun with a lot of policemen."

Pascarella held up his index finger. "Just one, ma'am. It takes just one man."

"Ivy's right," George Hazelhurst said mutinously. "I don't blame her a bit. I won't submit to it, either. And don't you, Stan."

Stan looked a little bewildered. "I don't know," he said.

Roy Strickland said, "Now, George, you're just upset. I can't see what harm there would be in it."

"Who's upset?" George Hazelhurst demanded. "I'm just backing up Ivy."

"Oh, come on, come on," Mabel Ryan said. "Let's all have our fingerprints taken."

Ivy's face was white. "I will not!" she cried.

"What they just want, Mrs. Cantwell," said Harrigan, "is to get these prints and check 'em with the prints they find on the beach wagon. As it is now, they won't know which is which. But if they got all our fingerprints, and the other servants' in the house too, they'll just eliminate them. Then the ones they don't eliminate, the ones that don't check with ours, they check against their own records and if nothing turns up they send them to the central bureau in Washington for a check there."

Pascarella nodded. "That's it, Mrs. Cantwell. We just take all your fingerprints here and when we've checked 'em against the ones we found on the beach wagon, we give 'em all back to you. There's no record made at headquarters. In other words, we don't keep them on file."

Ivy was tapping her foot. "I still think it's unreasonable."

"It would help us a great deal," said Pascarella.

"Oh, go ahead; say yes," Stan said. "How about you, George?"

"Come on, George," Roy Strickland said.

Hazelhurst threw up his hands. "Oh, all right, all right!" he growled, and stamped into the house.

Stan said to Pascarella, "I don't suppose you've discovered anything yet, have you?"

"Nope," said Pascarella. "And I'm not very optimistic, as they say. All we found was Shultz was over to the amusement park last night. The bartender at the Beer Barrel served him a couple of beers. He said he broke a twenty-dollar bill for him. That was about midnight, maybe a little before. The medical office placed his death at about three A.M."

Harrigan said, "Was he alone at the Beer Barrel?"

"Yeah. He left after he changed the bill. Now we got to find where he went. Well, we probably won't. Will it be all right if the fingerprint man comes out in about an hour?"

Ivy looked at her wrist watch. "Make it seven. We dine at eight."

PASCARELLA and Engle picked up their hats, dipped their heads politely and walked away. In a couple of minutes there was the sound of their car going away on the driveway.

"Mr. Engle looks just like a boy," Karen Langard said. "Such a beautiful complexion! Well-built, too."

"Don't let George hear you," Mabel Ryan said.

Karen sighed. "George is certainly becoming a problem child."

"Oh, yeah?" said George Hazelhurst from an upstairs window. "Well, nuts to you! I'm going home!"

Ivy groaned, "Oh, *go!*"

We all went inside and separated, except that Harrigan and I stopped in the bar to pick up a couple of bottles of cold ale. As we reached the top of the stairs, George Hazelhurst arrived there on his way down. He carried a yellow pigskin overnight bag and a couple of tennis rackets.

"Going?" said Harrigan.

"Yes!" He was halfway down the stairs before he stopped and looked up and said, "Goodbye. Glad to 've met you both. I hope you'll forgive me." Then he rushed on down.

Harrigan said, "Forgive him for what?" as we walked into my room. "He didn't do anything to us."

We opened the two bottles of ale and sat down in chairs by the window that overlooked the terrace.

Harrigan took a long swallow, said "Aaaah!" enthusiastically, then added, "I love it but it sure gives me gas."

"Not like beer," I said.

He crossed one knee comfortably over the other. "You know, Webby, I happened to think of something. Maybe that ignition key was on a ring and there were some other keys on the ring and this guy—or gal—wanted 'em. Or maybe just one."

"Then that wouldn't make it a casual hold-up."

"That's what I was thinking."

"If you don't stop thinking," I said, "you're going to spoil my vacation."

I took a shower and shaved and by the time I had dressed it was almost six-thirty. Harrigan had gone down. When I went down, Stan was standing in the hall with his hands clenched and a flat gray color on his cheeks. Fritz was just leaving the hall. He was clasping his hands together in front of him with chest high and tight.

"Fritz see a ghost?" I said.

The look Stan gave me was glassy. I could see his chest and shoulders go down as his breath flowed out. His hands opened slowly.

He said, "I'll tell you later, Larry."

CHAPTER 9

THE man came out to get our fingerprints at a quarter past seven and Ivy had something to say about his being late. All he said was, "I'll take yours first, madam," cutting his words precisely with small sharp teeth. "Your full name?" He wrote her name down on the white card and on this card he recorded her fingerprints. Stan was next. Then Roy Strickland. Then Mabel Ryan. Then Karen Langard. Then Vivian.

Harrigan said, "Webby, maybe you and me ought to have ours, too. Just in case we touched it."

"Sure," I said.

We had ours recorded and then Fritz and his wife Emma and the maid Lily had theirs. The man was finishing up with Lily when Norman Bennett came breezing in full of bounce.

"Am I late for the cup that cheers?" he asked.

Stan said, "Do you mind having your fingerprints taken, Norman? We've all had ours. You probably know about Oscar Shultz."

"Yes, I read it in the paper. I'm awfully sorry, Stan."

"The police are looking for fingerprints on the beach wagon, and they want to eliminate ours. Do you mind?"

Norman Bennett flexed his legs, looked at everyone, smiled. "Not at all. I feel guilty already."

"Now," said the man from headquarters when he had done with Norman Bennett, "is there anyone else?"

"That's all," said Stan.

Vivian said, "But George Hazelhurst. . . ."

"Oh, yes. George Hazelhurst," Stan said. "He went home."

"Have you his address and telephone number?"

"Yes. I'll get them for you."

"Pascarella said that everyone would be here."

Karen giggled. "Oh, George got mad at me and went home. Mr. Pascarella is a very sad looking man, don't you think? And I thought Mr. Engle looked so young. He has wonderful skin, hasn't he? And a nice smile. Is he really very young?"

"Mr. Engle is twenty-eight. He is married and has two children, one aged four, the other two. He is my son-in-law. And now, Mr. Cantwell and madam, thank you for your coöperation. Thank all of you, ladies and gentlemen. Good night."

Stan escorted him to the door.

Karen Langard said brightly, "He's—he's—m-m-m—*courtly*. Isn't he courtly?"

Stan came back and his face let down a little and was shadowed between his eyebrows. He said, "I didn't want to tell any of you this before he got here. I didn't want you to be upset while he was here." He glanced at me. "There was a phone call at about a quarter to seven. Fritz got it. Fritz answered the phone. A man on the phone told him that Shultz's death was just a warning. Next time, he said, it would be closer. Closer, he said. He lisped."

Roy Strickland said, "Didn't you say that someone phoned Mace Shelby—"

"Yes. He lisped too."

Vivian groaned, "Oh, Stan!"

Ivy's face was white. She cried out, "It's because you insist on letting Mace Shelby run the newspaper any way he feels like running it! You own it! Why don't you do something about it? Must we all be killed because Shelby is drunk with power?"

Stan grimaced. "Don't say that, Ivy," he pleaded. "Shelby is doing only what he feels is right."

"I'm not blaming Shelby," she cried. "I'm blaming you! He won't stop but you could, if you wanted, stop him."

He turned up his palms, held them out toward her. "But you know I believe in what he's doing, Ivy. And if Shultz's death is hooked up with it, all the more reason why we should continue."

Ivy's laugh was short, harsh, and it trembled. "Oh, yes. We should all be killed because you and Mace Shelby have what you call a sense of civic responsibility. Oh, yes, indeed!"

He said, "Don't worry. I'll hire some bodyguards. I'll—"

"Bodyguards! Do you think I'm going to live in this house with a lot of roughnecks prowling around night and day? What do you think I am?"

"Oh, Ivy, Ivy," said Vivian.

Ivy's lower lip gleamed with moisture. "Yes, and you of course will humor him. Anything Stan wants, yes, yes, give it to him. He wants to take me on a schooner to some Godforsaken place in the South Seas. Just for a year, he says. Just Stan and me. Alone together. To see this and that. To see where Stevenson is buried. To see a grave. A *grave*, mind you! That's something, all right. Why doesn't he go? Why doesn't he go alone?"

"Ivy!" It was Stan's voice, thick, hoarse, desperate. For a moment his eyes looked metallic, dangerous. He said, "Control yourself, Ivy." He meant it.

Ivy caught up her breath.

Mabel Ryan said, "If he lisps, the police ought to have a pretty easy time finding him."

Ivy shot her a vicious glance, then said hotly to Stan, "Or take her with you! Go ahead, take her with you! She'd love it! Go down to some Godforsaken island and be a couple of love birds!"

Vivian stamped her foot. "Ivy, don't be an idiot!"

"Don't you talk!" Ivy cried hysterically. "I know enough about you!"

Vivian's face darkened, her nostrils flared. For a minute I thought she was going to spring on Ivy.

But Mabel Ryan's good-humored voice said, "Take it easy, Vivian. Ivy doesn't know what she's saying. If she did, I'd slap her down."

Stan started toward Ivy, his hand extended. He was calm now. "Come on, Ivy. Lie down a little while."

She drew her shoulders up and her whole body seemed to contract. "Don't touch me!" she choked. "Don't touch me!"

Stan's hand fell to his side. It hung there, tired and limp. He turned away and walked out of the living room and the back of his neck was dull red. He disappeared but a moment later there was the sound of his footfalls on the tile floor of the bar.

Ivy went upstairs.

I looked at Harrigan. He was sitting in a chair pretending he was deeply absorbed in reading a book. The book was in French. He didn't know any more about French than I did.

I WAS lying in a wicker long chair on the terrace fooling around with a guitar when Roy Strickland came out and sat down. For a couple of minutes he watched me trying to pick out chords.

"Do you play a guitar?" he said.

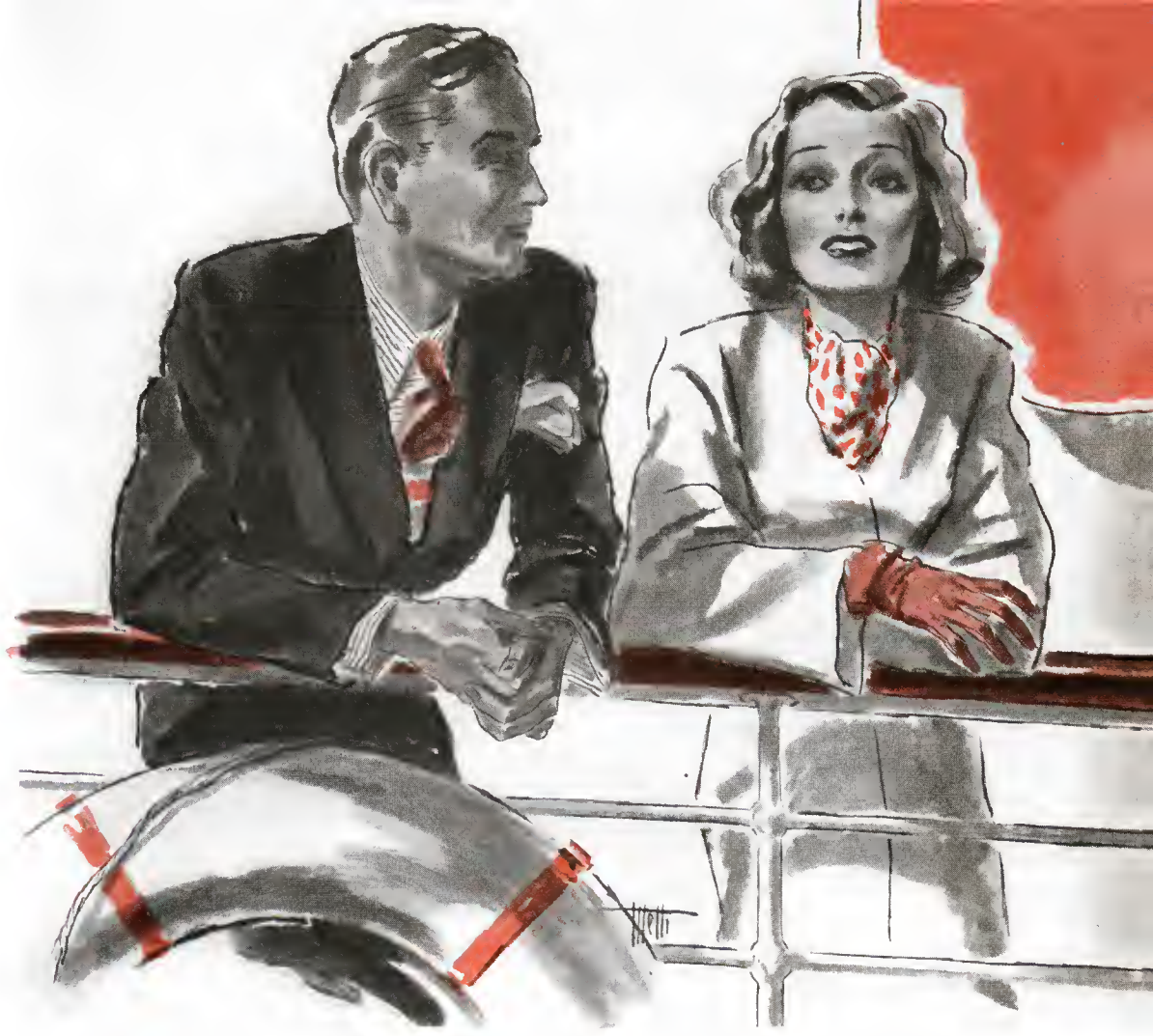
"No. I've always wanted to, though. Years and years."

"Did you ever study?"

"No. But Ivy's pretty good at this. I remember when they were casting for that play, *The Reef*, they wanted a girl who could play the guitar. Not really go to town on it, just strum it so it would make sense. Ivy learned to make a guitar make sense in one week, and she got the part. The play flopped, but she kept on monkeying around with a guitar until she became pretty good."

[*Turn to page 36*]

Love letters may be ardent, burn with a poet's limpid fire, but a message on a post card sometimes tells the heart's old story best



He looked at her in kindly curiosity. "You're taking the cruise alone?" Mildred nodded

Wish you were here

BY ELISA BIALK

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

NOW that the boat was almost ready to sail, Mildred Oldwald was frightened; she had never traveled anywhere before. It would have been better if Dorothy Mueller from the office had been able to come along, because Dorothy was the efficient sort who managed everything well. She really should have canceled the cruise when Dorothy canceled, Mildred told herself now, putting on again the white gloves she had been taking off and putting on a dozen times since getting on the boat, but she had wanted to come so badly.

She seemed to communicate her misgivings to Joe Burnett, who was shifting uncomfortably from his left foot to his right. Then, as a whistle sounded, he said: "Well, guess I'd better move along."

Mildred nodded, said in an unnaturally strained voice: "Thanks for taking me down."

Joe shifted from his right foot to his left. "S'all right . . . Well, Mil—have a good time."

Mildred smiled shakily. "I guess I will, thanks. Goodbye."

"So long—see you when you get back," edging toward the gangplank. Last night, when he took her home from the date they were having on Friday instead of Saturday on account of her going away, he had kissed her goodbye because he had known that he wouldn't be able to here in broad daylight with a lot of strange people around. And, to him, a handclasp would be artificial; so now he merely raised a hand in quick salute as he strode away.

Mildred watched him as he went down the gangplank to the pier, noticing the way his reddish hair curled at the nape of his neck under his stiff straw hat, and the way his good suit humped itself a little over his hips when he walked. Then, when he was out of sight, although she still pretended to be leaning over the rail and watching the crowd on the dock as the boat pulled slowly away from the pier, she examined the other passengers through the corner of her eye.

While the boat skimmed the lake's placid surface until Chicago's magnificent skyline was etched in bold relief, she turned her head slightly in each direction, saw that her first impression had been right: there were a great many more girls than men on board. What was more, the girls were very well-dressed and well-groomed; they were really all of the better class, the kind who earn at least twenty-five dollars a week. What chance was she going to have to interest any of the men on board? she asked herself, and flushed above her new white linen suit at the thought, for this was the first time that she was admitting her reason for having planned this cruise and for having saved a dollar a week for a year. It was not to have one really nice vacation before settling down and marrying Joe, but to meet somebody else.

Oh, it wasn't as if Joe wasn't an awfully nice fellow! Mildred assured herself quickly, loyalty to him twinging her conscience. She wouldn't have gone with him for over a year if she hadn't liked him a lot. She had liked him ever since the first time she had seen him leaving the mail order house where she was a typist and he was a shipping clerk, and he had smiled at her shyly; ever since the time he had finally picked up the courage to ask, "How about a show tomorrow night?" and she had assented with what she hoped wasn't too much eagerness.

Joe was really an awfully nice fellow and if it wasn't for her older sister, Rita, she'd probably be anxious to marry him instead of always changing the subject when he started to get serious. But Rita, who was so much prettier and whom she used to envy for her pretty clothes and her good times, now envied her. Because Rita had finally settled down with someone a lot like Joe, nice but not the sort to set the world on fire, and now she was lucky if she could get away from her two children and the flat to see a show once a week. Whenever Mildred saw her she complained about how terrible it was to be tied down like she was, and she kept warning her not to marry a man unless he had plenty of money.

Mildred, watching the receding skyline, told herself that she didn't want to marry a man for his money; she knew she would never be able to get someone like that, anyhow. But she did want more than Rita had. . . It was silly, she supposed, but she wanted romance. She wanted someone who wouldn't be tongue-tied whenever he looked at her, as Joe was. She wanted someone who would kiss her as if to kiss her was something to be proud of, not the quick hard peck on the lips that was Joe's idea of making love. She wanted somebody other girls would look at when he walked down the street with her; someone who knew how to act and how to dress, and had nice manners and could talk to anyone. With a man like that, even the kind of life Rita had now would be worth living. Maybe she was too ambitious, but that was the kind of a man she had always dreamed about, and now it wasn't easy to give up that dream without making this desperate effort to find him.

But maybe she was lucky to have even a fellow like Joe Burnett, Mildred thought. So many girls didn't have anybody at all. She had never had many herself. There was Harry Mundt, who had taken her out once in a while. And there had been before him, Charlie Freeman, who had gone with her for six months and then suddenly married someone else. Only three boy-friends in as many years in Chicago, and here she was twenty and ought to be settling down! But Mildred stirred uncomfortably; she didn't want to settle down. Not yet, and not with someone like Joe Burnett.

THE people on board were bustling about now, arranging deck-chairs, getting acquainted with the boat and each other. Mildred wished she could emulate their easy friendliness. But an innate shyness forced her below deck to the stateroom where her suitcase had been deposited. She took out the few dresses, hung up the printed cotton summer formal that had been a shameful extravagance because she was almost certain never to wear it again, and the alternate dinner dress—a pink lace, practically unworn, which she had bought when she stood up at her sister's wedding three years before. She saw the shabby baggage lying across from hers, wondered who the girl was who'd be sharing this stateroom with her, looked up eagerly when she came in for, after two hours on the boat alone, she wanted not so much a man as a companion.

"Hello," the girl—dark, thin, sharp-faced and sharp-eyed—greeted her briskly, "my name's Marge Thompson. What's yours?" [*Turn to page 96*]

WHATEVER exotically beautiful *Mrs. Canute Pensonby Nye* wanted, she got. And she had everything—wealth, an adoring husband, glittering social position. And friends, if you could give that name to the casual young men who danced to her piping. If she had ever felt a sincere interest, it was now directed toward *Arthur Whittling,* impoverished young bachelor. The town gossiped, of course, but to Mrs. Nye the chatter was a challenge to further ostentation. No one would have guessed that over Sally Nye, now and then, passed the shadow of fear. But in her secret heart the brilliant socialite was afraid of *George Worthing's* conservative wife, *Martha.*

Martha Worthing was a completely undramatic woman. As a leader of the town's intelligentsia she was respected, honored. That she was seen, one night, with her husband at the Gilded Heel—a tawdry night club—had sent a ripple of excitement eddying through her circle. And when it became known that Martha Worthing had elected to sponsor *Kitty Swift,* the lovely dancer featured at the Gilded Heel—the town was brought smartly to attention.

Although Martha did not offer an explanation, the truth was she and Kitty had been freshman-senior friends at college. Then, Kitty Swift had been *Julia Monroe.* And looking back down the years, Martha remembered that Julia Monroe and Arthur Whittling had been, if not engaged, certainly very much in love.

Martha, however, was unaware that Julia had accepted her current engagement at the Gilded Heel for the express purpose of seeing Arthur Whittling once again. Sally Nye, on the other hand, was keenly suspicious. The night Julia made her first appearance as Kitty Swift, she had made Arthur the target for her sentimental songs. And Sally Nye, as Arthur's hostess, had been indignant, had accused him of knowing the dancer. And afraid lest he lose the patronage of this powerful social leader, Arthur had denied having ever heard the name "Kitty Swift." But Sally Nye was to hear the truth later. . . .

Chatty Carlin, a nimble-witted young man-about-town, had observed Arthur and Julia lunching together. He had come over to the table ostensibly to remind Arthur that the Pensonby Nyes' riding party was scheduled for the following Thursday. But Arthur knew that Sally would be in possession of an elaborate report of his meeting with Julia exactly as soon as Chatty could be admitted into Sally Nye's presence.

Julia had no reason for thinking she would see the riders go streaming across country that crisp, March afternoon. But she did. Martha Worthing had asked her to come to the Worthings' suburban home and she had chosen to walk after she had got off the bus. The riders had flashed by, picturesque in colorful costumes. One of them took a high fence, turned his horse into a lane. Julia saw it was Pensonby Nye. Later she came upon him, sitting upon his chestnut mount, lost in reverie. They spoke. Finally, Pensonby Nye said to Julia, "I've no business to ask you this—but when a woman has once cared for a man and gets over it so completely she sees him only as a comic nuisance, can he ever make her care for him again?" Julia answered, "I can't tell you, Mr. Nye. If I could, I think I'd also be wise enough to tell you how not to care whether she comes back or not. . . ." "Of course," Nye said. He hesitated, then went on. "I've done this badly. But I thought there might be some kind of solace if we knew each other." "There is," Julia said. "There is for me."

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Part 3

THE shadows of the two people and the horse stretched far upon the meadow beyond the lane, while windowpanes in the wing of the house nearby were beginning to shine fierily. Three of the windows on the lower floor reflected flame from their inner surfaces also, where wood blazed high, making ruddy the white hearth; and all this fieriness was completed by that of Mrs. Worthing's present temper. Expecting Julia, she had been surprised by another visitor not so welcome, young Mr. Mark Carlin.

He came to obtain a special bit of what he thought of as news. This young man had little of the village troublemaker in his nature, possessed no spitefulness nor envy; he was a collector of jade and of intimate informations. Well-to-do and without other occupation, he spared himself nothing to get hold of fine T'ang Dynasty carvings in the loved material or to uncover the piquant private affairs of a person or family who interested him. That is, he had a passion for being "in the know"; and the greater he thought the importance of the people he investigated, the higher waxed his passion and delight.

"I'm here on the loveliest errand," he told Martha, in response to her rather dry reception of him. "Really, what's the use going to the theater? People are always drama enough—comedy, of course—if you only keep in the audience, just watching them. You're going to enjoy this, Mrs. Worthing; you were in at the start and since then you've been getting a lot deeper in, though without knowing it yourself. Oh, yes, indeed, you're in it, Mrs. Worthing; you're in it!"

"I think not," Martha said. "In what?"

Arthur's voice was heard, urgent in emergency. "Please, Sally, please! Somebody might be about..." He didn't finish, for Pensonby Nye was in the doorway and Julia was with him

DECORATION BY
ERVINE METZL

What fires a woman's jealousy kindles, only a man in love can know

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

"In the most delicious thing we've had since the Governor kissed the cook! Extraordinary! Think of a completely unknown proletarianess wandering into town and within a few hours setting our great by the heels—a night club girl without the slightest effort getting our most prominent lady—next to you, naturally, Mrs. George Worthing—into frenzies of upsetness and destroying the peace of our most popular and beautiful bachelor! I mean the state of mind Mrs. Pensonby Nye and Mr. Arthur Whittling are in over our clever little friend of our disreputable night."

"What 'clever little friend'? What 'disreputable night,' Mr. Carlin?"

"At the Gilded Heel. Miss Kitty Swift, Mrs. Worthing. If you didn't mind coarseness so terribly, I'd say she's got Arthur's and Sally's goats. I hope she isn't going to get yours, too, Mrs. Worthing!"

MARTHA looked into distance. "I need hardly say I don't understand anything you've been saying."

"You will; you will," he returned gayly. "You remember I said at the night club there was an undercurrent. I was right, after all; there was indeed. Sally claimed that Arthur knew the girl; he swore he'd never even heard her name until that night and he still sticks to it that he hadn't, because 'Kitty Swift' was a *nom de guerre* she'd taken and he didn't know about it. That is, the poor lad told the truth; but he unluckily didn't tell the whole truth, you see."

"No, I don't see at all, Mr. Carlin."

"You will; you will," he repeated. "Day before yesterday I just happened to notice Arthur's car outside a smoky little tavern downtown called the Seligcroft Hotel. I couldn't resist sliding in to see why, and of all things in the world ran into a tête-à-tête lunch—Miss Kitty Swift and the debonair Arthur. Nobody else about and the circumstances tender—oh, very tender indeed! Frankly, it was too good to keep and after I'd had my giggle to myself I slid on out to Sally's. Didn't I walk right spang into Master Arthur there, too! Oh, lightning and cyclones had been taking place; hardly stopped on account of me. Arthur'd got jittery I'd spill it to Sally; he'd rushed out and beat me to it, and she was telling heaven the truth wasn't in him when I walked in. Of course they weren't quite so open after that; but you know how such rows go on even when there is a third person present, Mrs. Worthing."

"No, I don't think so, Mr. Carlin."

"You would if you knew Sally well. She laughed too shrilly, explaining how screamingly funny Arthur was; said he'd just been telling her that he *did* know the strip-tease girl, after all."

"Who?" Martha frowned.

"What—"

"Sally's definition of Miss Kitty Swift," Carlin explained. "Kept calling her 'that strip-tease girl'—probably to hear Arthur make insulted objections. Then when I got hilarious and admitted yes, I *had* just seen him and Miss Swift lunching together, Sally laughed all the shriller. 'Oh, so *that's* why you decided all at once you'd tell me!' she said to him. 'You knew I'd hear it anyhow, Arthur precious!'" Mr. Carlin clapped his delicate hands together, held them clasped happily. "They put on a show for me! She laughed at him till he stalked out, furious; then she sobered up rather too much, got ungrateful and threw me out, too. She's always fascinating."

"Is she?"

FASCINATING!" Carlin repeated with emphasis, sincerely. "She's so darn marvelous to look at, and she's always so appealingly human. She loves to live in excitements and to feel everything immensely—goes to the edge and yet never lets herself get talked about dangerously. When she's interested she has the prettiest coquetries!"

"Indeed?" Martha said indifferently.

"Even more so in private, I imagine," he went on prattlingly. "For the two or three years after her marriage that she was in love with her husband, she got him so fascinated he'll never get over it—never! Then just look at where she's got Arthur Whittling!"

"I don't think I care to, Mr. Carlin."

Mr. Carlin serenely passed that over. "No, but Arthur left her house after that row so enraged with her you'd think he'd never speak to her again. She must have been sweet to him pretty quickly after that because they came into the Hunt Club today, about half an hour ago, Mrs. Worthing, after the run, virtually hand in hand, purring and kind as pie. Surprised me, too; because she nearly always keeps her husband at least visible whenever she's with Arthur. I was sly enough to ask about Pensonby and she laughed and said he was getting [*Turn to page 62*]

FOR ALL OF OUR LIVES

BY URSULA PARROTT

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FALTER

Conclusion

THE third act curtain fell. There was that other moment Derek Waring knew so well, the last hushed moment that broke in thunder, in applause like a great tide rising, in *bravos*, sweeping above even the sound of a thousand pairs of hands beating, beating.

Curtain call for the cast, four times repeated. Curtain call for the principals, six times repeated. Curtain call for the leads.

Oliver Gurney and Gillian Dwight, hand in hand. The beating of hands multiplied.

Derek Waring in a side aisle seat, thought, "How good the boy was, too. He will be very fine. Not quite what—"

Oliver was smiling, walking off stage.

The curtain fell, rose quickly. Curtain call for Miss Gillian Dwight alone, and the tumult in the theater double what it had been. *Bravo, bravo, bravo.* They began to call her name. "Gillian Dwight, Gillian Dwight."

Derek Waring looked at her as if he had never seen her before. Very wide-set her eyes, brown-gold her hair, her mouth had a lovely curve. He thought that even beneath stage make-up he could see her color come and go.

She was shy yet she was smiling. She was not frightened. She would, he thought, never be frightened again in that world to which she now belonged.

He lost count of her curtain calls.

She could not possibly see him, there on the side aisle, behind his dark glasses. Not possibly, yet once he thought she turned and smiled at him.

Miss Connell beside him thought she heard him speak. Strange he was not applauding at all, at that girl so lovely, so splendid, it was no wonder the theater was going mad around them. Perhaps it made Mr. Waring sad to think they'd never applaud like that any more for him. She'd best get him home before the crowd started up the aisles, not that they looked as if they meant to leave, all night.

SHE sighed. She hated the evening to end. But she was a conscientious nurse. She put her hand timidly on Derek Waring's arm. He did not notice. His face was still turned toward the stage. And all of a sudden he smiled, as if he and that girl standing alone there were by themselves.

He spoke. He said clearly, "Goodbye, Gillian."

But he'd said goodbye to that girl in his apartment, the day he grew so ill. He'd sent her away! Now, probably, she wouldn't come back, not even to console his last hours. Because, now from the looks of it, she was going to be famous as he, and famous people never seemed to have time to be consoling or even kind.

Mr. Waring's face was absolutely peaceful. How handsome he was still. Miss Connell thought she would cry in a minute, because it was all finished for him, and just beginning for that girl. Mostly because he didn't seem to mind. He looked as if he would never mind about anything any more.

And he smiled down at her gayly. "Yes, we'd better go now, Miss Connell."

At the apartment, the night nurse was waiting to go on duty.

She wanted Miss Connell to stay, to tell her all about it. But Miss Connell just [*Turn to page 30*]

"The time will pass, Derek. I'll be busy." Realization swept him. This was the last time he would see her...

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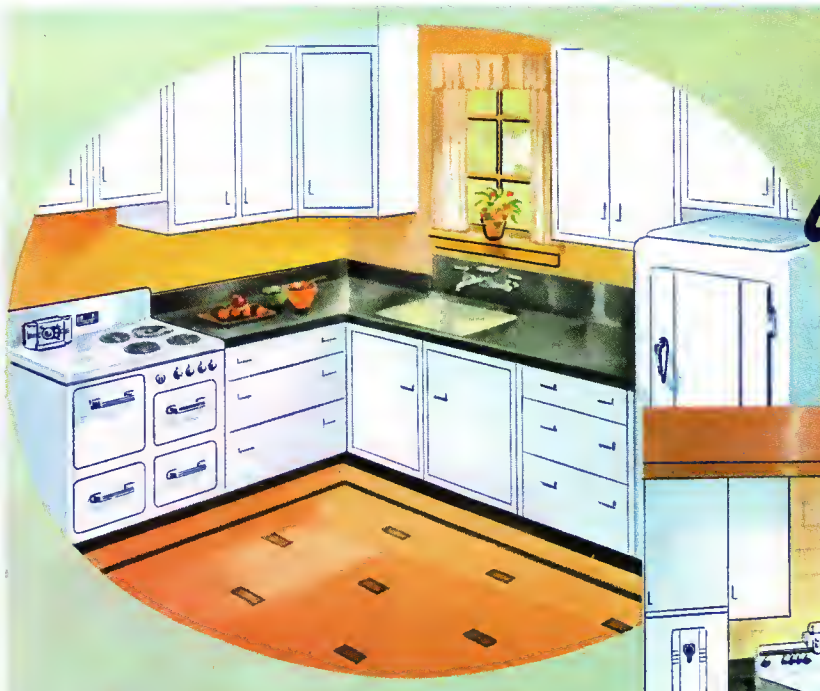

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EVERY HOUSE NEEDS **Westinghouse**

YOUTH SPEAKS ITS MIND ON WAR AND PEACE

[Beginning on page 10]

of its hopes and illusions. But in Portland the dances went on, I suppose, and it wasn't until much later that people began to discover that nothing had been made safe for anybody anywhere.

We got on very well, the possible elect of the possible Next War, and I, who was introduced as a "war correspondent" as if a "war correspondent" belonged to some high caste and was not just a newspaperman who happened to be on the ground, and was not—besides—the most helpless of reporters and the most ridiculous, unless he confines himself to writing what he *sees*. Clearly there is something phony about "war correspondent" and they felt it. To show off, I said I had a "vested interest in war," as if without war I would lose my livelihood and they did not think that very funny.

SO, STARTING at the beginning, we settled down to define our terms, War and Peace.

We had no end of trouble!

What is War? A dictionary, discovered in this golf club, said, "A contest as between states carried on by force; armed conflict; state of hostility; enmity."

What then about the relations of Hitler's Germany to Schussnigg's Austria? The maintenance of armed opposition to the Austrian government within and without Austrian borders, the invasion of Austria, and finally its absorption?

War?

They think not.

Peace, then?

The dictionary disgorges this definition of Peace, "lack of armed conflict."

Is the successful use of armed force to impose a bluff, Peace as long as there is no bloodshed?

They are inclined to think so.

Are Germany and Czecho-Slovakia at Peace, with a German-directed minority boring from within the Czech state, with German troops massed ready to gobble the banana-shaped eastern neighbor? We decide that it cannot be said they are at War and we do not know when and how Hitler's inimitable military methods can be said to transgress the limits of peaceful behavior.

And we even wonder whether, with his methods so successful, there ever need be Wars in the conventional sense again.

Are Germany and Italy, whose troops and materials are at General Franco's service under German and Italian command, at war with the Spanish Republic? The powers, including the United States, have not found them to be. And so we think that perhaps we have discovered the formula for avoiding war: don't declare it.

Nevertheless, we do feel that there was war in Manchuria, war in Abyssinia, and that there *is* war in Spain and China.

And this brings us to the sinking of the "Panay."

We agree that the sinking on the Yangste was an act of war and would have been considered a very fine pretext to war at any previous period in our history. But we are glad, unanimously glad, that it was not considered as such. We agree too that Japan in China is using, not only against the Chinese but the occidental powers, such warlike methods to attain ends hitherto possible only through war. But we decide that Japan and the United States are at Peace.

What then, for us in our early twenties, is War?

We are not so sure but we *think* we might define it as a ruction involving the United States, whatever it is called—War or Peace—which would involve the use of our armed forces in combat and would, as far as we are concerned, put our personal destinies, not to say healths, in the hands of and at the disposal of the nation.

But what could bring us to such a pass?

We don't just see. War is *not* an imminent danger.

In the Far East? "But what are we doing there?" they ask. A girl wants to know, or says she does, whether "an attack on commercial shipping is an attack on the American navy."

In Europe? We see no danger for us—now. "But just let England get involved and we'll find ourselves in," says a young man, who then proceeds to talk of America's financial stake in the Allies in 1914-1917.

A dark young man, with a grip on things that may be due to travel, quietly suggests that foreign countries have a greater financial stake here than we abroad. He mentions "three and a half billions of very short-term capital" and thinks that this might be used as a lever on our emotions.

In South America? Ah. . . .

It being in the nature of the human animal to shy at the *last* pit that trapped him, we consider—of course—the *old* dangers first. The French General Staff is always preparing to fight the *last* war and our pacifists to keep out of the *last* war, someone has said.

So what the new dangers? We explore.

[*Continued on page 32*]

Two Little Play Suits Climbed the Hill...

Two little play suits climbed the hill—
One on Jack, and one on Jill.
Look at Jill's—so bright and gay!
But Jack's is full of tattle-tale gray.

For Jill's mom knows what Jack's does not—
That lazy soap just hasn't got
The pep to wash clothes really clean.
And that's why Jack's things look so mean.

If Jack's mom were as wise as Jill's,
She'd quickly cure her washday ills.
She'd get the *golden* bar today
That chases pesky tattle-tale gray.

Fels-Naptha Soap is what she'd buy—
So full of naptha, dirt *must* fly!
Then white as Jill's, Jack's clothes would be,
And as for mom, she'd shout with glee.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

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said that the girl was wonderful and the play was good, and Mr. Waring didn't seem tired. She couldn't tell anyone about how mixed up it was—that beautiful little girl standing so calmly, her smile happy and sure, Mr. Waring saying suddenly, "Goodbye, Gillian." Miss Connell did weep in her taxi going home, but why she did not try to explain even to herself.

HE MADE himself lie still. He made himself rest. The night nurse lowered the light beside his bed.

Backstage there would be triumph, high laughter, the people who knew coming to say, "It's a smash hit," and the people who didn't know catching the phrase, "Smash hit."

"You were marvelous, my dear." The *marvelous* long drawn out. It happened to be true this time. Half those who were saying it didn't know surely. But he did.

They were saying, "'You'll all be here a year from now.'" That in this case would be true, too. Though Gillian would—almost certainly—be no longer with the League than the run of *Tennessee*. She would go beyond them, in spite of herself. They would know it even before she was sure of it.

She'd have a Hollywood interval and earn her sables more quickly than before Hollywood. Then she'd have another play. In a year's time or two years' time.

In a year's time, or two years' time. That phrase was echoing through his head too much, like a scrap of meaningless tune. In this case not meaningless precisely.

A relatively brief interval of time for Gillian and Oliver and the New York Theater League—and most people. More time than he had remaining.

His heart hammered for a minute. He made himself breathe quietly, evenly, listen for the lessening of that hammering, said then, "Miss Blaine, I'll sit up a little while I think. I'm not sleepy at all. When it's two o'clock, will you ask the elevator man to send out for the morning papers?"

At some hastily organized party, laughing, pretending not to care, and caring tremendously, Gillian and that boy Oliver would read the reviews of *Tennessee* in the morning papers.

Miss Blaine arranged his pillows competently, said, "Well, if you're not sleepy. You can sleep as late in the morning as you like, of course. Will you drink some hot milk? That may relax you."

He would put his bathrobe round his shoulders, and drink some hot milk, if she liked. She went away to heat it.

His bed faced a wide window, where at night he always ordered them to draw back the curtains. Then the window framed an oblong of stars, and sometimes as tonight, a pale moon floating.

They said that looking at the stars gave one a sense of proportion. He'd read that somewhere, long ago in school. Those worlds beyond worlds, and the individual so unimportant by contrast.

In France, when he was a boy, the last year of the war, he used to look out of whatever muddy ditch they were in, straight up to the stars, and try to find comfort against the fear of death by "having a sense of proportion." He'd used to say over and over in the hour the stars were fading, and the crackle of the dawn barrage began, "Worlds beyond worlds. The individual is of no importance by contrast."

He hadn't believed it then. He didn't believe it now. The individual was, for the individual, all. Himself and the not many people all through life who ever touched life closely.

And the only comfort against the fear of death, he had not had when he was a boy in France, but did have now. That half-forgotten poet of his generation had phrased it: "The years that take the best away, leave something in the end." How did the rest of it go? "And a better friend than love have they, For none to mar or mend, That have themselves to friend."

No, he didn't believe that last. There was no better friend than love, whether love walked beside you a long journey or a brief one. Best gift that the years left was the years. Having had them. The boy Derek Waring had hated to die, without ever having lived. The man Derek Waring did not want to die, but—had not much to complain about.

Love at the beginning. Fame and laughter and brief illusion of something near to love in the time between. Love at the end, that would, since the end was not too far, last, as Gillian phrased it, "for all of our lives." All of his certainly. And perhaps, faded, all pain, all longing, long gone from it, last through Gillian's life, too. By the accident that he was her first love she would remember him, between the plays and the pictures and the people and things of importance that would come to fill her life.

One always wanted a little more than one was given. He had this evening, watching Oliver Gurney play so surely and so subtly, giving each line—that was very odd—almost precisely the value he, Derek Waring, would have given them, stopped grudging Oliver his chance, stopped even wishing that he was playing the lead in *Tennessee*, opposite Gillian.

But he still wished that he could have been with her wherever that impromptu party was being held while they waited for the morning newspapers with the reviews of *Tennessee*.

Miss Blaine brought in his hot milk. As she set it down, the doorbell jangled.

She said, "I suppose the doctor thought he'd drop in to see how you were after your evening."

He was glad. He'd make the doctor sit with him, until the morning papers came.

THE curtain went down for the last time. Oliver flung his arms round her. Old Anton forgot entirely his many times repeated *dicta* of Revolutionary simplicity, clicked his heels and kissed her hands. He was crying! And Barbara, the undemonstrative, was crying. Then suddenly backstage was a swirl of enthusiastic people, laughing and shaking hands with her, with Oliver, with one another.

Progress to her dressing-room was like being caught up in a parade. People kept introducing themselves to her. Some of their names she had heard. Derek had mentioned them. Motion picture people, theater people, agents and producers and actors and people in society and people for whom first nights were the peak of society.

A tossing river of faces that were admiring and were just occasionally envious. Time would sort them out for her, the faces of those who would be friends and business associates, the faces of those who would be always just "audience," the faces of one or two who would become enemies. She knew that, as the faces passed. She knew that all her life now would be crowded with people who would come and go.

So Derek had said it would be. Derek who had no part in this evening at all, so that it was not sensible to watch her dressing-room door, to catch her breath when the corridor light shone momentarily on the blond head of some stranger. The crowd would part. The stranger would say, "You were wonderful, Miss Dwight. I want to be one of the first five hundred who tell you so." The stranger would go on, to talk to some acquaintance of his in the cast. Other strangers would take his place.

Only Derek would never know just how good she had been, opening night, as the girl in *Tennessee*. Nor know that sometimes through the first act she had played to his remembered face, not to Oliver at all. But in the end had forgotten Derek for a little while, and herself Gillian Dwight, had been, not played, the girl in *Tennessee*, who was desperately and recklessly in love.

The crowd dwindled. The corridors quieted. She took her make-up off, and changed her dress.

Oliver knocked at the door. "The Salisburys—you've heard of them, professional first-nighters, and very nice, have invited the whole cast to their house to celebrate and wait for the morning papers. Come along with me, Gillian."

He thought at first that what she said was astounding conceit. Afterward, on his way alone to the Salisburys' party, he decided that it wasn't conceit at all.

She said, "We'll have so many other first nights to celebrate, you and I. Separately, and even together. This time, I want to be by myself—to remember—" She had been staring at her own lovely face in the mirror. He was sure she did not notice when he went away. Nor did he realize for long afterward that the rest of the sentence would have been, "to remember what Derek will want to know." Something like that.

SHE was delayed on her way to the stage door by several members of the cast who tried to persuade her to go to the party. Outside in the alley there was waiting for her an agent whom she'd met once in Derek's dressing room, and a picture producer who was one of those whose names she'd heard.

They walked on either side of her down the alley.

With no prelude the producer said, "Any time you decide you've graduated from the League and want to come to the Coast, just get in touch with Patrick, here."

They were at the curb before she thought of anything to say. The agent spoke easily, "Miss Dwight hasn't had much time to figure it out, Bill. By this time next week she'll know she needs me or some other agent."

And to her, "Come along. We'll drop you off wherever you're going."

SHE could answer that. "Thank you, but I'm going rather the other side of town. To see Derek Waring, and tell him about the opening."

"Well, I know his address," the agent said.

The producer sounded mildly curious. "Wasn't he supposed to open in this? What happened?"

"Pneumonia happened."

He was not even perfunctorily sorry. "Oliver Gurney did all right. Not as well as you. Are you tied up with a run of the play contract?"

She scarcely understood the phrase. The practicality of their whole tone was, after the tense emotions of her evening, at once steadying and slightly disillusioning. Why did they say nothing at all of the meaning of *Tennessee*, of the beauty of the lines—or nothing specific about Oliver or herself. "He did all right. Not as well as you!"

She said, "The League doesn't have run of the play contracts."

The producer remarked that in this case it was a good thing.

Then more seriously, "You'd better tie yourself up to Patrick here as soon as possible. You'll find no one better in the business. Two years from now when he comes around to me and says two thousand a week isn't half enough for you, the way your last picture grossed, I'll be sorry I gave you that advice."

Both he and Patrick laughed at that.

Patrick said, "She could do that picture you're making in the East this summer. What's it called now—*Trail's End.*"

"No. *Lovers' Meeting.*"

"Much better."

They talked across her. "If her test's all right—"

The agent was confident. "Look at her features and coloring. It's bound to be all right."

"Well, have the test Saturday morning. Bring her in to see me Tuesday. I'm going back to the Coast Tuesday night."

"All right with you, Miss Dwight?"

She said, "I don't—I don't know."

They laughed. But their laughter was friendly. They said, "You'll believe it, when the papers are out."

But the producer said to the agent, as an afterthought, "She won't believe it really for quite a while after it's true. And may be convinced of it, a long time from now, when it's stopped being true."

"Yes. That's the way it goes."

"How old are you, Miss Dwight?" [*Turn to page 122*]

Matter of factly, she went inside to the light, posed for photographs, answered their questions: Yes, she was going for one picture

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If you are over thirty, a weight 10 to 20 pounds below the average is desirable. Excess fat is often associated with heart disease, diabetes, kidney trouble and high blood pressure. Furthermore, fat may be a handicap in surgical operations and in certain acute diseases, especially pneumonia. As a rule, fat people do not live as long as those of normal weight.

Under thirty, it is better to weigh 5 to 10 pounds more than the average. Extreme slenderness in young persons may endanger health. A few extra pounds help in early life to protect against tuberculosis.

Exercise and Diet—

Fortunately, in most cases overweight can be brought safely under control by exercise and by cutting down on fattening foods. But before making drastic efforts to reduce, have a physician examine you.

He will tell you what your weight should be, help you plan a diet, and advise how to effect a moderate, steady loss of weight. This is far wiser than quick reducing methods.

Overweight children need help—

Excess weight may be due to a glandular disturbance, requiring medical aid. The overweight child often suffers keenly from slights and jibes of playmates. Treatment should be sought without delay.

When reducing, you don't need to starve or suffer distress. You can eat three adequate meals a day and still lose weight. Send for the Metropolitan booklet "Overweight and Underweight" which has many suggestions for reducing sanely and safely, subject to your doctor's approval. Your copy will be mailed, free, on request. Address Booklet Department 638-M.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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YOUTH SPEAKS ITS MIND ON WAR AND PEACE

[Continued from page 29]

What about the swarming of the Fascist hive in Europe?

We are unanimous that it has only begun.

"Will it stop with the conquest of Western Europe?"

Only three think it will. One girl says, very grimly, "I don't see that the unification of Europe under the Fascists would be such a tragedy. Napoleon tried it, after all."

After Europe—where?

Russia or South America or *both!*

"We will have to fight them somewhere over South America," says the young man who knows about investments.

"But what about the Monroe Doctrine?" asks a girl.

Nobody buys any stock in the Monroe Doctrine at this moment, although twenty-one are in instant agreement that German or Italian aggression in South America would "menace the American peace and security."

Voices are raised to nominate Communism as a menace. And there is agreement that any crumbling of the domestic social structure would carry a danger to peace.

We go on reading the stars. Someone insists that war is inherent in the capitalist system. A dark-eyed girl whose thinking about the society into which her child was born is "radical" explains, on request, why.

Eighteen quickly agree that the rivalries of national capitalisms for markets is the ever-smoldering fuse to the bomb of war.

"Why not pull in our financial horns then?"

The majority decide that the fate of American capitalism, American prosperity, is inextricably tied up with our foreign investments.

Here we have a vote to make sure at this point that we are "for" the capitalist system. The "ayes" have it overwhelmingly.

Now what to do to defend it?

We think it would be wise if American capital were to pull in its neck, come home to stay, but we don't think this can be done without upsetting our whole economy.

Should we defend these investments abroad and the American lives administering American interests? At the risk of war, NO! As a bluff? Perhaps.

Should we consider a violation of the Monroe Doctrine as a cause for war? Of the twenty-one who agreed that foreign aggression by a European power in South America would menace our "peace and security," only two voted "yes."

We are for some kind of international morality.

But we despair when it comes to agreeing on simple principles.

"What sanctity has a treaty?" I ask—anxious, for I have watched treaties arrived at and know what work it is.

"None, it would seem to me," says a girl.

"Nine-power treaty in China? Pact between thieves," says a young man heatedly. What would Mr. Hughes, who sacrificed so much to get it in 1921, say to that?

And the other treaties? They may be all right, but we will not fight to maintain them. *Adios* the Kellogg Pact, the Naval Treaty, and twenty—why not a hundred and twenty years of American diplomacy.

When would or should we fight?

A war of offense in the name of the Eagle we rule out, but the sailor-prizefighter is clearly suspicious of Mr. Roosevelt's Navy in the Pacific.

We agree that we will only fight if our territorial integrity is attacked.

"Baldwin says that Britain's frontier is on the Rhine; where is ours?" I ask, frankly curious.

The frontiers of our capital in the Orient and South America we rule out.

"What if our fleet were attacked West of Hawaii?"

There is hesitation, but the majority would have the fleet part of the frontier.

If Canada were attacked or Mexico?

There is consternation at the thought, but the majority reluctantly agree that maybe then it would be time to consider our frontiers crossed.

How about Kamchatka Bay?

"What, make the world safe for salmon?" says a boy with a grin that is answered.

Should we fight to preserve democracy?

"Could American democracy survive in a Fascist world?" The majority think not but there is vivid dissent.

"Should America help save the menaced democracies?"

"Another crusade?" say three or four.

"Yes but the others, the fascists, are prepared to fight for their *ideals*," someone objected.

Then someone mentioned the Abraham Lincoln Brigade of American volunteers fighting for Republican Spain. "Apparently some of us believe in *something* enough to fight for it." Two boys from Portland, it seems, are fighting in the Spanish conflict.

"They go for adventure; I know the type," one fellow said with great scorn.

"Damn fools, I call them," said another.

"Yes, but I might have been one of them, if it hadn't been for my mother who needed my support." A Southern drawl. The sailor.

"Was Lafayette a fool?" the scornful one was asked. "And Rochambeau and Carl Schurz?"

He wasn't sure.

"And Byron dying for the Greeks?"

Byron's stock seems to have gone down. He *was* a fool.

"Then, so was the Lafayette Escadrille and everyone who enlisted to

[*Continued on page 34*]

A Bride Now...
will she keep Romance?
"Don't let Cosmetic Skin develop—rob YOU of love"
Claudette Colbert
PARAMOUNT STAR
LOVELY SKIN WINS ROMANCE. SO WHY TAKE CHANCES WITH UNATTRACTIVE COSMETIC SKIN
COSMETIC SKIN DEVELOPS WHEN PORES ARE CHOKED WITH DUST, DIRT AND STALE COSMETICS. LUX TOILET SOAP'S ACTIVE LATHER GUARDS AGAINST THIS DANGER
I ALWAYS REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP. IT'S THE SAFE, EASY WAY TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH
LUX
TOILET SOAP
9 out of 10
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

GO 'WAY! YOU'VE GOT BAD BREATH!
I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO TELL MAMA ON ME, AUNT CAROL! 'CAUSE IT'S TRUE! AND I BETCHA MR. NED THINKS SO, TOO!
NED HAS BEEN AVOIDING ME LATELY, SIS. DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT COULD BE THE REASON?
WELL, I APOLOGIZE FOR DOTTY, CAROL —BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"
6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I'M GONNA TELL MAMA ON YOU, AUNT CAROL!
ATTA GIRL, DOTTY! AND TELL HER THAT AUNT CAROL'S JUST PROMISED TO BE MRS. NED, WILL YOU?
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
Good Housekeeping Bureau

YOUTH SPEAKS ITS MIND ON WAR AND PEACE

[Continued from page 32]

go to France," said some one doubtfully.

Democracy?

We agreed that it had lost some of its glow, that it was not as easy to "sell" as of old.

How then to "sell" a new war? With what slogans?

"Protect our political heritage!" "America Shall Survive." "Stop Hitler and Save Civilization!" "Democracy or Fascism." "War for Freedom." "Fight for Justice, Law and Order, against International Anarchy." "Fight the 'Isms!" "War To End Unemployment."

And then we thought of "breaking down" the word "democracy" to find what it meant.

"The minimum *decencies*," someone said.

There was no difficulty in finding out what those minimum decencies were. What we evolved came out to be almost the Bill of Rights, word for word.

But no one asked for a crusade.

They know now *how they feel about war.*

In a defensive war—they rule out any other kind—over half said they would enlist and the rest would wait for the draft.

"I'd like my husband to enlist if we were fighting a war of defense," said one girl proudly.

Two said they would not fight even if drafted. Few had any illusions about the fate of the objector, however.

"They imprisoned them in the last war and the next time there will be so many that they'll have to be shot," said a student of politics.

Will pacifist movements help?

Half say yes and half say no.

"People shun such movements as being revolutionary," is the opinion of the son of an established family.

The driver of a bakery truck thinks there is a chance if women organize on an international basis.

It is up to youth, says a switchboard operator, tiny and alert who ushers, to be able to hear the symphonies when they come to town. "Youth is the guiding hand of tomorrow."

"Prayers and wishful thinking aren't enough," says a keen young man who is trying to mold thinking in his state. "The connection between war and profits must be recognized."

"Keeping neutral will never keep us out of war," says the student who has traveled abroad. "It's like shutting oneself up in a house, with all one's food and possessions and a couple of guns, while the rest of the community is being converted to brigandage by a few unscrupulous individuals.

Their mood of skepticism is not all-inclusive.

The majority of both boys and girls said they would not hesitate to marry in the event of war. Yet some said:

"When a man goes to war he ought to have no attachments."

"War is like a disease; I would postpone marriage until I knew my chances to live were greater," says the advertising man.

"War changes, sometimes, a man's philosophy," said one girl who has been raised in army circles.

One boy finds that not to marry a girl one loved before going to the wars would be "sheer cowardice." A girl says, "The man I am engaged to is an R.O.T.C. officer. We would be married at once; we have already discussed it."

Only one girl said that she would hesitate to bring a child into a war-menaced world. Her reason was that no child should risk being brought up without a father. "We have to go on living" was a typical comment.

The Camp Fire leader says, "I wouldn't hesitate to have a child. Children have lived through worse world conditions than these."

They are not sold on war.

"If living in muck, beset by lice, being hungry, uncomfortable, getting mowed down by machine-guns is appealing adventure, then let somebody else make the most of it," says a quiet boy, son of a well-to-do family.

"I suppose that war offers adventure of a sort; so does death if you are philosophically explorative."

As to uniforms, . . . "I have a violent allergy to brass buttons and brass hats," says one young man.

A sensitive girl says, "But, darn it, I *do* think a uniform enhances a man's appearance."

But what will happen when the "heat is put on."

They wish they knew.

And they are apprehensive.

"The propaganda machinery is a hundred times more powerful today than it was in 1917," says a young instructor.

"But there are antidotes," someone said, "for the old warcries have lost their potency. People are suspicious. The war crowd. . . ."

"Who is the war crowd now?" a half dozen asked him at once.

Nobody knew.

"If American finance hadn't been as tightly tied to Japan as to China the "Panay" incident would have been more serious," said a young economist.

"When was the cry of the Yellow Peril last raised in Oregon?"

No one can remember. Among these twenty-six men and women, who

[*Continued on page 36*]

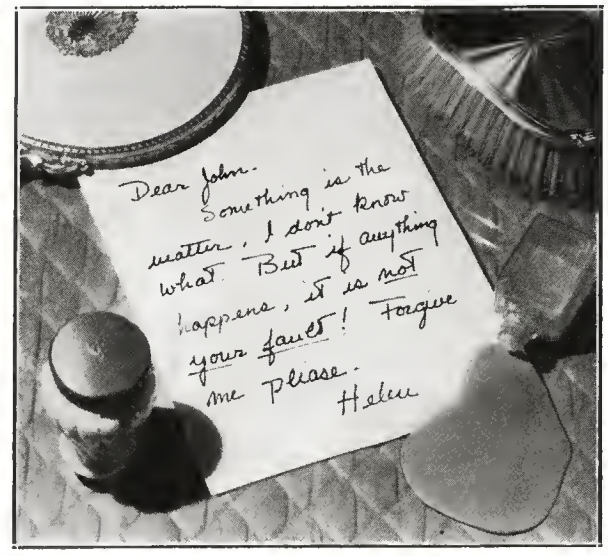
THE LOCKED-DOOR MYSTERY

Everyone concerned agreed that young Mrs. Fletcher was in love with her Husband.

What was it that made her leave him?

A DETECTIVE STORY BY SIMMONS

1 In response to an incoherent telephone call from his wife's maid, Mr. Fletcher dropped everything at his office and rushed home in the middle of the morning.



2 He got there to find his young wife gone from the house, the bedroom in complete disorder and the above note on the dressing table in a sticky pool of spilled nail polish.

3 The weeping maid volunteered the information that Mrs. Fletcher had "seemed all of atremble" lately. Mr. Fletcher admitted this, but either couldn't or wouldn't give any explanation for it.

4 The maid, questioned by Thornton of the Missing Persons Bureau, told the following story: She had taken in the breakfast tray as usual. Mrs. Fletcher, who looked "awful drawn and tired," had tipped over the coffee, staining the sheets, for which she had blamed the maid.

5 In due time she went back to Mrs. Fletcher's room to make the bed. She knocked, but received no answer. She tried the door and found it locked. She then looked through the keyhole.

6 She saw Mrs. Fletcher stretched face down across the bed. She thought she looked "sort of funny," and the only telephone being in that room, she had to go several blocks to the drugstore to telephone Mr. Fletcher. Mrs. Fletcher must have slipped out while she was telephoning.

SOLUTION: in this case, the spilled nail polish, overturned cup, display of temper and depression are clues that point directly to a nervous system badly upset by loss of sleep. Mr. Fletcher's sister telephoned the next morning that his wife was with her and already feeling more normal after a good night's rest.

Lack of restful sleep upsets your nerves, can get you into a very cross and unhappy state

IF you find yourself flying into unaccountable rages or feeling depressed without sufficient cause—check your sleeping equipment at once. It may be affecting your nerve control.

Insist on a Beautyrest Mattress. Simmons Beautyrest is scientifically constructed to *let you sleep*. Its 837 separate coils instantly adjust themselves to your body at every point of contact. See how it feels to sleep deeply, calmly, and wake up with nerves and muscles fully rested. The cost is only 2½¢ a day!

Any leading store will show you the Beautyrest at $39.50; Beautyrest Box Spring to match, $39.50; Beautyrest Hair Mattress, $59.50; Ace Coil Spring only $19.75. Simmons Co., Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

SIMMONS *Beautyrest*

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF BEDS · SPRINGS
MATTRESSES · STUDIO COUCHES · METAL FURNITURE

I'M GOING TO A DANCE!
THAT'S WHY I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP...IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!
THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP DOES MORE THAN MAKE YOU SWEET AND CLEAN! FIRST, ITS DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR...
AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, CASHMERE BOUQUET'S LOVELY, LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN...MAKES YOU SO MUCH MORE GLAMOROUS!
HOW NICE TO KNOW THIS ALLURING PERFUME IS KEEPING YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY! CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP CERTAINLY IS THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!
Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap
COLGATE
Cashmere Bouquet

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for bath face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢
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TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

YOUTH SPEAKS ITS MIND ON WAR AND PEACE

[Continued from page 34]

live within bombing flight—a hazardous one—of Tokio. there was no racial animosity to the Japanese. Indignation perhaps but no more.

The war crowd?

"The Navy," suggests the sailor tentatively.

"Neither Army nor Navy want war," said a stern young man, and there were signs of agreement.

"Then who DOES want war?"

No, they are not sold on war. They see no adventure in it. They see in it no escape. They see no benefits, only a brief prosperity, and then ruin.

That no doubt explains, to some degree, the astonishment with which they heard the youngster from abroad suddenly make a profession of faith. He was the keen one with the delicate and humorous face. They had been sniffing at the sonorous words that come out in war time. "Freedom!" he suddenly said, "Why I should die rather than lose my freedom!"

When it was all over, we sat around and a young man who had hardly said a word before sighed and said, "It's been fine to know what the others think and we think ourselves. I wanted to say so much but I didn't."

"Why?"

"Because talking about what we'll do *if*, is like talking, as we did when we were younger, about love. Nothing you say about love has any validity until you experience it. How do we know what we will do *if* and *when*."

They were quiet mostly and not a little pensive.

It would have been good to go on into the night around the fireplace with no lights on, and maybe *then* they would have found the words that stem from the deeper nerve levels; the ones that they are sure will prove so vulnerable when "the heat is put on." And maybe, warmed by contacts new to them, they would have felt stirrings in the compartments of the spirit that lie just deeper than those where the disillusionments fester, the stirrings they fight so to control.

There is no doubt that some of them—not all—saw themselves more clearly, perhaps for the first time clearly, in relation to all of the classes that comprise their menaced generation.

A sensitive youngster, one of the youngest, said to me and almost furtively, "I feel as though I had been introduced to my comrades-in-arms."

And one who overheard him said. "Maybe you have, and not necessarily for war."

I don't believe that they, the generation of from twenty to twenty-eight—forewarned though they are—really believe that the emotions that moved men in 1917, neither the intellectual convictions nor the stirrings, were of the kind it would take to move *them*.

There is no use trying to make them relive experiences that are dust on our own cupboards—dead within us—that they might see for themselves. Any more than one could explain what a dried and crumbling corsage kept for years meant once.

They will have to find it all out for themselves.

And whether they, without illusions, are more or less vulnerable than we, only time can tell. And, after all. theirs is not the blame that the illusions went sour. Some of them were hardly born when the process began.

WEEK-END TO KILL

[Beginning on page 15]

"I never saw her on the stage."

"Well, I only saw her in *The Reef*. It didn't call for much acting."

Strickland studied the palm of his left hand. "You don't seem to get on well with Ivy, do you?"

"We never did get on very well. I guess I just like to pick on her."

"That's often a sign of love."

"Not for long, though. She picks on Stan. That's a sign of love!"

"I believe she's extremely fond of Stan," he told me gravely. "It's simply that his attitude in this matter exasperates her. I'm very much concerned over the whole nasty business. I can understand that Stan would not want to put the damper on his editor, and at the same time I can understand Ivy's anxiety."

Karen Langard came out and said, "What do you think? Mr. Harrigan has consented to help find out who killed poor Shultzy!"

Strickland said, "You'd better check up on your alibis, Karen."

CHAPTER 10

PASCARELLA stared down gloomily at the letters which had been clipped from a newspaper and pasted on a sheet of wrapping paper to read: LAY OFF OR ELSE!

"It could mean anything," he said. "And you say the guy on the phone lisped?"

Stan nodded. "The one who phoned Mace Shelby lisped and the one who phoned here lisped."

Pascarella said, "I was practically sure it was some bum Shultz picked up. What fooled me was us finding no dough on him. Looks like robbery was just incidental."

Harrigan said, "It could still be robbery. Then the screwball that phoned Shelby could have read of the murder in the paper and figured it would be smart to phone here and say, see, I warned you, and I done this one just to warm up on."

"Yes, there's that angle too." Pascarella said unhappily. He looked at Stan. "You don't think. Mr. Cantwell. that anybody in the D.A.'s office would be whacky enough to crack back at you like this because of that stuff in your paper?"

STAN shrugged. "I never did think anyone in the D.A.'s office was responsible for either the phone calls or this thing that came by mail. But it must be somebody who's part of that political clique."

Pascarella said to Engle, "Offhand. Joe, can you think of any guy we ever collared that lisped?"

"It doesn't come to me: nope."

"I guess we'll just have to ask around. We got in touch with Shultz's brother in Rochester. He'll get here tomorrow, to take the body. We gave Shultz's room a good dusting. didn't we. Joe?"

"Yeah; you remember."

"Yeah. Maybe we ought to give it another once over."

SHE

BAKES BETTER CAKES TODAY

"She" is the modern housewife who knows how to bake cake and bread that is more moist, more tender, more delicious. She knows that Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda (they are identical) can be used with sweet milk and lemon juice, orange juice, vinegar or chocolate to get ideal leavening. Sour milk or buttermilk are no longer necessary for successful baking.

And here's an extra hint: write today for a free copy of "Good Things To Eat." In addition to telling you exactly how to use this new leavening combination of our Baking Soda and sweet milk, it offers you new, delicious recipes for cakes, gingerbread, frostings, cookies and quick breads. They'll be unusually light and keep fresh longer, baked with the help of Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda.

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STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS F-60

When we reached the door to Shultz's room, it was locked.

Stan said, "Fritz has the key. I'll get it." It took him only a couple of minutes to get the key.

Pascarella and Engle went in and Harrigan leaned in the doorway. I stayed outside with Stan. They turned the lights on and though Harrigan pretty much blocked the doorway I could see them going through the dresser drawers again, through Shultz's two suitcases. Then Engle got down on his knees with a flashlight and looked under the bed. He looked under the dresser. He thrust one arm under the dresser to his armpit and when he withdrew it there was a small flat gray book in his hand.

"A bank book. Savings bank," he said. "Ha, it was you that looked under here, Al."

"I'd swear there was nothing under there when I looked," said Pascarella. "What does it say?"

"It says there's a balance of eleven hundred bucks and sixty-eight cents. He drew out five hundred on June the nineteenth. That's about five weeks ago. Wait a minute. It looks like he marked something in pencil alongside what he drew out. Here. Take a look."

PASCARELLA squinted at the open book and Harrigan moved into the room. Pascarella said, "It looks like Y.H., and then 6-21-37."

"That's the date." Engle said. "Two days after he drew it out of the bank. It looks like it's just a memorandum."

Stan went in and said, "What's the matter?"

"It's nothing, just this," Engle said, holding the book up. "This 6-21-37 here, and then these initials Y.H."

"That's a G," Stan said.

"It looks like a Y to me."

"Maybe. But it looks like a G to me. Some people write a capital G as a small one." He turned to Harrigan. "What do you think it is?"

Harrigan peered closely. "I think you're right. I think it's a G. The H is plain enough, all right. G.H. Probably somebody's initials. Hey, Webby, come here and look at this."

I looked at it and said I thought it was a G. "I write my G's that way," I said. "A lot of people do."

Engle said, "G.H., G.H., G.H. Guy Gregory, Gilbert. I got a cousin named Gilbert."

"George," said Pascarella. "That's an easy one. George. When you get to the H, though, you run into trouble."

Harrigan said, "Ha, there's Harrigan."

"And Hazelhurst." I said. "There's George Hazelhurst."

Pascarella squinted at me. "Wasn't he the lad made all that stink about his fingerprints we wanted?"

"Yes," I said. "He was just irritable, though. He was that way all day. Upset."

"Upset all day, was he? He was upset all day, huh?"

Stan said to Pascarella, "He's pretty crazy about Miss Langard and if she so much as looks at another man, he blows up. I don't think you need worry about George Hazelhurst."

"Oh, I'm not worrying," Pascarella said. "I'm just asking questions." He put his hands on his hips, stared at the floor. "After we left here this morning, who locked up here?"

Stan said, "Fritz, I guess."

Pascarella sent Engle to fetch Fritz and when Fritz came through the doorway, owl-eyed, Pascarella said, "Did you lock up here after I left this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

[*Continued on page 38*]

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

SO BEGINS the story of many a happy married life. He goes out into the world each day to earn their living—she does the equally important job of keeping house. It's the oldest partnership in the world—and the best.

The wise bride knows how important it is to be able to turn out appetizing and nourishing meals on her limited budget. What shall she do to make that cold meat left over from Sunday dinner into an appetizing dish for Monday night? Often she makes a combination dish with delicious savory Franco-American Spaghetti. Of course it goes big with husband—and her food money stretches just that much further. Franco-American with salad and dessert makes a wonderful quick lunch or supper.

Later, bride will learn that when Junior and Sallie come home ravenous from school, Franco-American Spaghetti with milk and fruit makes an ideal children's meal—and they never tire of it. It's nourishing, savory—and on the table in a jiffy.

Join the millions of American women who save money and save work by serving delicious Franco-American Spaghetti—as a main dish or in combinations. It is entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. That marvelous sauce! It's made of golden cheddar cheese, sun-ripened tomatoes, selected spices—all so skillfully blended that it will make your mouth water. And economical? It usually costs only ten cents for a big 15¾-ounce can—that's less than 3¢ a portion. You'll find the free recipe book a great help. Do send for it—and get some Franco-American today at your grocer's. Watch your husband's eyes sparkle after the first delicious mouthful!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

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NO BUCKETS. No bother. Just reach for o bottle of Windex ond o cloth . . . ond you're ready to start.
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See for yourself why millions of women insist on the genuine, blue Windex . . . the glass cleaner approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. It's concentrated . . . goes much farther than weak, watery imitations. Get Windex and a Windex Sprayer, today . . . at your grocery, drug, hardware or department store.
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TO KEEP DRAINS FREE-FLOWING...USE Drāno! Once a week, put a little Drāno down all the drains. A regular Drāno day keeps drains fast-flowing, saves the family's time and temper.
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WEEK-END TO KILL

[Continued from page 37]

"How long after?"

"Gee, I don't know. I guess maybe half an hour."

Pascarella's expression was not hopeful when he said, "You didn't chuck a bank book under that dresser, did you?"

Fritz put his head on one side and looked as if Pascarella had asked him something in a strange tongue. Then he looked at Stan. for help.

Stan said, "Mr. Pascarella looked under the dresser when he was here this morning and says there was nothing there. A little while ago Mr. Engle looked and found Oscar's savings bank book. Mr. Pascarella wants to know if you put it there."

"Oh, no," said Fritz, in dead earnest. "Oh, no, sir. What would I be doing with Oscar's bank book?"

"Okay, okay," said Pascarella. "When you locked up. what did you do with the key?"

Fritz pulled a ring of keys out of his pocket. "I keep 'em all here. This one. this is it."

"Oh, so you had a key to this room?"

Fritz nodded. "Yes, sir. When Oscar was away, maybe weeks at a time, driving Mr. and Mrs. Cantwell. I cleaned the room here. I had to get in."

"Was there any other key?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't Shultz have a key?"

"Oh, yes. Sure. Yes, sir. I thought you meant—"

"And where did he keep his key?" Pascarella asked.

"Gee, I don't know, I guess like me, on his keyring."

"Did you ever see his keyring?"

"Well, it wasn't a ring like this. It was a leather thing, with the keys on hooks inside."

Harrigan said, "Automobile keys too?"

"Yes, sir. I seen it hanging from the ignition switch in the beach wagon, so I guess so."

"There you are, Pascarella," Harrigan said.

"There I are—am—what?"

"The ignition key was missing from the beach wagon because whoever knocked off Shultzy wanted one of the keys."

Pascarella said, "The key to this room?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. What do you think, Mr. Cantwell?"

STAN looked bewildered. "I don't know," he said. "If Oscar was killed as a warning to me, why should the murderer want a key to this room?"

"Offhand, I'd say to get something incriminating and destroy it," Harrigan said.

"After the crime had been committed?" Stan asked.

"Sure. Maybe the crime was committed because Shultzy had something on somebody. Shultzy missed his calling when he didn't make the cops. He liked to snoop. Did he know about that warning you got?"

"Yes. And he knew about the phone call Mace Shelby got."

Fritz said, "Excuse me, please. Yes, Oscar said at breakfast the other day, he said he was going to look around a lot of tough joints and listen for anybody that lisped and he said he was going to ask questions."

"Did you see any strangers around here at all today?"

"No, sir. I wasn't here all day, though. From two to four, I wasn't. I drove my wife to the dentist."

Harrigan said, "And we were all out on the boat."

"Then there was nobody around here?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Lily was here," Fritz said. "Miss Maguire, the maid, she was here."

"And after I left, this room was open for about half an hour, you say?"

"Yes, sir. About. When I came out to lock up, Miss Langard said wasn't it all terrible and I said, yes, it certainly was."

"What else did she say?"

"She said Oscar must have been a very neat man, the way his room looked."

"You mean she was in here?"

"Yes, sir."

CHAPTER II

GOING around the corner of the house in the moonlight I heard a piano being played with a kind of delayed rhythm that sounded very good. I could barely hear it but as I crossed the terrace and entered the bar, it was plainer, nearer, and I guessed it was in the living room. Mabel Ryan was behind the bar banking at chuck-a-luck and Roy Strickland and Norman Bennett were in front of it betting.

"Is that Vivian at the piano?" I asked.

"Karen," Mabel Ryan said. "Vivian's upstairs. I guess trying to get Ivy to face the fact that after all, my dear, you are the hostess. How is the law doing?"

"They'll all be along any minute."

Strickland said, "Perhaps Ivy'd better stay upstairs then. If she sees a lot of detectives roaming about the place—well, you know Ivy. You may remember that Pascarella promised her that only one would come out tonight."

Mabel said, "Well, Stan phoned them to come out when we got up from the dinner table."

"I thought Harrigan was going to take charge," Norman Bennett said.

I said, "He is. He told Stan to notify the cops. A couple of cops get to kicking ideas around and every once in a while they pick up one that winks back at them. The more cops the better. That's nice piano playing."

"Karen probably feels sentimental," Mabel said. "I think she really likes George Hazelhurst. This might be an opportune time for you to try a little missionary work."

I went into the living room and leaned on the piano, watching Karen's fingers on the keys.

"Nice going," I said.

By way of reply she put words to the melody: "The very thought of you . . . *do-do do do-do do.*" She looked past my shoulder, nodded, smiled to someone.

Then Pascarella put his elbows on the piano alongside mine and watched her fingers also. Engle came up on the other side and she gave him a very large smile. When she had finished the song. Harrigan said:

"Can you play 'Time On My Hands'?"

"If you will sing it, Mr. Harrigan," she said.

"Listen," said Pascarella. "We don't want to hang around here all night. Look, Miss Langard, I just want to ask you a few question. Do you mind just keeping your fingers still a minute?"

[*Continued on page 40*]

"SUPPOSE I get sick? After all, I'm only human. And if I do get a touch of colic . . . or have a nervous breakdown . . . do you know what'll bring it on? Worry! Yes, sir, worrying about how long it would take us to get the doctor if anything should happen.

"Or suppose a pipe bursts in the bathroom? Or a burglar comes along? When something like that happens you don't write a letter, or go after help on horseback. No, sir. You hop to a telephone!

"And what about my mother? She's got marketing to do. She has to take advantage of the bargain sales. Sometimes she needs to get in touch with Dad during the day. And there are errands to be run. Well, she can't do all those things without a telephone . . . and at the same time give me the attention I expect.

"All Dad needs to do to have a telephone is get in touch with the Business Office. I'd do it myself if I could just get out. But I can't. So is it any wonder that worry is keeping me awake half the day?"

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COURSE I'M YOUNG BUT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN ALMOST GOT ME!
READ THIS GIRL'S STORY!
WHERE'S BILL THESE DAYS? HAVE YOU TWO HAD A SPAT?
NO, BUT HE HASN'T TELEPHONED. AND THE LAST TIME WE WERE OUT TOGETHER, HE DID NOTHING BUT RAVE ABOUT JANE, AND HER "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"!
WELL, MEN ADORE LOVELY COMPLEXIONS—AND YOURS IS SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING LATELY! REGULAR "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! MAYBE IT'S THAT SOAP YOU'RE USING... WHY NOT CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE?
WHY WOULD PALMOLIVE MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL...A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER
MOTHER, I RAN INTO BILL TODAY... AND HE ASKED ME TO THE NEXT CLUB DANCE!
I TOLD YOU THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A PALMOLIVE COMPLEXION TO WIN AND HOLD A MAN!
WHAT A LESSON THAT WAS! FROM NOW ON I'M USING ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

WEEK-END TO KILL·

[Continued from page 38]

Norman Bennett and Roy Strickland came in with Mabel Ryan between them. Stan looked tired.

Pascarella said, "Miss Langard, I hear that after we left this morning, Fritz went out the garage to Shultz's room and you were standing there."

"Oh, yes. Yes, I was. Did you lose something?"

Pascarella shook his head dourly. "No, miss, I didn't lose anything. I was just wondering what you were doing in Shultz's room."

Karen laughed. "Oh, that. Well, I wanted George to play tennis with me. George Hazelhurst, you know. But he wouldn't play. So I went outside and I saw Mabel going in Shultz's room and I went in and asked her if she would play."

"Mabel?" said Pascarella.

"Me," said Mabel Ryan.

"Oh," said Pascarella, turning to look at her. "Well, what were you doing in there? I look under the dresser this morning and there's nothing there. I look under it tonight and find Shultz's bank book. Did you put it there?"

Mabel chuckled. "Listen to the man!"

"Well, what were you doing in there?"

"Gosh, I don't know. The door was open and I just went in and looked around. Maybe it was morbid curiosity. You see, I've known Oscar ever since he came to work for the Cantwells. How do I know why I went in? Is there a law against it?"

"Did Miss Langard ask you to play tennis?"

"I don't remember."

"Why, Mabel, I did too," Karen cried in an injured tone.

"All right, but I don't remember, Karen."

Pascarella said to Karen, "Well, if you asked her to play tennis, what did she say?"

"Now wait," Karen said. "Let me think. Oh, now I know what happened. I meant to ask her but just as I got there Lily the maid came out and told Mabel she was wanted on the phone. No, you're right, Mabel, I didn't ask you. I'm sorry. I only meant to."

Pascarella sighed. He said, "And then you stayed in Shultz's room?"

"Just a couple of minutes. It's interesting to see the kind of pictures people have on their walls. That's what I was doing when Fritz came in. Pictures of baseball players and fighters mostly, and I thought that one of Jack Dempsey was very good—very aggressive. Did you notice it?"

PASCARELLA looked moodily at Engle and said, "Come on, Joe. We'll go over and pay a call on George Hazelhurst."

"Give him my love," Karen said. "Tell him he's just being a silly little boy."

When Pascarella and Engle had gone out Roy Strickland said to Karen in a chiding voice, "If you really loved him, Karen, you'd phone him and tell him that the police are coming."

She looked scared. "Do you think I ought to?"

Strickland changed his manner and said seriously, "All joking aside, I think one of us ought at least to phone him and tell him to hold his temper."

"I wouldn't," Harrigan said. "You can all just take it easy. I don't think anybody is going to hang Shultz's death on Hazelhurst."

Strickland said, "I don't think so, either. But if George loses his temper, they might lose theirs and he might get hurt."

"Yes," said Karen. "I think I'd better phone him. We'll all feel better. I know I will." And she hurried off to the library.

Fritz came into the room then saying, "Mr. Cantwell, the four guards are here. They're in the kitchen."

"Will you want to see them, Mr. Harrigan?" Stan asked.

"Yeah, we both can talk things over with them," and he followed Stan and Fritz toward the kitchen.

When Karen came back her face looked puzzled. "I couldn't get George on the wire. The desk clerk at the hotel says he didn't come in today or tonight at all, any time. He says earlier this evening that man from the police, the fingerprint man, was by looking for George but he wasn't in. I had the operator ring and ring the apartment. I'm worried about him."

"He probably went some place else," I said.

"But where, where?"

"At any rate," Mabel Ryan said, "he's certainly looking for a nice big eight-ball to get behind."

CHAPTER 12

THE wind from the hills that had blown late that afternoon was gone at eleven. The Sound was calm, the moonlight lay on the water like a sheet of luminous silk. The road ran along the edge of the water and the glare of Harrigan's headlights poured over the edge and brought out the rocks in sharp relief. Harrigan was taking his time.

He said, "You know, Webby, a night like this brings back a guy's youth. It kind of gets in under your ribs."

"It's sure a swell night, all right."

"Clara was nuts about moonlight on the water. Her favorite song was 'When I Dream About the Moonlight on the Wabash.' You think this is the right road?"

"I think so. We should come to a monument and turn left."

The road curved away from the water, and in a few minutes we came to the monument and turned left. We drove along between two rows of trees whose tops arched over. Then we came out and across a wide flat plain we saw the water again and in a minute we came to the club.

We went up to the veranda and Harrigan stopped a waiter and said "Go in and ask the orchestra leader to come out here first chance he gets."

"What's the name, please?"

"Oh, tell him George Hazelhurst would like to see him."

The music stopped in about five minutes and Kingsley appeared several minutes after that. Harrigan, leaning against the veranda rail, beckoned to him.

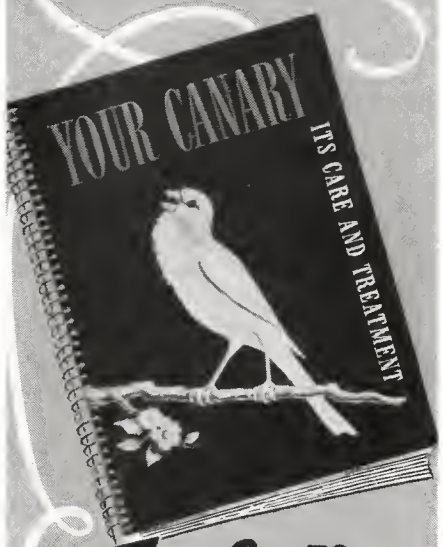
He said, "I didn't think you'd remember my name, Mr. Kingsley, but I figured you'd remember Hazelhurst's."

Kingsley studied him curiously.

Harrigan said, "We were all in Mrs. Cantwell's party last night. Miss Langard brought you over to the table. This here is Larry Webb. I'm Harrigan."

"I have a hard time remembering people. In my business, you say hello, goodbye, to so many."

The Most Useful Book on CANARIES ever written



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"Sure. That's why I told the waiter to say it was Hazelhurst. I figured you'd know that one."

"Yes, I know him."

"That's what I thought. I saw you and him having an argument out by the parking lot. I thought it was funny when Miss Langard introduced you all around that you and Hazelhurst didn't say anything. You know, like hello, well, glad to see you again, George; glad to see you, Jack."

"Maybe I'm slow to catch on, Mr. Harrigan. What's this all about?"

I said, "Harrigan's a retired cop. He's doing this for a friend."

"Well, what do you want to know?" Kingsley asked.

"Suppose I asked you what you and Hazelhurst were arguing about last night?"

"He asked me to do him a favor. He just got sore because I wouldn't say yes. I told him I'd think it over."

"I guess you don't want to say what it was about, do you?"

Kingsley shrugged. "I'd rather not. It's a personal matter. When a fellow's down, you don't like to kick him in the face, do you?"

"What do you mean by down?"

"Well, I guess Hazelhurst's trying hard to make a living."

Harrigan said, "He must have been a pretty good friend of yours."

"No, there wasn't anything like that."

"Oh," said Harrigan, jingling change in his pocket. "I get it. Business."

Kingsley looked at his watch. "You'll have to pardon me. I'm a working man."

"Just one more question, Mr. Kingsley. If I had, say, a couple of thousand bucks and I wanted to do business with Hazelhurst, what would you say?"

Kingsley smiled. "I don't think you'd do business with anyone, Mr. Harrigan, without being pretty sure about your money."

"You learned from experience, huh?"

"Good night." Kingsley said. He turned and strode inside.

I said. "Well, it was a nice ride over, Abe."

"Sure. And we found out that Hazelhurst once did business with this fellow and probably took him over."

WE WALKED back to Harrigan's roadster. A couple of miles up the road he braked hard and swung in alongside a low white clapboard building that said Sailors' Rest—Beer and Ale On Draught. We stood at the bar and ordered ale. The barman laid down a newspaper he was reading and picked up two glasses. Harrigan turned the newspaper around and looked at it.

"Well," he said, "I see Shultzy made the front page."

The barman said, "Tough, wasn't it?"

"Name me something tougher."

The barman shoved our ale across the bar. "Yeah, sure was. Here I'm talking to him last night and today I read he's dead. I been depressed ever since."

Harrigan said. "What time was it you saw him last night?"

"It must have been between eleven and twelve. He only stopped for a beer. He was on his way to the amusement park."

"Was he alone?"

"Yeah. I asked him to hang around and play a little pinochle but he said he had a date over at the amusement park."

"Some girl, I guess, huh?"

The barman nodded. "I guess so."

"Know the girl?"

[*Continued on page 42*]

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for June Weddings or very special occasions

FRESH STRAWBERRY BOMBE is a dream. Beat 1 cup whipping cream until stiff, add ¾ cup powdered sugar, 2 tsps. vanilla, 1 tbsp. Kirsch. Force strawberries through sieve to make 1 cup and add to cream. Line mold with fresh Strawberry Ice, fill with cream, cover with ice to overflow mold, freeze. Garnish with choice fresh berries and leaves. There's a taste-treat, too, in Old Golds, *double-mellow*, always fresh!

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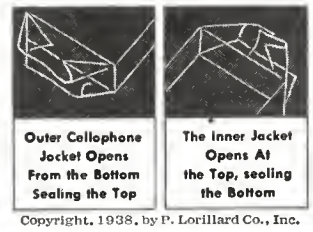

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WEEK-END TO KILL

[Continued from page 41]

"Nope. But I think she worked over there some place. I know he said he had this date for twelve-thirty. I says, 'Tough hours for a girl.' And he says, 'Plenty. And her boss pays her fifteen bucks a week and she probably handles that much in an hour.' Oscar always hated to see people take advantage of other people."

"I guess it was a cashier he had a date with," Harrigan said. "How do we get to that amusement park?"

WE PARKED the car in a big cinder lot back of the roller coaster and a kid with a flashlight stuck half a ticket under the windshield wiper and gave the other half to Harrigan. We took an alley between the roller coaster and a dime museum to the main stem. Everything was crowded. I smelled peanuts roasting and bought two bags and gave one to Harrigan.

He said, "Let's take a ride on the merry-go-round."

We went in and got on and stood next to each other on the edge, so we could try for the brass ring. Harrigan was ahead of me and got a ring each time. He looked over his shoulder and said, "There's Pascarella." and pointed. Pascarella was standing inside the door. He tossed up a finger and we both waved back at him. When we dropped off Pascarella said:

"I thought I recognized you guys."

"Do you live around here?" Harrigan asked.

"I came out to talk to that bartender at the Beer Barrel again. Sometimes a guy will forget something and if you ask him again he'll remember it."

"Did he?"

"Oh, no. I didn't think he would but you can never tell."

Harrigan said, "I found out Shultzy had a twelve-thirty date here from a guy that runs a beer stube on the shore road. It sounds like it was some dame that's a cashier."

"Maybe we could ask around."

"Yeah. We'll start from here. You go that way and I'll go this and we'll come back here."

"I'll wait here," I said. "I'll wait over there by the shooting gallery."

They walked off in opposite directions and I went over to the shooting gallery and picked up a rifle and took a row of ducks down. A metal disc was swinging back and forth and I tried that and got four out of six.

Harrigan came back and said, "Okay, Webby. Let's find Pascarella."

"Did you find her?"

"Yeah."

We walked a couple of blocks and saw Pascarella coming out of a soft-drink place.

"She works in the Blue Point Grill," Harrigan said. "Come on."

She was sitting on a high stool back of a cash register. She was plump, about thirty-five, and wore nose glasses.

Harrigan said, "Miss Polinski, this is Detective Pascarella. Tell him what you told me."

She took a breath and after a scared look at each one of us she said to Pascarella. "Well, Mr. Shultz called by here for me after I finished up and we drove into town and had a hamburger at Jimmy's Diner, that's on Little Street, and then he drove me home. I live on Jackson Street, number two-twenty Jackson Street. Well, that's all we did. I said good night and Mr. Shultz went home."

"When did he leave you?" Pascarella asked.

"It must have been about half-past two. I was tired and so was he and he said he was going right home."

"Did he say anything about being frightened about anything?"

"No. Only last night he asked me if I knew anybody that lisped and I said no. I didn't."

"What else did he say?"

She took another breath. "Well, it was just something about where he worked. He said if things didn't change soon he was going to find another job. He said he was sick and tired."

"Of what?"

"Well, he didn't say. I asked him but all he said was, 'It burns me up when a woman like you has to work like you do, and no complaints, and then some other dames get everything from a cold start and are never satisfied.' That's all he'd say."

We went outside and Pascarella said, "Well, he left her place at two-thirty and it would take him, say, fifteen minutes to get from Jackson Street to the Cantwell place. Seven or eight miles. Only he never got there. He must have given some guy a lift."

"I hear Hazelhurst wasn't at the hotel," Harrigan said.

"No. Instead of going to his hotel he stopped at the Athletic Club for a shave and then had dinner there. I showed him the bank book with the G.H. in it. He said it was five hundred bucks Shultz gave him to invest in some bonds. I said we didn't find any receipt for the dough or any bonds and he said, well, he gave him a receipt and he named the bonds. So I figure Shultz must have had a safe-deposit box in one of the banks. We'll find out. His safe-deposit box key must have been on the ring with others that were taken. What we're going to find, we're going to find Shultz simply gave a bum a lift and the bum slugged him. But if I don't examine all the angles, the inspector'll stand on his head."

HARRIGAN and I got in the car and drove off.

"Webby," he said, "much as it's probably going to pain some people, we got to find out something."

"I know. That shot we heard."

"Yeah. We got to find out for sure whether it was inside the house or out."

I said, "Did you ever stop to wonder if possibly Shultz fired it?"

"I asked him. You remember when me and him were standing in front of the garage and you come over? I'd just asked him. He said no. He said he thought it was probably over in the woods."

"Did you ever stop to think that maybe somebody took a pot-shot at Shultz then?"

"It don't add up, Webby. The guy that killed Shultzy killed him because he wanted something connected with one of the keys on that keyring. I don't think he would have killed Shultzy if Shultzy would have given in. If that's right, then no one would have taken a pot-shot at him. But I ain't worried as much about that shot as I am about something else."

I didn't ask him what else it was he was worried about. But in a minute he said:

"I wish Stan Cantwell had some way of proving he slept on his boat."

[*Continued on page 78*]

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YOU WILL WANT ONE of these brilliant, beautiful new General Electric Ranges when you see a demonstration. And you can afford it, too. For the General Electric is priced within easy reach and the current cost of a perfectly cooked meal is only about a penny a person! The intense, *clean* heat provided by the famous metal-sealed G-E Hi-Speed Calrod cooking unit is automatically controlled to exact accuracy—none is wasted.

WE BELIEVE a G-E Range gives you the most for your money *in thrift, in cleanliness, in speed, and in convenience.* But don't take just our word for it—see a demonstration and check up for yourself. There are eight new G-E Range models. The one pictured above has the *three thrifty features* listed at the right plus all these others:

High-Speed Calrad Caaking Units • Generaus Sized Thrift Coaker • One-Piece Porcelain Unitop • No-Stain Vent and Oven Moisture Cantral • Adjustable Nan-tip Sliding Shelves • Automatic Interiar Oven Light • Autamatic Oven Timer • Built-in Minute Minder Chime • Electrically Welded Steel Body.

Ask your dealer about the G-E Contracts Corp. Easy Payment Plan. General Electric Co., Specialty Appliance Division, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RANGE

ELECTRIC COOKERY IS CLEAN, COOL, FAST, ECONOMICAL AND ASSURES BETTER RESULTS

LIBBY'S PEACHES . . . *HALVES SUPERBLY MATCHED!*

A SALAD WITH A SECRET

In fact, it has two—a beauty secret and a flavor surprise. The secret of its ultra-handsome appearance is peach halves *matched* by Libby. For Libby's Peaches, the cream of the California crop, are superbly matched for size and shape and color. The flavor surprise is partly in the peaches (extra delicious!) . . . partly in the gelatin. It's spiced! ● To the peach syrup, add 2 tbsps. vinegar and enough water to make 2 c. of liquid. Add 12 cloves, simmer 5 minutes. Strain; add 1 pkg. cherry gelatin; cool until semi-solid. ● Place Libby's Peaches flat side down in molds. (Libby's descriptive labels tell you the approximate number of halves in every can.) Dip 2 tbsps. of gelatin over each peach. Let stiffen; fill molds with remaining gelatin; chill; unmold. Serve with mayonnaise and toasted almonds. (Serves 6)

Have you tasted Libby's?

100 FOODS, EACH THE FINEST OF ITS KIND

OLIVES. For appetizers deluxe, serve Libby's plump Green Olives from Spain. 2 kinds: big tender Queens and spicy Pimiento Stuffed. Try broiling the Stuffed Olives stuck on toothpicks between slices of Libby's Vienna Sausage.

DEEP-BROWN BEANS. Tender and mealy as a well-baked potato. Rich with new and zestier sauces. Finer-flavored *all the way through*. Just *try* them. Be sure to ask your dealer for Libby's *Deep-Brown* Beans. 4 styles.

DEVILED HAM. A finer Deviled Ham is this of Libby's. It's made from sugar-cured ham, zestfully spiced and satiny smooth. Use it for popular sandwiches—open-face ones for parties, closed ones for picnics or family lunches.

McCALL'S Homemaking

Mr. and Mrs. John Blaine Baxter, junior
will be at home
after the tenth of July
24 Rosemont Terraee

You're right, Mother

SHREDDED WHEAT DOES THE WHOLE JOB

Shredded Wheat with milk does the whole job because it's a perfectly *balanced* meal, just as nature prepared it. It's positively 100% whole wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away!

Here you find all the precious minerals that help build strong, firm bones and teeth; that affect mental alertness. And a wealth of essentials that help feed vigorous young bodies with energy for active play.

For the adult *work* years Shredded Wheat has an even more important message. You get a well-balanced array of food elements that fight against the wear and tear of daily routine. You get important tissue repair material—and energy fuel that helps keep you going full pace through busy days.

At the right we give you a complete analysis of Shredded Wheat and milk—seen through the critical eye of science. Read it. Then decide right now to join the millions of fans who regularly eat this delicious, nourishing breakfast. Shredded Wheat is a product of National Biscuit Company.

SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS OF SHREDDED WHEAT AND MILK

Mineral Salts—develop bones and teeth, repair tissues, build disease resistance, *improve complexion. Calories—supply body heat and energy. Carbohydrates—supply energy. Proteins—build tissues. Vitamin A—promotes growth. Vitamin B—promotes appetite, healthy nerves. Vitamin G—for general health.*

THE SEAL OF PERFECT BAKING

We all need **SHREDDED WHEAT** *for GROWTH years and WORK years*

"... and lived happily ever after"

AS I planned and shopped and built this living-dining room for a bride's apartment, I felt as if I were Mrs. John Blaine Baxter, junior, herself. And when it was finished and I stood back to look at it—the fireplace with its easy chairs, the adaptable dining table, and especially that grand window with its ceiling-high screens, which you see on the Homemaking cover—I decided, not too modestly, that young Mr. Baxter is a lucky man.

The windows were the usual pair, but by hanging the Venetian blinds and rayon curtains from the ceiling and using chintz-covered screens at each side instead of draperies, they take on distinction, and make a fitting background for a tea service.

The chintz gives the color scheme. The frail hydrangea blue of its background is the shade of the walls. The plum color of its flowers is repeated in the rug, the sofa, the movable parts of the window frame, and a line of plum also runs around the baseboard and cornice. The screen chintz covers the club chair by the fireplace; the facing chair has straw-colored upholstery, and matching blue material covers the seats of the dining chairs and the two armless wing chairs at the window.

And even **if you can't get everything at once,** you can still furnish such a room in easy stages. First, plan it completely. Then . . .

The first year, curtain the windows and buy the rug, sofa, end tables and lamps, the nest of tables and the rack for over the mantel. You may dine from a card table the first year, and use two inexpensive chairs, later to be transferred elsewhere.

The second year, add the dining table, the accompanying chairs and the mirror above.

The third year, complete the window unit with the wing chairs and the charming Williamsburg tea table.

The fourth year, is the time to get the chest of drawers by the fireplace, and the sewing table with its bag drawer, and the coffee table.

For the fifth anniversary, replace your inexpensive little animals with real porcelain birds, and treat yourself to good bird prints and the corner console.

McCALL'S HOW-TO-BUY SERVICE

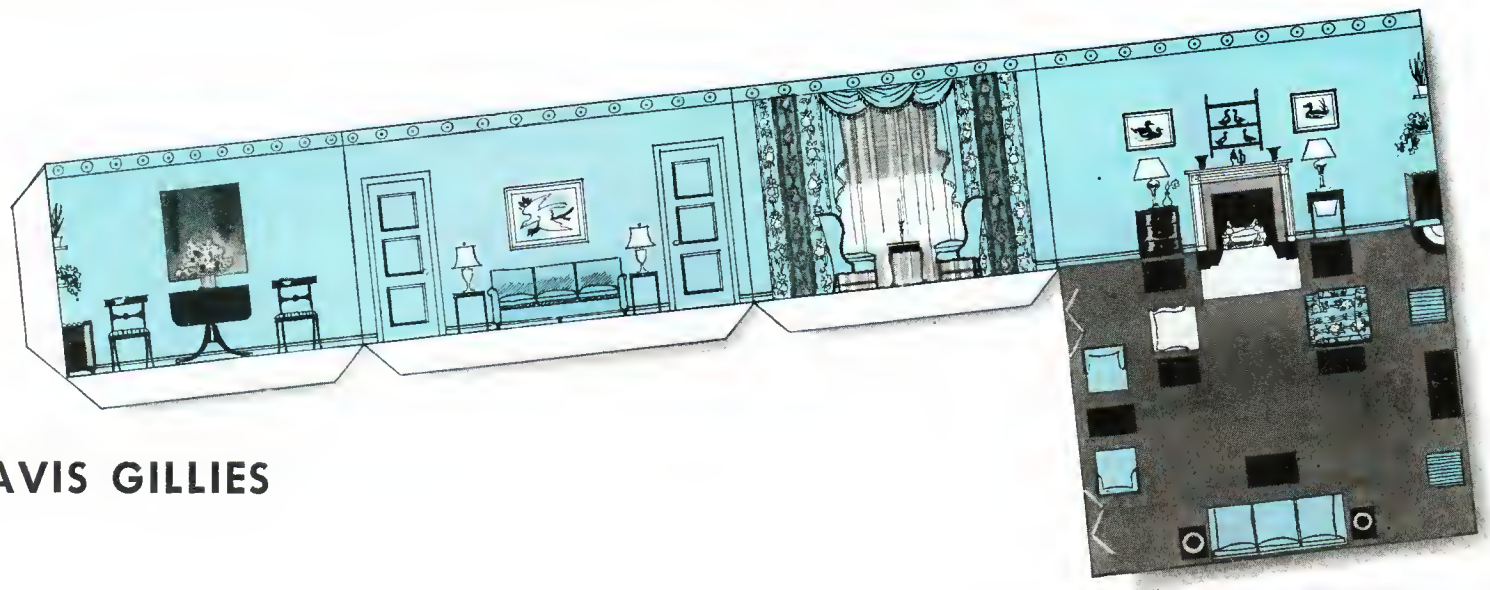
HOW TO BUY WOOL PILE RUGS

The quality and price of rugs depend on the closeness of weave (number of tufts per square inch), quality of yarn (compactness and flexibility) and pile height. Another feature to look for is clearness of color which is gauged by excellence of dyes used. Glue sizing is used to stiffen the back but excessive sizing indicates loose weaving.

Weave also affects price. The chenille and better quality plain velvet weaves are the most expensive. Then come Wiltons, Axminsters and the less expensive velvets. Prices overlap, so, if a Wilton and Axminster are the same price, select the latter, as a good Axminster gives better service than a poor Wilton.

Special terms. *Broadlooms* refer to the width of the loom, not the weave. *Texture rugs* have uneven surface effects in any weave. *Lustre rugs,* or so-called Domestic Orientals, have been treated for sheen.

Read the label on the rug. Your assurance of a fair balance between price and quality is the name of a long-established and reputable manufacturer.



BY MARY DAVIS GILLIES

I'd serve this
for a company supper

Cream of Mushroom Soup
***Sunrise Salad**
***Asparagus Tip Rolls *Date Nut Sandwiches**
Salted Nuts
Lemon Layer Cake Iced Tea

*SUNRISE SALAD (at left): Peel 2 grapefruit; separate into membrane-free segments. Peel and slice 3 oranges; cut each slice in half. Pare 1 avocado; cut in wedge-shaped slices. Marinate fruit in French dressing. Arrange watercress in semi-circle on each of 4 individual salad plates. Top with orange slices. Inside semi-circles arrange avocado and grapefruit alternately and overlapping. Place 2 cup-shaped lettuce leaves in center of each plate. Fill one with cottage cheese; garnish with mint maraschino cherry. Fill the other with mayonnaise. Serves 4.

*ASPARAGUS TIP ROLLS: Cut fresh sandwich bread in thin slices. Remove crusts. Spread with prepared mustard. Wrap each slice around well-drained asparagus tip, cooked or canned. Fasten with toothpick. Cover with damp cloth; chill. When ready to serve, remove toothpicks.

*DATE NUT SANDWICHES: Cut canned date and nut bread into thin slices. Spread with softened butter. Put slices together. Halve each sandwich.

If I were a bride . . .

BY ELIZABETH WOODY

I'd learn the trick of planning salad-plus-sandwich plates

ONCE long ago, in the days when I was just discovering fairy tales, I read a wonderful story about a sorceress who could make a feast appear from nowhere simply by clapping her hands in a certain way and saying a magic word.

(Clap, clap! . . . "Abracadabra" . . . Whooosh! . . . "Will you have dark meat or light?")

You must admit that the idea has a lot to recommend it. All you brides who are wondering how well you'll manage when his sisters and his cousins and his aunts come for supper. You bridge club hostesses who must plan to get along without extra help. You . . . and you . . . and you . . . who'd slave in the kitchen endlessly rather than serve a slapdash meal, but who can't help sighing now and then for an hour in a cool corner of the porch. . . .

Wouldn't you welcome with open arms a workable idea for getting the best of those last-minute jitters—of avoiding that serving-time traffic jam?

Now I lay no claim to being a sorceress. But I do know a five-word formula that is the next thing to magic: *Plan salad-plus-sandwich plates!*

ONE-PIECE PERFECTION

There couldn't be anything smarter—in more senses than one—than a thoughtfully-planned, daintily-served salad-plus-sandwich plate. It's as pretty as a picture and as practical as a red-checked apron!

You see, you can make the sandwiches 'way ahead of time. (Be sure to cover them with a damp cloth.) The salads, of course, ought to be put together just before they're served. But all the chores connected with them can be done whenever you like—the greens washed and picked over, the dressings made, and everything put away in the refrigerator to chill through and through.

TO SIMPLIFY SERVING

Just think of the blessed tranquility—the thrice-blessed absence of bustle—that comes with serving the whole main course on one plate. No "Let's see, did you get any of this?" No "Won't you just help yourself to that?" Everybody gets everything and each plate is a tribute to your artist's eye.

I'd serve this the first Sunday night

***Chef's Salad Bowl**
***Savary Sandwiches**
(Ham and Chutney Liverwurst and Chili Sauce)
Individual Strawberry Shartcake
Hat Caffee

*CHEF'S SALAD BOWL (at left): In separate bowls of French dressing, marinate cooked or canned asparagus tips, narrow strips of boiled tongue, cooked or canned green beans, cooked or canned beets. Arrange on romaine in individual salad bowls. Garnish with watercress and Russian dressing.

*SAVORY SANDWICH FILLINGS: (1) Blend 1 cup ground cooked ham, 4 tablespoons mayonnaise, 3 tablespoons chopped chutney, 1 tablespoon chutney sirup. Makes 1 cup. (2) Blend ¼ pound liverwurst, 3 tablespoons chili sauce. Makes ½ cup. Spread fillings on white or brown bread.

I'd serve this for an evening party

***Tuna-Tamata Aspic**
***Pumpernickel Sandwiches**
Brawnie à la Mode Hat Tea

*TUNA-TOMATO ASPIC (at left): Sprinkle 1 tablespoon gelatine over ¼ cup cold water. Dissolve in 2 cups tomato juice heated to boiling point. Combine 1 can (7 oz.) flaked tuna fish, ¾ cup chopped celery, ½ teaspoon capers, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Add to tomato juice. Pour into 6 individual molds which have been dipped into cold water. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve with French dressing.

*PUMPERNICKEL SANDWICHES: Blend together ½ cup chopped dried beef, 3 tablespoons salad dressing, 2 tablespoons prepared horse-radish. Makes ½ cup.

I'd serve this to "the girls" after bridge

Naadle with Chicken Soup
***Golden Globe Salad *Gingerbread Fingers**
Iced Coffee

*GOLDEN GLOBE SALAD (at right): Soften 2 packages (6 oz.) cream cheese with 2 tablespoons milk. Add ¼ cup chopped preserved ginger. Fill cavities of 4 canned peach halves with mixture. Top with 4 matching halves. Place on individual salad plates. Encircle each peach with strawberry halves. Cut 4 slices of canned pineapple in half; place on either side of each peach. Garnish with watercress. Serve with mayonnaise. Serves 4.

*GINGERBREAD FINGERS: Cut thin sheet gingerbread in finger-length strips. Split. Spread with plain frosting. Put together sandwichwise.

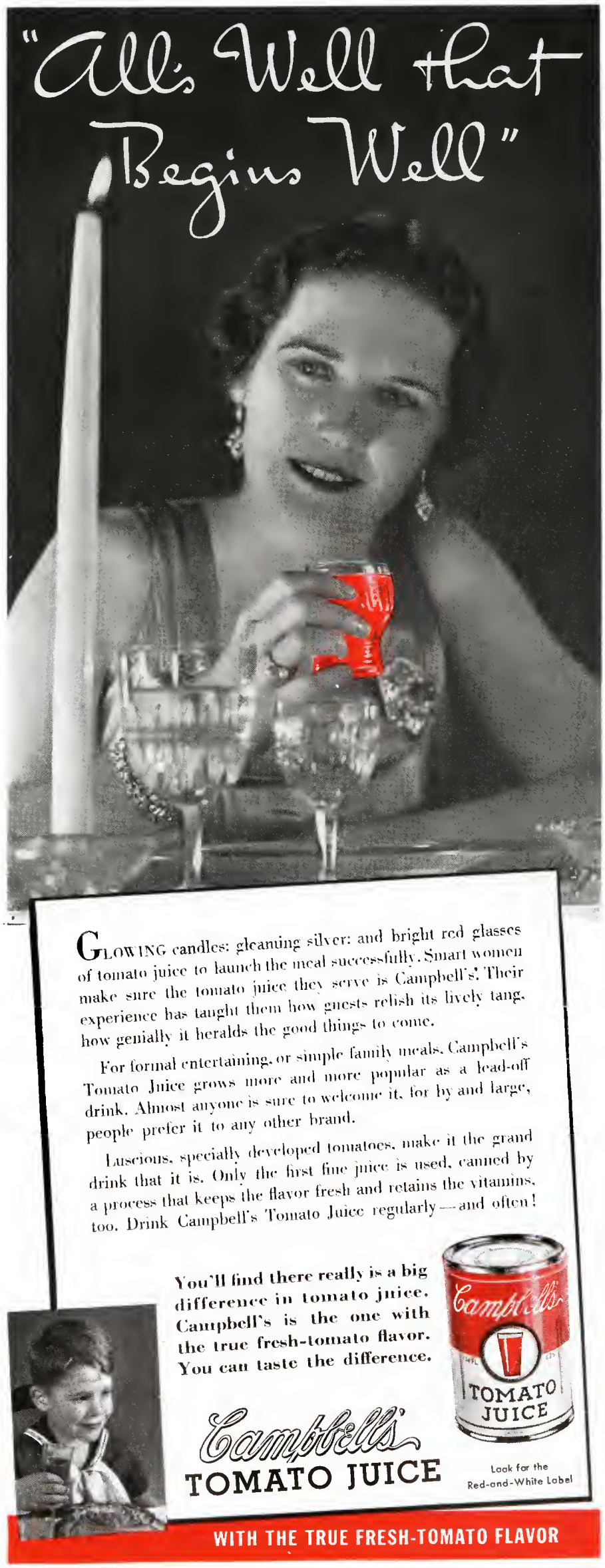

"All's Well that Begins Well"
GLOWING candles: gleaming silver: and bright red glasses of tomato juice to launch the meal successfully. Smart women make sure the tomato juice they serve is Campbell's. Their experience has taught them how guests relish its lively tang, how genially it heralds the good things to come.
For formal entertaining, or simple family meals, Campbell's Tomato Juice grows more and more popular as a lead-off drink. Almost anyone is sure to welcome it, for by and large, people prefer it to any other brand.
Luscious, specially developed tomatoes, make it the grand drink that it is. Only the first fine juice is used, canned by a process that keeps the flavor fresh and retains the vitamins, too. Drink Campbell's Tomato Juice regularly—and often!
You'll find there really is a big difference in tomato juice. Campbell's is the one with the true fresh-tomato flavor. You can taste the difference.
Campbell's
TOMATO JUICE
Look for the Red-and-White Label
WITH THE TRUE FRESH-TOMATO FLAVOR

IMAGE OF LOUISE

[Beginning on page 7]

Now, as we followed her, watchful and silent, Louise and the two boys disappeared down the other side of the hill. There was a last wild flick of her skirt, a flash of metal, and she was gone. It was as if the earth had opened its dry black mouth, and swallowed her whole. But nobody spoke, and none of us quickened our steps. Finally, I moistened my lips. "Were all her sisters as pretty as Louise?"

"Do you think Louise is pretty?" Nancy said, pausing to stare at me. "Louise *Kimbrough*?"

"Well, in a way," I said. "Her eyes are pretty."

They weren't. They were beautiful, and Louise was beautiful. That was what I wanted to say—it was what I wanted to tell them, skulking along behind her like a string of blood hounds. She made you think of an antelope, leaping swiftly before the pack—her head lifted, listening, a fine quiver of knowing upon her, and the dark, liquid eyes as beseeching as prayer. But you couldn't say a thing like that, could you? Even if you had known . . . . if you had understood . . . . I didn't. I said nothing.

Edith left us at her corner, then Frances and Nancy. Marion and I walked on together. A whole block away, I could see the Kimbroughs' house—the green blinds closed tight, a fecund secrecy about it. There were five boys on the porch—two in the swing, two in peeled hickory chairs, rocking, and one—the boy named Tubby, standing beside Louise at the front door, his enormous arm stretched across. "Oh, no, you don't," he was saying as we drew nearer. "What's the matter with you, anyway? Always running!"

"But I've got to get my geometry," Louise said, looking toward us. "Please take your arm down, Tubby. Please."

"Come on," Marion whispered. "Come on over to our house, Sarah. You don't want to go in there now."

"Please." Louise was saying. "Please, you all. I mean. Please." She seemed to be begging us, and not them, but you knew by the breathless way she spoke the words that there was only the faintest belief in her. "Please," she kept saying. "Please. Please. Please."

Marion gripped my hand. "Let's cross over here. Don't look, Sarah. She's trying to catch your eye. Don't look!"

I ONLY hesitated a second. Then, with my spine prickling, I crossed the street, and went with Marion up the walk to her glistening white house. Well, it didn't really matter. Five minutes or so—ten, at the most—just long enough to keep Marion from making a scene in front of Louise. Then I would go home and telephone to her. Tubby would have to take his arm down, if the telephone rang. And when she answered, I would ask Louise to come up to my house, and maybe we could make some candy. . . .

Mrs. Willis was sitting by the bay window in the living room, knitting a soft rose sweater for Marion. Her steady gray eyes were fixed on the Kimbroughs' porch, and she said without shifting them: "I don't think your mother is at home, Sarah. You two girls had better go out in the kitchen, and make some fudge."

It was not an invitation but a command, and I followed Marion to the kitchen without a word. We had to cook the fudge three times before it would harden, and it was nearly six o'clock when my mother telephoned for me to come home. Already the locusts were shrilling in the Kimbroughs' trees, and the sun was gone, leaving the lower part of the house a solid blot of darkness against a bruised, purple sky. But upstairs, light streamed from every window, and the dimity curtains swung out like white veils, beckoning.

I walked up on the porch, and stood still for a moment, to listen. Down the street, somebody was playing the "Hesitation Waltz" and I remember how my flesh crawled at the thin, lonely sound of it. I looked closely at the Kimbroughs' shuttered windows, but there was no light, and no sign of Louise. The front door was closed, and hearing my father's voice upstairs, I decided not to ring the bell after all. I would wait until the next morning, and I would ask Louise to walk to school with me, and everything would be all right.

THE nights, that fall, were close and warm, and in the yard the magnolias curled back in their thick, drying leaves and whispered. "Sssh . . . listen . . ." I used to hear them when I was sitting at my bird's-eye maple desk, pretending to study my Latin. "Listen," they whispered. "Listen . . . ssh . . . listen. . . ."

Off of my room, there was a tiny screened porch, and just below it, the Kimbroughs' swing. Mr. Kimbrough was out of town all that fall, and his wife hardly ever stayed at home. Right after supper, the motor of their car would purr in the driveway, give a quick roar, and she was gone. After a while, the back door would slam, and their cook go shuffling down the street. Then in the heavy silence downstairs, the porch swing would begin to creak. I knew it was Louise, and I knew she was alone. But my mother and father were in the next room, reading. I was afraid to slip downstairs, and I dared not telephone.

Hunched over the desk in a thin cotton nightgown and Japanese crêpe kimono, my hair falling fine as a veil before my face, I would sit listening—my ears strained, listening, and a coldness up my arms no matter how warm the night. With the first heavy step on the porch below, I slammed my book, jerked off the light, and slid shivering between the fresh sheets on my bed. "Louise?"

The swing groaned. "Listen, Spike, I told you I couldn't have dates."

"Why not?"

"Because my mother—"

"Your mother! She isn't even at home, now is she?"

"Sssh—Spike. Don't do that."

"Louise, I'm crazy about you. Kiss me."

"I don't like kissing, I've told you."

"Yes, you don't! You don't like me, you mean."

"No, not you. Just boys. I hate men."

"Be still. You don't, you don't—"

"Leave me alone now, Spike. If you don't, I'll call my mother! I'll . . . I'll tell my father . . . ."

"Well, gee, Louise—don't cry about it. I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm just crazy about you, is all."

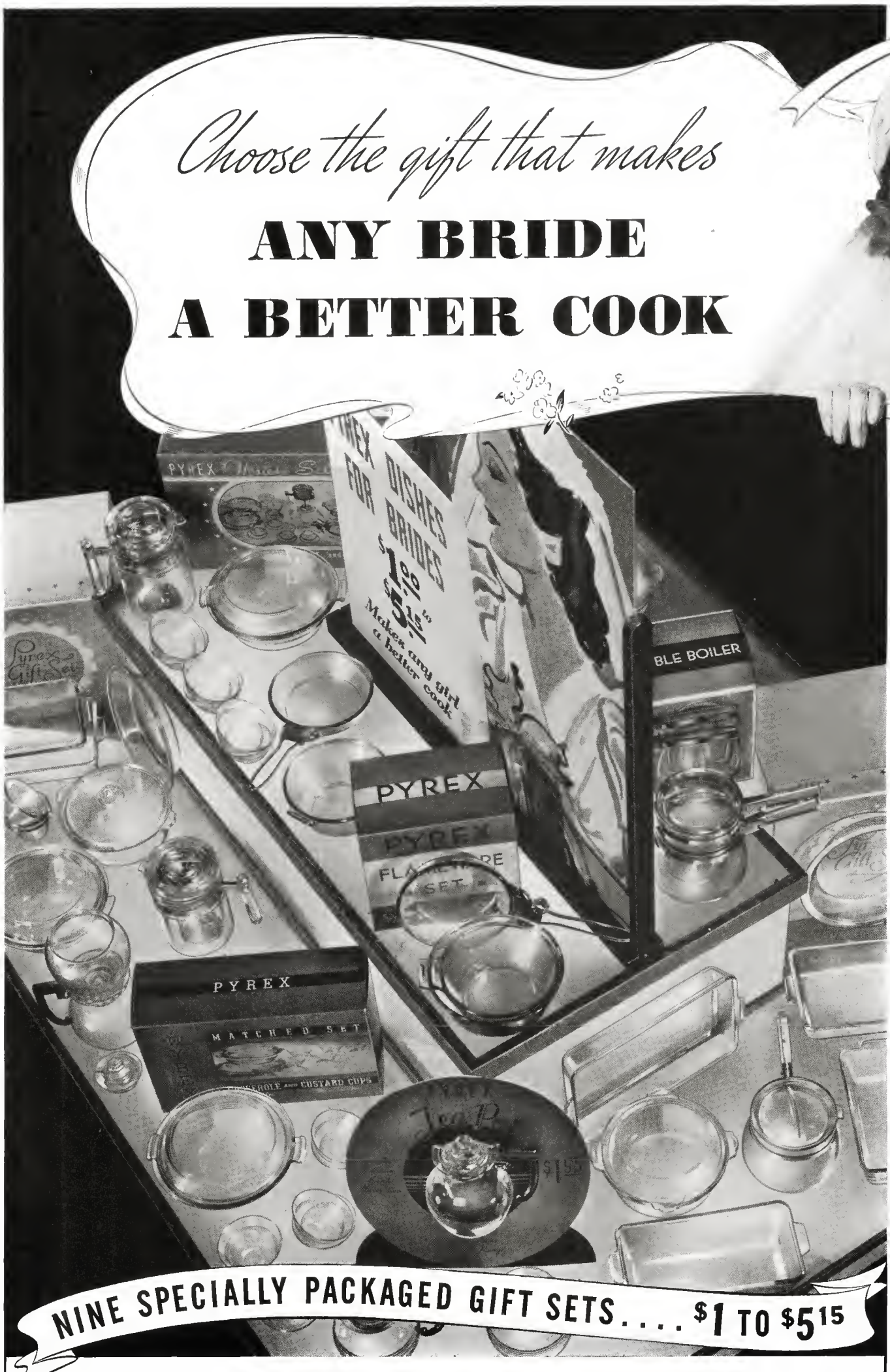
"Oh, Spike, I'm sorry. I guess I like you, too, but I just don't want to be kissed. I don't—like it."

"But maybe if you loved me, Louise? Would you?"

[*Continued on page 55*]

Choose the gift that makes

ANY BRIDE A BETTER COOK



NINE SPECIALLY PACKAGED GIFT SETS.... $1 TO $5.15

$1 GIFTS: 1½ qt. Round Double Duty Casserole; 1½ qt. Sweet & Low Casserole; 12⅞″ Utility Dish; 10⅞″ Loaf Pan.

$2 TO $3.50 GIFTS: 6 cup Percolator $1.79; 4 cup New Decorated Tea Pot $1.95; 1½ qt. Saucepan with Cover; 6 cup Coffee Maker; 1 qt. Double Boiler.

GIFT SETS: New Matched Set of Casserole with Utility Cover; 6 new style Custard Cups **$1.49**

FLAMEWARE SET of 1 qt. Saucepan; 1½ qt. Saucepan; 7″ Skillet; and 1 interchangeable Chrome Handle **$2.69**

OVEN AND FLAMEWARE SET of 6 cup Percolator; 1½ qt. Casserole with Utility Cover; 1 qt. Saucepan; 7″ Skillet; interchangeable Chrome Handle; 6-5 oz. Custard Cups **$4.85**

SPECIAL WEDDING GIFT SET of 1½ qt. Casserole; 10½″ Utility Dish; 9½″ Pie Plate; 6-4 oz. Custard Cups; 9″ Loaf Pan. Packed in a beautiful gift box with silver and red cover, plain . . . . . **$2.95.** Engraved **$5.15.** Other Sets **$1** to **$6.95**

Every Pyrex dish is 3 dishes!

NO good at riddles? This is easy! A Pyrex dish is *three* dishes because you use it three ways . . . for cooking, as a sparkling crystal serving dish, and for storing in your refrigerator.

What's more, Pyrex dishes are really and truly the answer to the bride's prayer. *They help her to be a better cook!* That's because Pyrex dishes absorb two thirds more radiant heat. Crusts are browner, cakes are done all the way through.

And that's just the beginning. You never have to guess whether sides or bottom are done in a Pyrex dish. You can see with your own eyes. The same gleaming glass is delightfully easy to wash. Just suds and rinse, and it's sparkling clean! No grease or betraying flavor can cling to this slick surface. *Remember Pyrex brand dishes look like new always!*

The smartest most acceptable present you can give a bride is Pyrex ware, for oven or top-of-stove. Prices are lowest in history. See the more than 40 smart designs at your hardware or department store. Look for the "PYREX" trade-mark, and 2 year replacement offer. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y.

Accepted and Approved Good Housekeeping Institute

Be a better cook with

PYREX

BRAND

OVENWARE • FLAMEWARE

DO *You* KNOW THE STRAIGHT OF IT?

Old Josh Billings says somewhere that one of the main troubles with most of us is that we "know so many things that ain't so!"

That's certainly gospel true when it comes to food. Some of our notions rob us of well-rounded nourishment. Others are mildly amusing—and as out-of-date as a mustache cup. Just for the fun of it (not to speak of the possibility that you might get a surprise or two) mark down your answers to the questions here and then check yourself by reviewing the facts as they are given under each picture.

Should a reducing diet exclude all starchy foods? Yes ☐ No ☐

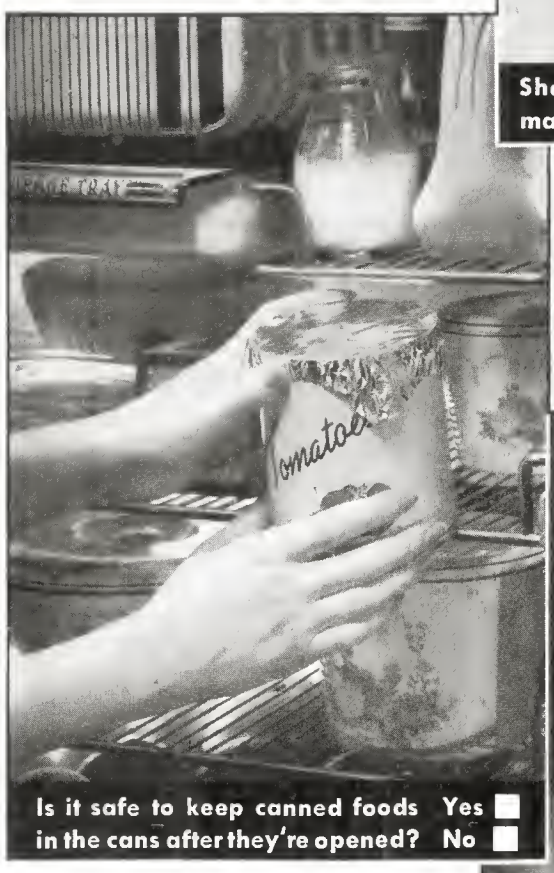
A few starchy foods may—and, in fact, should—be included in a reducing diet. However, you should limit the amounts if you are serious about wanting to take off weight. Eat two thin slices of bread per day instead of six. Cut down drastically on fats. Concentrate on the following foods (they are both sustaining and slimming): lean meats, fish, skimmed milk, buttermilk, cottage cheese, fruits and vegetables. But don't, as you value your health and strength, cut out starches entirely. *The answer is—no.*

Should a sufferer from rheumatism make a point of avoiding red meats? Yes ☐ No ☐

The rheumatic, like the well person, needs a balanced diet. There is no reason why he should avoid red meat any more than white meat or certain beverages and vegetables. Many foods contain the substance that is the forerunner of uric acid, excessive quantities of which appear in the blood in certain rheumatoid conditions. *The answer is—no.*

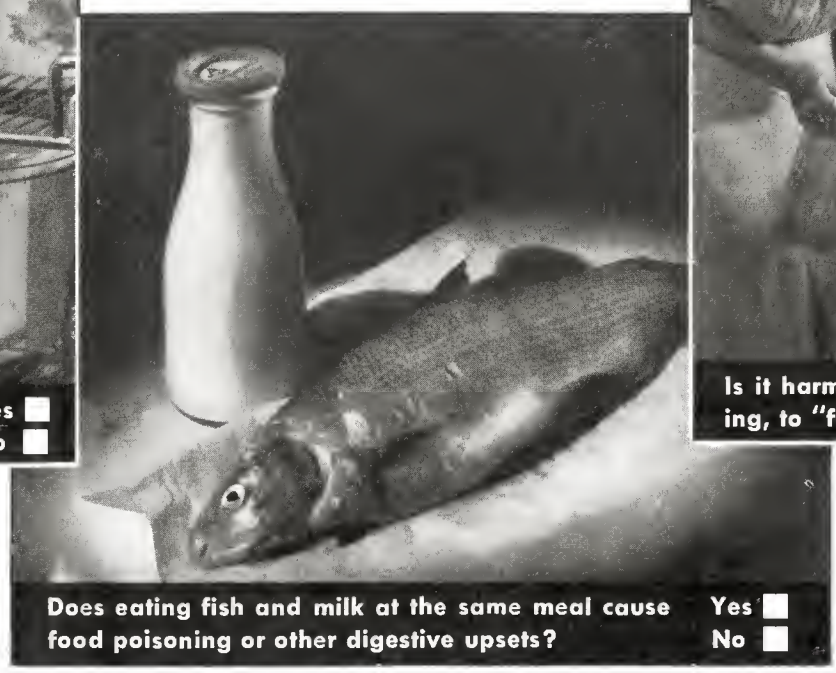
Should people who fear an "acid condition" eat lemons, oranges and tomatoes? Yes ☐ No ☐

"Acid foods" do not make acid in the stomach. Acid is always present in the normal, healthy stomach—it is necessary for digestion. Citrus fruits and tomatoes, after complete digestion, are actually "alkalizers." *The answer is—yes.*



Is it safe to keep canned foods in the cans after they're opened? Yes ☐ No ☐

There is nothing harmful in tin cans themselves. Foods, as they are handled in modern commercial canneries, come out of the cans just as wholesome as they were when they went in. The can, even when opened, is probably a safer, cleaner container in which to store food than any dish you have on hand. If food in an open can spoils, blame faulty refrigeration, poor quality, or yourself for trying to keep it too long. *The answer is—yes.*



Does eating fish and milk at the same meal cause food poisoning or other digestive upsets? Yes ☐ No ☐

Provided they are both fresh, fish and milk (or any sea food and ice cream) may safely be eaten at the same meal. Spoiled sea food and stale milk are something else again—take them separately or together and you're in for trouble. It's a mystery how the strange notion got started that fish and milk in combination are dangerous—particularly in a country famous for its chowders and stews. *The answer is—no.*

Is it harmful, in spite of the familiar old saying, to "feed a cold"? Yes ☐ No ☐

When you have a cold, your body has enough extra problems to cope with—you certainly should not load it down with more food than it can digest easily. The most effective cold cure is rest. Instead of "fighting off" a cold, give in at the first sniffle and go to bed. Eat lightly. Drink lots of water. Eat extra amounts of fruit and drink fruit and vegetable juices. *The answer is—yes.*

BY E. V. McCOLLUM
Ph. D., Sc. D.

Now WITH THE TRUE SWIFT'S PREMIUM FLAVOR *....spring-chicken tenderness!*

Compliments will shower down when you serve this finer Swift's Premium Ham. For now—with the flavor that has made Swift's Premium America's best-liked ham—you get *tenderness* such as you've never had before. The same marvelous flavor, the same firmness of texture, *plus* the tenderness of a plump spring chicken! And, too, this Swift's Premium Ham cooks faster. Slices fry or broil in several minutes less. Whole hams bake in only 15 to 22 minutes per lb., depending on the size. (Your dealer will give you the easy instructions in full.)

For a supper success of the first order, do your Swift's Premium Ham slice with strawberries, your eggs in orange bands. About 5 minutes before ham is done, outline with double row of sweetened strawberry halves. Return to broiler and finish cooking. Parboil ½ inch circles of thin orange rind for 12 minutes. Place in buttered frying pan, break eggs into orange bands, fry over low flame.

REMEMBER, THE MEAT MAKES THE MEAL

Come out of the kitchen! You'll treat yourself to extra hours of leisure and your family to something specially good by serving Swift's Premium Delicatessen Meats. Naturally, since they're Swift's Premium products, these table-ready meats are exceptionally fine. And there's a grand assortment to choose from. Meat Loaf, Luncheon Loaf, Salami, Delicatessen Ham, Braunschweiger . . . that's just part of the list. Tempting cold platters are ready in a jiffy with Swift's Premium Delicatessen Meats. They're the quick and clever makings of de luxe sandwiches, too. And they're grand for party appetizers. Shown above at left is a particularly charming and unusual garnish for a platter of cold meats—radish roses with petals of cream cheese. To make the petals: Fill a small spoon with cream cheese; level off the surface; press the cheese against the radish and pull spoon down.

Patties of poultry dressing cooked with Swift's Premium Bacon make a new dish you ought to try. They're easy, economical, and *good*, for you get Swift's Premium flavor all the way through. That flavor, often called a "sweet smoke taste," is enough to glorify any dish. The result of the Premium cure and special smoking in ovens, it has made Swift's Premium the world's most popular bacon. *P.S.* Canned plums taste fine with the patties.

Look for this new, blue-plaid wrapper to get ham that has the true Swift's Premium flavor and is tender as spring chicken. In buying a *slice*, look for the word *Swift* in tiny brown dots on the side. **Also at your dealer's,** in a red oval, red-plaid wrapper, there's Swift's Premium Ham, *Quick Serve Style*—ready-cooked; you just heat through or slice cold! Naturally, it costs a little more.

Recipes by
Martha Logan, Home Economist for
SWIFT & COMPANY
Purveyors of Fine Foods

SWIFT'S PREMIUM: *brand name of the finest meats*

Copr. 1938 by Swift & Company

Yes... two styles... and both delicious!

NO FINER, MORE TENDER GOLDEN BANTAM CORN THAN THIS

...AND IT'S UNDER THE DEL MONTE LABEL YOU KNOW SO WELL!

YOUR OLD FAVORITE—BETTER THAN EVER

You'll wonder what DEL MONTE does to make this Cream Style Corn so *extra* good to eat! That's simple. A finer Golden Bantam Corn—grown from our own specially developed seed. Plump ears picked young—packed morning-fresh. *All* the "cream" from the kernels themselves—rich and smooth. Serve DEL MONTE's kind tonight—and *taste* the difference!

YOU'LL THINK OF TENDER ROASTING EARS

Remember?...that matchless flavor of young garden corn, fresh-picked! DEL MONTE has captured it, freshness and all—in every can of this Whole Kernel Corn! The same special Golden Bantam strain as Cream Style—DEL MONTE's own. But separate, whole kernels, cut clean from the cob, then vacuum-packed. Ready to heat, season—and eat with delight. Try it!

Del Monte GOLDEN BANTAM Corn

IMAGE OF LOUISE

[Continued from page 50]

"I don't know. I'm afraid."

"Afraid? If you knew how wonderful. . . . Listen. Stop powdering your nose, and listen to me. You can't see that thing in the *dark,* Louise."

"Yes, I can. Spike—please. . . ."

"Oh, the heck with it!"

Loud in the stillness his footsteps echoed, then faint, fainter, gone, while from the porch below came the sound of muffled sobs. And my cheeks would burn, I would turn from side to side, longing to go downstairs and sit with Louise, planning how it might be managed without my mother and father hearing, and knowing in my heart that it could not be.

In a little while, the front door would shut with a hollow click, and hours later I would wake to hear Mrs. Kimbrough's automobile in the driveway. Sometimes there was a man's voice, and once somebody dropped a bottle. "Gee," the girls said at school, "all this time and you haven't seen a thing, Sarah?"

"No, I haven't," I said, glancing over my shoulder. I always imagined that Louise was somewhere near, and I could see her eyes, soft and black with pain. "Let's stop talking about her, for pity's sake!" I cried at last.

"Well, heavens, Sarah—you don't have to get so mad about it."

"I tell you, it isn't that! I just don't want to talk about her."

Couldn't they see? It was not anger, but fear. In some way I could not explain, Louise had become a part of me. Though we had spoken so few words together, she had uncovered a longing in me, and a growth . . . as if a hard, lifeless kernel had suddenly begun to put out shoots. If anything happened to Louise, it would happen to me, too. There was a threat to us both in every word they spoke, and I was awfully afraid.

THEN one Saturday night late in October, my mother and father went to a card party at the Roebuck Club, and I was left alone. It was a wild, starless night—not really cold, but mean and biting. Wind through the magnolias made a skeletonic dancing, the Kimbroughs' swing creaked and banged against the porch rail. A kind of doom hovered over the house, and I could not read for listening and thinking of Louise. I wondered if she, too, was alone and frightened as I. I thought: "I'll call her—I'll ask her to come up here." Why did I hesitate? Well, if Spike were down there, or her mother. . . . I listened. There was no human sound. I went to the window at the side of my room, and looked out. The sky, above the tossing black trees, was swirling gunmetal, and below, a single block of light lay vivid against the dark, dry earth. Louise! It was like holding my hands to an open flame, to know that she was there, and again I thought: "I'll go down. I'll call her. There's nobody to stop me now."

At that instant, the doorbell rang. Before I could move, I heard Louise's voice. "Sarah?"

Whirling, I flew down the steps and opened the door. "I was just coming to see you!"

"Were you, really?" She seemed as though she couldn't believe me, but her face began to shine. She said shyly: "I heard your mother and father go out. I thought maybe we—"

"Oh, what shall we do? It's such a terrible night! Did you ever hear anything like the wind?"

"Spooky!"

We laughed hysterically. "Come on upstairs, Louise."

One hand flew to the collar of her brown jersey dress. "I don't think I'd better. You come to my house, Sarah. We can make some candy. Or play cards. Do you like cards?"

"Goodness, yes! Let's play Rummy. We could call Marion, maybe."

"Two-handed is more fun." She was already opening the hall door, and as she said this, there was something about the way she bowed her head—submission, I don't know. I could have cried. "Please don't look at the house," she said.

"Ours is a sight!"

"Oh, no—it couldn't be."

WE STEPPED inside the hall. An empty hatrack reared black, shiny antlers high above the dim light, and the air smelled of stale powder and smoke. I tried not to let her see that I noticed, walking close beside her to the living room door, and chattering shrilly. "Oh, what a nice room!"

"Do you really like it? Wait here until I get the cards, Sarah."

"Don't you want me to come with you? Aren't you scared?"

"Not now." She paused. "Are you sure you want to play? Wouldn't you rather make some candy?"

"I think Rummy is lots of fun, don't you?"

"Yes—if you're sure." She disappeared down the hall, and I stood in the living room, waiting. It was really a parlor, as Marion had said. Four ornate chairs covered with green plush were grouped around a center table, with legs carved like serpents. The cutglass lamp was glaring as a searchlight, in the middle of the close, shadowy room, and though I could not bring myself to look, I knew what crouched leering, in all the dark corners. I could feel them there, those men, and I could see the tight peaked caps they wore—the polished guns held ready to their shoulders. Against my will, my eyes slid over to the couch beneath the two green-shrouded windows. *What had Marion seen that night, what had happened here?* Oh, where was Louise? It was frightening in this ugly room . . . . "Did you think I was lost?"

"Oh!"

"Why, what's the matter, Sarah?"

"Nothing. I just didn't hear you coming, is all. Shall we play on this table, Louise? Here—let me move the lamp."

"No, it's too heavy for you."

I sat on the edge of a chair, holding myself rigid while she moved the lamp and opened a box of bon bons. "Have some—it's Mother's," she said with the blood dark as gumbo in her lovely face.

"Oooh—thanks! Your deal first, Louise."

"No—yours." She pushed the hair from her forehead with a nervous gesture. "I forget how many you deal."

It came to me, then, that Louise had never played cards before. I knew by the way she handled them, hesitating, trying to follow my lead, and afraid to take a card, even when it was her draw. Finally, I put my cards down. "You know what? I don't care anything about playing, do you? Let's just talk."

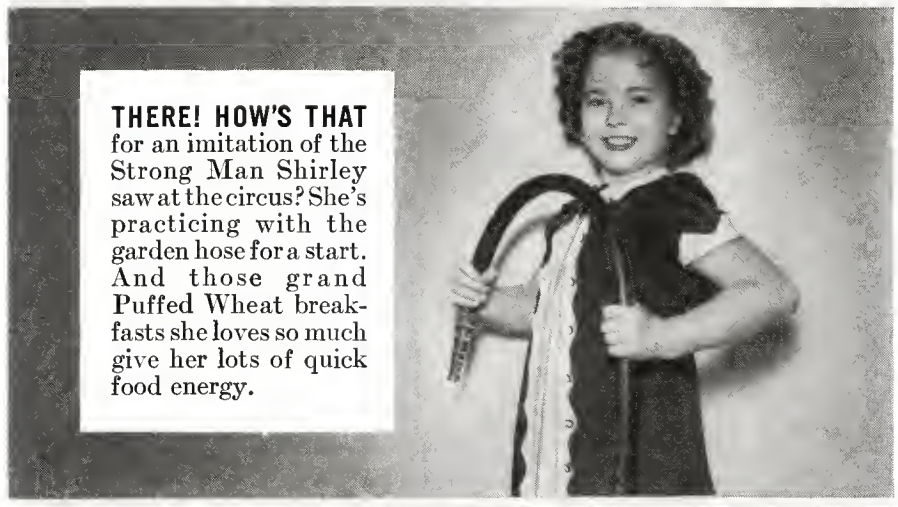
"Yes, let's." She gave a little strangled laugh. "I—I love to talk, don't you?"

"Better than anything!"

We sat there smiling at each other, and I couldn't think of a word to

[*Continued on page 58*]

Delicious Quaker Puffed Wheat is Shot from Guns
to give you Trigger Fast Food Energy!
Goodness he's strong, he must eat lots of PUFFED WHEAT too!
Shirley Temple
Star of "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture


THERE! HOW'S THAT for an imitation of the Strong Man Shirley saw at the circus? She's practicing with the garden hose for a start. And those grand Puffed Wheat breakfasts she loves so much give her lots of quick food energy.

DOESN'T SHIRLEY'S breakfast of Quaker Puffed Wheat look simply delicious? She often has it topped with ripe, red strawberries too, for a grand flavor variety. Try it. Ask your grocer for Quaker Puffed Wheat today.
QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT
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Shot from Guns
QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT
TUNE IN ON DICK TRACY TONIGHT
Enjoy Dick Tracy's thrilling detective adventures. See your newspaper for station, time.
Different Delicious Digestible

REG'LAR FELLERS —by Gene Byrnes

GWAN! BEAT IT! WHO SAID YOU COULD USE THAT LUMBER? GET OFF THIS PROPERTY!
AW! MR. DUFFY- WE'RE HOLDIN THIS FORT 'GINST INJUNS!
CONSULTING MRS. DUFFY
DON'T I KNOW MR. DUFFY IS CRANKY! FIRST IT WAS HIS CONSTIPATION, NOW HE TAKES THEM PILLS AN' HE'S MORE CRANKY THAN EVER!
WHY DONTCHA HIDE HIS PILLS AN' GIVE HIM KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN EVERY DAY, MY MOM DID IT TO POP!
THAT AFTERNOON
HOW ABOUT GIVIN' US A PACKAGE OF ALL-BRAN TO SEND TO OLD MAN DUFFY? HE NEEDS IT!
ALL RIGHT IF YOU REALLY WANT IT!
SOME TIME LATER
HOW'S TRICKS, MR. DUFFY?
SWELL! SINCE I TOOK UP WITH ALL-BRAN!
HE'S A REG'LAR FELLER NOW!
Gene Byrnes

It is lack of "bulk" in the diet that so often causes common constipation! This doesn't mean the *amount* you eat — but a *kind* of food that supplies the soft, "bulky" mass you need to aid elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies both this needed "bulk" and the intestinal-tonic vitamin, B_1. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars!" Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

A Natural Laxative Cereal

"NOW LET'S PLAN

SAYS Elizabeth Woody

A WEEK'S MENUS

	Breakfast	Luncheon or Supper	Dinner
SUNDAY	Strawberries Ready-to-Serve Cereal Scrombled Eggs and Bacon Marmalade Melba Toast Coffee Milk	Chicken-Noodle Soup Sunrise Solad (p. 48) Hot Biscuits Coffee Ice Cream Chocolate Cookies	Crème Glacé (p. 61) Baked Half Ham Mashed Pototoes *Scalloped Tomato and Cucumber Mixed Green Salad Lemon Snow Pudding
MONDAY	Pineapple Juice Ootmeal Hot Muffins Jam Coffee Malt Cocoa	Tomoto Juice *Eggplant Casserole Green Beons Mocho Cup Cakes	Boked Homburger Steok Mushroom Sauce Baked Potato Julienne Carrots Swiss Chard Strawberry Shortcake
TUESDAY	Sliced Bonanas Mixed Ready-to-Serve Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Cocoo	*Spicy Fronkfurters Toasted Rolls Chopped Spinach Cherry Gelatin Whip	Onion Soup Cold Sliced Ham Hashed Brown Potatoes Creamed Cobboge Wotercress Salad Plum Marlow (p. 61)
WEDNESDAY	Oronge Juice Cooked Cereal Coffee Ring Coffee Molt Cocoa	Scalloped Macaroni and Ham Endive Solad Chilled Canned Pears Lemon Wafers	*Braised Liver Rolls Shoe-String Pototoes Asparogus Hearts of Celery Honeydew Melon with Powdered Sugor & Ginger
THURSDAY	Rospberries Reody-to-Serve Cereal Soft-Cooked Eggs Roisin Toast Coffee Cocoa	Chef's Salad Bowl (p. 49) Pumpernickel Sandwiches (p. 49) Chocolate Pudding Whipped Creom	*Stuffed Lamb Chops Porsley Potato Balls New Peos Watermelon Pickles Cucumber ond Romoine Salod Lemon Meringue Pie
FRIDAY	Plum Nectar Bran Griddle Cakes Honey Coffee Milk	*Tomato Soup Savarin Fresh Fruit Salad with Cottage Cheese Watercress Sandwiches Hot Gingerbreod	Baked Haddock Parsley Potatoes Grilled Tomatoes Beet Greens Neopolitan Bavarion Creom (p. 61)
SATURDAY	Sliced Oranges Oatmeol Broiled Bacon Toasted English Muffins Coffee Malt Cocoa	*Corned Beef Hashburgers Cole Slaw Raspberries and Cream	Crabmeat Diablo (p. 61) Curried Veal Chutney Fluffy Rice Harvard Beets Golden Globe Salad (p. 49)

MEALS"

Recipes for Starred Dishes

SCALLOPED TOMATO & CUCUMBER

1 No. 2 can tomatoes
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 medium onion
1 large cucumber
2 cups soft crumbs
¾ cup grated cheese

Mix first 3 ingredients. Chop onion; add. Slice cucumber. Arrange layers of tomato mixture, cucumber, crumbs in casserole. Top with cheese. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 40 minutes. Serves 6.

EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

2 tablespoons chopped onion
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ cup chopped sardines
¼ cup chopped cheese
2½ cups cooked eggplant
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup soft crumbs

Brown onion in butter or margarine. Add all other ingredients except crumbs. Pour into casserole. Top with crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 minutes. Serves 4.

SPICY FRANKFURTERS

½ pound frankfurters
1 tablespoon flour
2 tablespoons water
⅔ cup water
½ cup ketchup
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon prepared mustard

Cut frankfurters in half lengthwise. Place in skillet. Combine flour with 2 tablespoons water. Add remaining ingredients. Pour over frankfurters. Cover; simmer 30 minutes. Serves 4.

BRAISED LIVER ROLLS

2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 tablespoon chopped porsley
1 cup cooked rice
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
4 large, thin slices liver
2 tablespoons water

Brown onion in butter or margarine. Add parsley, rice, salt, pepper. Spread liver slices with mixture. Roll up; skewer. Place in casserole with water. Cover; bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Serves 4.

STUFFED LAMB CHOPS

4 lamb chops
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
⅓ cup chopped canned peaches
¾ cup soft crumbs
⅓ cup grated canned pineapple

Have lamb chops cut thick with pocket in each. Melt butter or margarine; add crumbs and fruit. Season to taste. Stuff chops with this mixture; fasten with toothpicks. Broil 10 minutes on each side. Serves 4.

TOMATO SOUP SAVARIN

1 can condensed tomato soup
Milk
⅓ cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon chopped chives

Combine soup with equal amount milk (using soup can to measure). Heat to boiling point, but do not boil. Pour into oven-proof cups. Whip cream, add chives. Place spoonful on each cup. Run under broiler to brown. Serves 4.

CORNED BEEF HASHBURGERS

Chill can of corned beef hash several hours. Remove from can; cut in 4 or 5 slices. Put slices in shallow casserole; cover generously with ketchup or chili sauce. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 15 minutes. Serve on halves of toasted hamburger rolls. Serves 4.

Mrs. Charles Yocum of Yeadon, Pa.
SHE COOKS FOR 1001

Would you believe that the blithe young person on the bicycle runs a family, complete with twins, *and* a busy hotel kitchen? Here's how she describes herself:

"Married? Of course. Age? 36. Children? Three darlings—twin girls, 5, and another daughter, 10. Six months of the year I'm a typical suburbanite—wash and iron, have friends in for dinner and bridge, attend P. T. A. meetings—in short, do all the things that make up everyday life for a wife and mother. The other six months, my husband and I run a seventy room hotel in a New Jersey seashore resort. My part of the job is the kitchen and dining room, and I don't find it drudgery, though I have cooked for over a hundred many times.

"Your department in McCall's is a real challenge and inspiration to me all the year around.

"A sincere McCall booster,
Beryl Yocum"

Speaking of inspiration—doesn't that make you proud of your sex? It does me!

A RECIPE INDEX

This month McCall's brings you all these:

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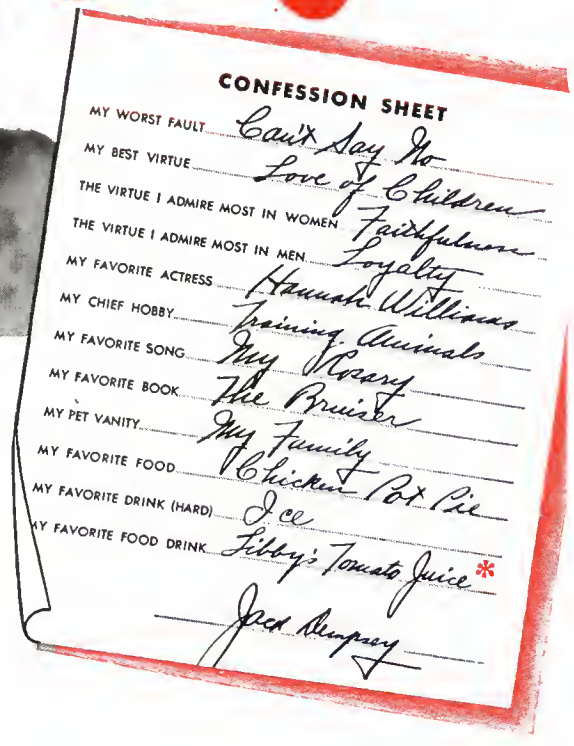
JACK DEMPSEY Confesses!

LIKE LILY PONS, Lawrence Tibbett, and other celebrities, Jack Dempsey has been playing the new *Confessions* game. Read what he "confesses" . . . and have the fun of introducing the new game to your friends. You can get a Confession Game FREE. Twelve Confession Sheets (20 surprising questions) and directions on how to play will be sent you for the labels from 3 cans of Libby's Tomato Juice. Send your labels in today! Libby, McNeill & Libby, Dept. MC-5, Chicago.


CONFESSION SHEET
MY WORST FAULT Can't Say No
MY BEST VIRTUE Love of Children
THE VIRTUE I ADMIRE MOST IN WOMEN Faithfulness
THE VIRTUE I ADMIRE MOST IN MEN Loyalty
MY FAVORITE ACTRESS Hannah Williams
MY CHIEF HOBBY Training Animals
MY FAVORITE SONG My Rosary
MY FAVORITE BOOK The Bruiser
MY PET VANITY My Family
MY FAVORITE FOOD Chicken Pot Pie
MY FAVORITE DRINK (HARD) Ice
MY FAVORITE FOOD DRINK Libby's Tomato Juice*
Jack Dempsey

*The tomato juice *you'll* prefer!* If you haven't tasted Libby's you just don't know how really wonderful tomato juice can be. No other kind tastes like Libby's, for no other is made the patented *gentle press* way. Fill up a glass and sip it slowly. Savor the smooth, full-bodied flavor of this tomato juice, its glorious, zestful tang. You'll taste the difference *gentle press* makes! Remember, too, that *Libby's* Tomato Juice, unlike some kinds, is rich in essential Vitamin C.

CAN SIZES RANGING FROM 14 TO 50 OUNCES

Libby's

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

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(Process patented U. S. 1,956,615)

TOMATO JUICE

What makes a man brag about his Wife?

The answer you hear most often is that she *knows how to buy wisely.*

In the purchase of a stove, wise buying calls for special care. Beauty and surface values are easily judged. But efficient burners, insulation, and quality construction are also vital for real satisfaction.

To help you buy wisely we asked leading Home Economists what they look for in stoves. Their advice, with our study based on 66 years' experience, are given in a new illustrated booklet: "Let's Look at Stoves."

This booklet also shows 21 Florence Oil Ranges and Gas Ranges in styles and sizes for every need and pocketbook. It describes the famous Florence *Wickless* Burner which has done so much to improve oil stoves. It shows the modern ring-type gas burner used in Florence Ranges for manufactured, natural and bottled gas. All Florence burners give "Focused Heat," the feature that brings extra value to Florence owners.

TYPICAL FLORENCE VALUES!

OIL Range, five burners, large porcelained oven, Fingertip Heat Control . . . . **GAS** Range with Balanced Cooking Top—burners at each end. Large porcelained oven, automatic heat control, smokeless broiler, accessories. . . . . Both ranges have white porcelain and full rock wool insulation.

FREE BOOKLET

Reliable Florence dealers everywhere can help you buy *wisely.* Ask your dealer for a free copy of "Let's Look at Stoves," or mail us the coupon.

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I am interested in ☐ Oil Ranges ☐ Gas Ranges ☐

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IMAGE OF LOUISE

[Continued from page 55]

say. It was what I had wanted for so long—to be alone with Louise, and somehow make things right between us. There was so much I wanted to tell her, so much I wanted to explain. If I could have said to her, for instance: "Louise, of all the girls in Clinton, I had rather have you for my friend. Maybe you know some of the things I have heard, but I want you to know that none of them matter at all. I believe in you, Louise, and knowing you has made me believe in myself." Because that is what I was thinking, and if I could have said just a little something of this, everything might have been different. But then, as always when I am deepest moved, the words left me, and I was dumb.

AT LAST she cleared her throat. "Did—did you ever read the Elsie Dinsmore books, Sarah?"

"Yes. Did you?"

"Well, some of them. I read *Little Women* though."

"Oh, and the *Live Doll's House Party*—do you remember that?"

"Yes, and *Helen's Babies?*"

Outside, the wind kept up its evil whining. The dry leaves clacked, and the chains on the porch swing grated harsh as rusty files. Nothing had changed really. But here in the room with Louise, I was suddenly no longer afraid. Seeing her soft, disordered curls shining in the lamplight, her thin cheeks shining, and a radiance in her eyes so blinding that it hurt you to look, I forgot about this sinister room. I forgot the girls at school, the ugly things I had heard, my mother and father, and the black, threatening night. It was as though something inside of me swelled and bloomed—as though I had miraculously come to life, and for the first time, loved and believed in the world, and in living.

The thing I am trying to say is that I understood, at last, why I wanted so much to be Louise's friend. She made you believe in something. How can I explain it? You feel these things only when you are very young, and usually it is like this—something you cannot name. But the knowing is there, and the wonder. And in a town like Clinton, where innocence was a challenge, where it was so much easier to hate than to love, and nobody believed in anything, it was as if Louise, sitting so clear and shining before me, had suddenly held out her hands in reassurance. I sat listening to the malicious howling of the wind, and I could have laughed aloud, thinking how happy we were, and how safe. . . . "But I didn't like *Vanity Fair,*" Louise was saying. "Because I can't understand a woman like Becky Sharp. She never seemed real to me."

"Well, maybe," I said. "I mean, it seems to me that lots of the girls I've known are a little that way."

"You are the only girl I've ever really known," she said.

A little silence fell. I looked down at my Friendship bracelet. "Louise," I said. "Look, Louise—listen. . . ."

"Yes, Sarah?" she said—and then the doorbell rang!

The sound of it was like a load of buckshot thundering through the room. It seemed to catch Louise in the heart. She looked as if she couldn't believe what had happened. "Who can it be?"

"Do you want me—?"

"No. You stay here. I'll go." She drew in her breath, stood up, and walked slowly through the hall. I heard her stop at the door, open it, and gasp, "Oh—hello!"

My father's voice, then. "Is my daughter here?"

But I was already running through the hall. "Father! Aren't you awfully early?"

"We were worried about you," my father said. "And not without reason, I see. Are you ready?"

In spite of myself, I looked at Louise. There was no color in her face, and her brown eyes were glazed. I put my hand to my mouth. "Oh, let me stay a while longer, Father!"

"Sarah, it's after ten o'clock," my mother said, and her voice as cold as steel. "Come upstairs at once!"

"But, Mother—!"

"Sarah, you heard what your mother said!"

Without another word, they turned and marched across the porch. I stood looking into the night, and the wind went through me to my bones. "Well," I said, "I guess I'll have to go, Louise."

She said in a small, tight voice: "It's been nice having you, anyway."

"Oh, Louise," I said. "Goodbye!"

Up the steps I flew, my heart pounding, and such a trembling in my knees that I was afraid I would fall before I could reach the top and tell them, show them. . . .

My father was waiting for me at the head of the stairs. He said in a loud, distinct voice: "This settles it. We are moving out of here tomorrow, lease or no lease."

Downstairs, the front door closed with a dull, heavy thud. Something died in me, then. I went in my pitch black room, and wept bitterly against the wall.

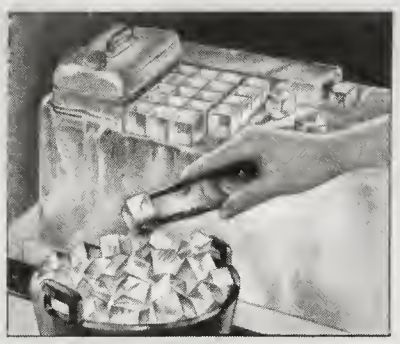
IT RAINED, in the night—a fierce, driving rain that beat like stones against the windows of the house. Once I awoke, thinking I heard a man laugh—Spike Hunter, I thought—or was it only the vicious bellow of the wind? I pulled the covers over my head, and after a long time, I went to sleep again.

But in the morning, it all came back. Though it was no longer raining, there was a bleak, watery sky. A deathly stillness lay on the air, and not a sparrow sang. After breakfast, I took my books and went slinking down the stairs. I remember how I crossed the Kimbroughs' porch on tiptoe, not daring to look, but hearing each heavy drop of water splash from the swollen blinds

With my eyes lowered, I walked slowly down the steps, and there at my feet lay a square of paper half buried in a clot of gummy dirt. Glancing furtively over my shoulder, I stooped and picked it up. It was the picture of Louise's niece, with only the soft, wounded eyes peering out through the mud. I stood looking at it, for a minute, and then I deliberately tore it into tiny pieces, and flung them out in the street.

I don't know what made me do it. Maybe it was because I could never return the picture to Louise, anyway. Or it may have been that I just couldn't stand the sight of that face, small and still with knowing, and the thick mud splattered as if thrown by an enormous hand in hatred. Maybe I thought by tearing the picture, to forget all that had happened, and to forget Louise. But nothing is ever really ended. All the way to school, I kept seeing those eyes, and even then, I knew they were going to haunt me.

Here is A REFRIGERATOR THAT DOES MORE THAN JUST KEEP FOODS COLD....



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FOOD BUDGETS GO FARTHER

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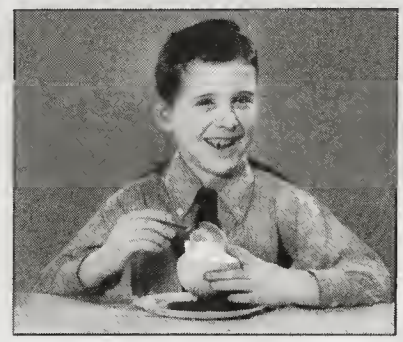
LOOK FOR THIS SEAL

Before buying any refrigerator, look on the inside of the door for this Seol of Approvol.



REAL ICE CREAM

Pure, rich, velvet-smooth ice cream—free from crystals ... you can prepare it in just a few minutes and have it all ready to serve in less than an hour.

NO COVERED DISHES

Vitalized, clean-washed air protects foods against exchanging flavors. No covered dishes are needed in the modern air-conditioned refrigerator.

A beautiful 1938 air-conditioned ice refrigerator like this ONLY $71.50 f. o. b. factory. Other styles and sizes $49.50 to $94.50 f. o. b. factory

By using ice in an entirely *new way* this new type refrigerator gives foods the *moisture* they need for protection against rapid drying out . . . and clean-washed vitalized air, to guard them against the exchanging of food flavors.

That is *complete* food protection. It is available only in the air-conditioned ice refrigerator—because *only* ice is capable of providing both proper moisture and air-purification in addition to constant cold.

You will be amazed by the beauty of the modern ice refrigerator. Its trim, graceful lines, its gleaming white finish, its beautiful chromium fittings will work wonders in the appearance of your kitchen.

The new air-conditioned ice refrigerator costs remarkably little—only about one-third to one-half as much as any other type—you can modernize practically your entire kitchen with the saving.

It is built for a lifetime of trouble-free service...no repairs...no noise...no defrosting. And it is as economical to use as it is to buy—so thrifty of ice that a single servicing lasts three to five days or longer. In fact, a modern ice refrigerator actually pays for itself in the food and ice it saves.

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL

It is found *only* on genuine air-conditioned ice refrigerators which conform to standards of construction and performance established by the National Association of Ice Industries

Why wait another day to give yourself and your family this comfort, protection and economy? Get all the facts about this amazing new-type ice refrigerator and the easy terms on which it can be bought.

Talk to your Ice Service Man—or 'phone your local Ice Company—today. Arrange to have one delivered for a *free trial* right in your own kitchen. It will convince you that no other refrigeration can compare with a modern air-conditioned ice refrigerator.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
228 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
In Canada: 137 Wellington St. W., Toronto

LEARN ALL ABOUT THIS REMARKABLE NEW *Air-conditioned* REFRIGERATOR

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

National Association of Ice Industries,
228 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation send me full information about the modern ice refrigerator.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....M

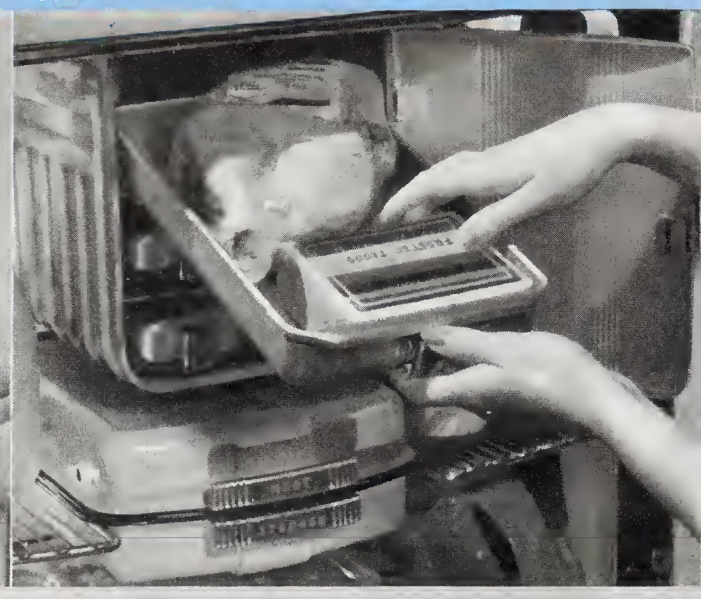
Remember – Cold ALONE *is not enough!*

This Advertising is sponsored by the Certified Members of the Ice Industries of the United States and Canada

WHEN YOU BUY THAT NEW REFRIGERATOR, SHOP AROUND FOR

Milk bottle compartment that slides farward, space far extra-tall bottles, raamy egg and fruit baskets swung up out af the way af shelves distinguish this well-designed ice refrigerotor

A starage tray that in its lawer pasitian will accamadate even a leg af lamb. Amang the ather features of this gas refrigeratar is a fine arrangement of hydratar and egg and fruit baskets

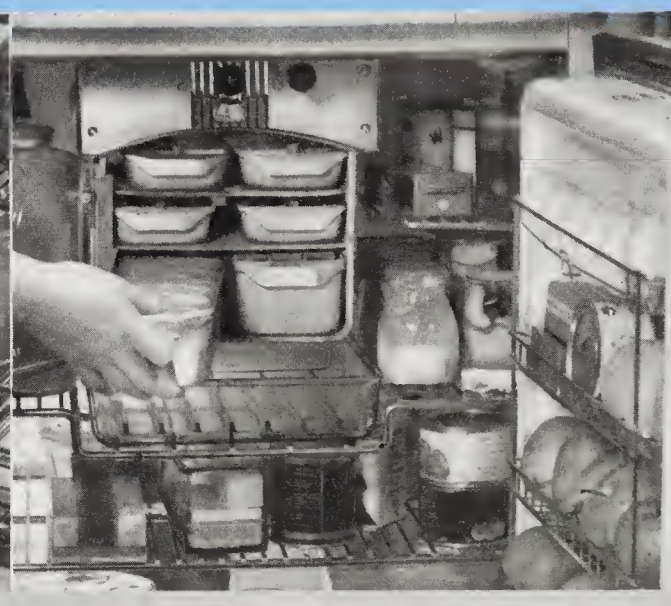


Especially designed to hald quick-frasted foods is the wide freezing tray in this electric refrigerator, which alsa baasts a law temperature meat storage campartment belaw the freezing unit

...With a dessert lovely as a picture. Sea-green honeydew melan, set off by deep green galax leaves and gleam of crystal platter. Here's how. Chill in port wine flavaring, far twa hours, one paund Bing cherries and balls cut from two kinds of melon. Cut thin slice fram ane side of haneydew melon so it will sit firmly. Arrange fruit in half melon shell and paur flavoring over it. Place on platter, decorate, chill in refrigeratar till ready to serve.

SOME OF THE NEW ARRANGEMENTS THAT PROMOTE EASE IN USE

The two-position shelf of this electric refrigerator meets such unusual needs as chilling this generous Luncheon Salad Mousse. And the full-width egg and fruit basket has movable partitions



A door with shelves provides convenient storage in the above electric refrigerator for fruit, eggs and small packages. One shelf also holds three covered glass containers for left-overs

An automatic device that releases any desired number of ice cubes is one of the excellent features of this electric refrigerator. As no warm water is needed for release, cubes are full size

For goodness sake . . .

PERHAPS we take refrigeration too much for granted. We realize that modern methods of refrigeration keep even very perishable foods like milk and meat safe for long periods, but possibly forget the many ways cold may be used to give food that extra fillip that tempts appetites jaded by the heat.

And we don't mean only desserts. Any course of any meal may be "cooked" in the refrigerator. A cold main course may be just as robust as any stew that ever simmered on a range. Take, for example, that decorative mold you see above. We call it a salad but it is full of calories as well as vitamins and all those other essentials of sound meal planning.

LUNCHEON SALAD MOUSSE

1 tablespoon gelatine
6 tablespoons cold water
6 tablespoons heavy cream
¼ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
1½ cups cold minced lamb
1½ cups cold minced ham
6 tablespoons minced sweet pickles
1½ tablespoons minced parsley
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce

Sprinkle gelatine on cold water; dissolve over hot water. Whip cream; combine with mayonnaise or salad dressing. Fold in gelatine. Add remaining ingredients. Pour into mold which has been dipped in cold water. Chill thoroughly. Unmold on lettuce. Serve with French dressing and capers. Serves 4.

Or if it's the first course that bothers you, try something like this on your delighted family. It's deceptively hot in flavor and pleasantly cool to the palate.

CRABMEAT DIABLO

2 cups tomato juice
1½ cups cooked or canned crabmeat
Few drops tabasco
1 teaspoon prepared horse-radish
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Freeze tomato juice in tray of automatic refrigerator until mushy. Mix remaining ingredients; chill. Place tomato frappé in bottom of sherbet glasses. Top with crabmeat. Serves 4.

Or possibly soup is your problem. You might try cold bortsch with sour cream, as the Russians make it. Or this delicious chilled variation of leek and potato soup, delicate in flavor but amazingly hearty.

CRÈME GLACÉ

1 leek
1 small onion
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
2 medium-sized potatoes
1 cup water
½ cup milk
½ cup light cream
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon celery salt
Few grains pepper
¼ cup heavy cream
1¼ cups tomato juice
Chopped chives

Slice white part of leek; chop onion. Cook in butter or margarine until light brown. Pare and slice potatoes; add with water to leek and onion mixture. Cover; cook slowly 35 to 40 minutes (most of the water will have evaporated). Press through fine sieve. Add milk, light cream and seasonings. Bring to boil. Let cool. Strain, add heavy cream. Chill. Combine with chilled tomato juice. Top with chives. Serves 4.

During the summer salads come close to being our national dish. The ingredients may vary with locality and supply, but the basic foundation is always the greens, kept fresh and crisp by refrigeration. As a matter of fact there is no more perfect accompaniment to any meal than a green salad, zestful with watercress and mustard, chicory and lettuce, tossed with a well-seasoned French dressing.

Refrigerator desserts, whether frozen or chilled, are always greeted with cheers. Bavarian creams are especially popular, being partyish yet easy. This one can be varied with any fruits of contrasting color.

NEAPOLITAN BAVARIAN CREAM

1½ tablespoons gelatine
¾ cup cold water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Few grains salt
9 tablespoons sugar
¾ cup chopped stewed apricots
¾ cup chopped strawberries
1 cup heavy cream

BY KATHLEEN ROBERTSON

Sprinkle gelatine on cold water; dissolve over hot water. Add lemon juice; salt. Add 4 tablespoons sugar to apricots. Add 5 tablespoons sugar to strawberries. Add an equal amount of gelatine mixture to each fruit. Whip cream; add one-half cream to apricot mixture. Pour into mold which has been rinsed in cold water. Chill. Add remaining cream to strawberry mixture. When apricot mixture is set, pour strawberry mixture on top. Chill until set. Unmold. Serve with light cream to which a little sherry flavoring has been added. Serves 8.

Just in case you feel, as most mothers do, that you can't have too many frozen dessert recipes, we're including one that's easy to make and inexpensive.

PLUM MARLOW

¼ pound marshmallows
1 cup milk
1 No. 2½ can plums
¾ cup heavy cream
Few grains salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Melt marshmallows in milk over low heat. Cool. Stone plums, remove skins; mash. Whip cream until slightly thickened. Combine cream, marshmallow mixture, plum pulp, salt, lemon juice. Freeze in tray of automatic refrigerator. Stir once when partially frozen. This recipe serves 8.

Of course you know the important role that refrigeration plays in the making of pastry, cookies and rolls, all of which may be prepared in advance and stored for future need.

Even though refrigeration is an everyday matter, some care is required in order to get the utmost out of your refrigerator. Here are a few rules as reminders. Wash inside of refrigerator weekly with washing soda and water. Wash vegetables before storing them. Remove all paper wrappings, which act as insulation against the cold air. Keep foods covered to prevent picking up of odors. Defrost automatic refrigerators when frost is ¼ inch thick on the unit; a thicker coating than that acts as insulation and increases cost of operation. Keep ice compartment and drain of ice refrigerator clean. Under no circumstances should food be kept in the ice compartment.

HOW TO BUY A REFRIGERATOR

Buy a refrigerator of amp'e size to meet all your needs. If it is electric, be sure operation is quiet, there is a minimum of vibratian, and that moving parts are sealed. If it is ice, be sure ice capacity is ample; that ice chamber is of rust-proof galvanized steel and scientifically designed for proper flow of cold air; that drain is rust-proof and non-clogging. Whether electric, gas, kerosene, or ice—be sure of rust-proof shelves; good insulatian; doar with plastic sealing strips and rubber gaskets; interior with rounded corners and stain-resistant enamel ar porcelain. For ease in use loak for adjustable and sliding shelves; narrow bar spacing, safety stops on shelves, cube and tray releases. And be sure the refrigerator is made by a well-established manufacturer.

This is Miss Clara Zillessen who contributed to this article her notable experience with refrigerator problems, gained as Advertising Manager for Philadelphia Electric Co.

JUST MARRIED

"—but I'm smart about shopping! I've found a better kind of sheet to buy . . . without asking for more money!"

Mother and Dad gave us six fine percale sheets for "best." So I went shopping for more, with the last few dollars of my allowance. . . . Went to *Blank's* first. . . .

The girl showed me a new low-cost luxury sheet—Cannon's Utility Percale. Fine, smooth and strong—but lighter in weight, saving laundry money every week!

Bob said, "Yes, my love, these new sheets are modern marvels—*but* a young lawyer's salary goes only so far." To which I replied, "Quite . . . but I'm smart, you see! . . .

They're far smoother and softer than heavy muslin sheets and give excellent wear. I bought real percale comfort at almost muslin cost . . . how do you like THAT?"

If you use and appreciate Cannon towels—you'll know why to choose Cannon sheets. *Because* they offer distinctly better values, bring you better service. There are *three* first-choice sheets which carry the Cannon name:

For comfort with economy, Cannon Muslin. For years an accepted "first" in its price-class, recognized leader for long service at low cost. Cannon Muslin is pure white in tone, even in weave, extra strong—faithful in service. It sells regularly at about $1.10.*

For luxury on a budget, discover Cannon Utility Percale. This sheet is definitely softer, smoother, stronger. In step with modern ideas and ideals of good living, and priced about $1.50* each. Percale sleep almost at muslin cost!

The finest cotton sheet made, Cannon Cambrilawn! This is the sheet that sets a new high in fabric quality. Now sold, through Cannon economies, at a price under $9* the pair in twin-size.

In brief, you can buy sheets like an expert, by using the Cannon name as your buying guide. You'll find the Cannon label now on Fine Muslin, Utility Percale and Cambrilawn.

**Prices slightly higher west of the Mississippi*

Cannon Sheets

Under the Cannon Bonner — Cannon towels, sheets and a new Cannon line: women's full-fashioned pure silk hosiery. Made by Cannon, to Cannon standards of style, service and value.

OTHERWISE KITTY SWIFT

[Beginning on page 24]

out of hand—pulled out in the hottest burst of the run and went off somewhere on his lonesome without asking permission. Then Arthur had to look over something with the M.F.H. for a few minutes and she talked to me alone—and that's where you come into it, Mrs. Worthing."

"I don't see how—"

"You will; you will. She said she'd had to stop kidding Arthur about the girl, but as a real friend of his she was getting seriously worried he might make a fool of himself; he was already talking like one. 'You know!' she told me. 'The usual man's defense—swears if he had a sister he'd be glad to have this strip-tease girl go about with her!' Told me Arthur was now making the most extravagant claims for her, had even gone so far as to say she was a friend of *yours*. Now do you see how you're in it, Mrs. Worthing?"

"No," Martha said. "I do not."

OH, YES, indeed, very much so, dear lady. You see Sally doesn't want to ask you herself, of course; but she's convinced that if you ever did know the girl it was in your social work among the lowly or—"

"What!" Martha's tone was sharp.

"Oh, don't blame me, Mrs. Worthing! You see, now that Sally's taken this motherly turn of saving Arthur from wickedness, she wanted to know of course and that's why she confided in me. I told her you hadn't mentioned knowing the girl during the time I was with you that night, and yet of course it was most astounding your being in such a place unless you had some special reason. Sally thought that if I happened to see you and could work the talk round, of course without bringing her in, so that I could casually inquire if there were any foundation for Arthur's wild statements and—"

"Yes," Martha said. "I think I now understand indeed, Mr. Carlin! You're correct in thinking I attended Miss Swift's performance for a special reason. I've known her for years and so has Arthur Whittling, naturally, as it was I who introduced them."

"What!" Chatty Carlin's eyes sparkled. "You don't mean it!"

"I'll be glad to have you tell Mrs. Pensonby Nye or anybody else," Martha went on. "'Kitty Swift' is the stage name of a most lovely girl I'm only too glad to call my friend. What's more, Mr. Carlin, if you were careful to speak only the truth when you told me just now that you saw her and Arthur Whittling under 'tender circumstances' at a lunch table—"

"Oh, dear me, yes! No doubt of it. Just after a kiss, I'm positive."

"In that case," Martha said, and she rose in anger, "I haven't a doubt that they're engaged to be married. Miss Swift isn't a girl who'd be doing that kind of thing otherwise."

"No?" He rose too, and stared, incredulous. "You don't mean to say—"

"I do mean to say!" Martha said hotly. "I've every reason to think Mr. Whittling's interest in her is as honorable as it should be if he's a gentleman; and he is one."

"Yes, of course, but—"

"He is," Martha said sternly. "My husband called the night club manager on the telephone the day after we were there and expressed a wish that Miss Swift shouldn't thereafter be obliged to remain for the dancing when her performance was over. The manager said that had already been arranged by another gentleman. Except myself, Arthur's the only person in town who knows her; so it was he. I think you can't go to Mrs. Pensonby Nye too quickly, Mr. Carlin, to tell her that this lady is indeed a friend of mine."

"I'm afraid you mean I'm to go now," the smiling young man said.

"Yes, if you please; I have an appointment. Good day, Mr. Carlin!"

"Ouch!" he murmured to himself as he got into his car at the verandah. "How many places I'm getting thrown out of nowadays!" He swung round toward the long driveway, going slowly, and had abruptly a surprise so acute that he felt his spine chili with the shock of it. In the field beyond the bordering white fence of the driveway two people were standing together, attended by a restless chestnut horse. Kitty Swift herself and of all men in the world—Pensonby Nye!

So that was why Pensonby Nye had "pulled out without permission." Was it a "date"? There was nothing in the two attitudes to betoken a chance meeting of casual acquaintances; on the contrary, there was everything that expressed intimacy and the emotional climax of a long, absorbing conversation. Mrs. Worthing had just been paying a tribute to Kitty Swift's character, speaking of her as a lovely girl, a lady; and it might very well be that Kitty Swift had once been those things. But girls from Gilded Heels, though, if they'd ever been that way, weren't likely to remain so—not very! This was too wonderful! First Arthur Whittling and now Pensonby Nye. Kitty Swift and Arthur Whittling. Kitty Swift and Pensonby Nye!

Unnoticed by the two absorbed people in the field, young Mr. Carlin drove down the driveway and turned his car toward town. He wouldn't carry this *bon-bon* to Sally immediately—not until after he'd been to the Gilded Heel. He had an inspiration to hold a lavish conversation with the manager of the night club.

THAT evening, by the fireside, George Worthing shook his head reflectively when his wife finished telling him of her afternoon. "I'm afraid you went too far, Martha, when you told Carlin you were sure Whittling and Julia are engaged. I don't think you had enough to go on for that."

"Perhaps not," she admitted. "I was so furious, though, I'd have said anything. Anyhow, I'm sure it's true."

She went on to explain her conviction that Julia and Arthur had been a long time secretly engaged, waiting better days, and informed her husband of her intention to promote Julia's happiness.

"She let the wall down today in all but one spot, George," Martha said.

A STREAMLINE BANQUET—10c

For graduation festivities. All planned from invitations and decorations right through to a program and special menu.

Send stamps to

THE MODERN HOMEMAKER, McCALL'S, DAYTON, OHIO.

"She was only reserved when we spoke of Arthur; so that means the other night she was a little afraid of me—afraid for his sake that I might be too talkative. Of all people she'd happened to run into Pensonby Nye on the way here; said she thought he was very nice—and I'm sure he is, too, if he'd only make his wife let other people's property alone!"

"Make her? The man isn't born who can make certain kinds of ladies let anything alone."

"I'd like to stick a dozen long pins into Arthur Whittling!" Martha cried. "First, for letting Julia wait and wait, eating her heart out and too devoted and too proud not always to say to him quickly and cheerfully, 'Oh, no, of course we can't be married now, dear; you mustn't think of it!' Second, I'd like to stick 'em in him for being so impressionable that any pretty woman can make him think black's white. Third, I'd like to do it for letting that woman just now be Mrs. Pensonby Nye! George, it's the most touching thing to see Julia's loyalty to him—her protecting him from anybody's thinking he could be involved in any way with 'Kitty Swift,' shunting off any reference to him and even his knowing her; that's when the wall goes up again. It came down entirely just once, though, while she was here."

"Yes? How'd you do that, Martha?"

"I didn't!" she said. "I just couldn't resist mentioning your calling up that place on her account to see she wouldn't have to dance with any more Ponzis, and then I couldn't help saying we were really pleased that Arthur'd been beforehand with us and I was glad he'd been so thoughtful. George, she blushed like a rose—she had the prettiest look! She said yes, it was like him, and you should have heard the tone of her voice and seen her eyes. Think of just a little kindness on his part being able to make such a girl look like that! I asked her to come out here and stay with us the rest of the time she's in town."

"Good enough," he said. "Is she coming?"

NO, SHE wouldn't. I laughed and asked her if she was too proud, and she laughed too; but I saw she's only willing to know us incognita, so to speak, because she thinks Arthur'd have to come here to see her and that would be more or less openly acknowledging his interest in her. That's her real reason; she's afraid he'd be embarrassed. She said it was because she was leaving so soon, day after tomorrow night, Saturday; and then I pressed her a little and found she hasn't any other professional engagement until week after next, so I asked her to spend next week with us, resting; but she wouldn't do that, either. Said no, she had to hurry off to New York to see about some new costumes; but of course that wasn't the reason. I'm sure I could see she thought it'd been a mistake coming here, on Arthur's account, and she was going to get away as soon as she could—to relieve him."

"You know," George Worthing said slowly, "I don't believe I think very much of that young man."

She shook her head, frowned and then looked compassionate. "No; but he's naturally sunny and kind and not many young men can stand being quite as attractive as he is. He's in a hard position and can't get out of it without being more ruthless than it's in Arthur's nature to be."

IN THIS analysis the acute Mrs. Worthing was accurate. Arthur couldn't bear to hurt anybody; least of all could he bear to hurt ladies who adored him, and Mrs. Nye, moreover, didn't intend to let him hurt her if she could help it. She realized now that she could be hurt indeed: the passion of jealousy that of late possessed her warned her that her feeling for Arthur was the deepest she'd ever known. Yet what could she do to make herself safe with so plastic and variable a lover.

For that matter, what could a woman do to keep her lover faithful if her foolish husband remained hopelessly devoted no matter what she did to make him otherwise? Nootie! In that ignominious attachment of his lay Sally Nye's despair of being ever able to act freely. She chafed never more bitterly than upon the morning of the day after the last hunt of the season. She spent some of her ill humor upon the middle-aged servant, Upner, when he came into her dressing-room, as she sat at breakfast there, and began to bother her with what appeared to be a stupidly unnecessary detail.

He offered for her inspection a sheet of notepaper that had been crumpled and afterward smoothed. "Looking over the trash I found this, Madam," he explained. "Mr. Nye's off on his morning ride and I thought perhaps you might wish to decide whether he'd care to have it preserved or not. The maid, Nettie, is very careless. She was doing the library and claimed this was in the wastebasket at Mr. Nye's desk; but he may have left it on his desk, intending to keep it, and then when Nettie opened the window it might have blown to the floor and Nettie just crumpled it up and brought it out with the other waste paper. She's entirely thoughtless in such matters."

"Blockhead!" Mrs. Nye said, not meaning Nettie. "Upner, have you any brains at all? What on earth do you think I care about what blows off Mr. Nye's desk?" Then she had an uncomfortable thought that made her angrier. "Are you in the habit of looking over all the torn up and crumpled papers that go out in the wastebaskets?"

"Not when they're of a private nature, of course, Madam."

"Indeed? I suppose you can tell that without examining them?"

Upner's self-respect seemed to increase. "I can only be careful to see that nothing of value is mislaid or mistakenly carried out of the house, Mrs. Nye."

"So? Then this crumpled paper you're bothering me about is valuable, is it?"

"I thought Mr. Nye might wish it kept. It seems to be of a literary turn and I—"

"What!" she cried, and impatiently took the sheet of paper from him.

Upner appeared to be right about her husband's having turned literary, though both mistress and man made the mistaken inference that the turn was recent. What Pensonby Nye had

[*Continued on page 64*]

FOR JUNE BRIDES—

The Wedding Book—15c. All the etiquette of formal and informal weddings.

Parties for the Bride—20c. Shower and announcement parties, including ideas for decorations, gifts and menus. Send stamps to

THE MODERN HOMEMAKER, McCALL'S, DAYTON, OHIO.

OUR JIMMY WAS SIX MONTHS OLD BEFORE HE GOT VEGETABLES!
DR. BAIN SAYS TO START VEGETABLES MUCH BEFORE THAT. THESE BABY FOODS OF LIBBY'S ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR TINY BABIES.

Ask your doctor when to start *your* baby on vegetables and other solid foods.

You can feed Libby's Baby Foods before strained foods . . . **LIBBY'S ARE**

EXTRA EASY TO DIGEST!

All baby foods are strained . . . but only Libby's are first strained and then HOMOGENIZED

In Special Combinations

Each tin of Libby's Baby Foods contains three or more foods—not just one—to make it easy and economical to give baby a more varied diet at each solid food feeding.

6 NOURISHING COMBINATIONS	
1	Peas, beets, asparagus tips
2	Pumpkin, tomatoes, string beans
3	Carrots, spinach, peas
4	Cereal combination—whole milk, whole wheat, soy bean meal
5	Prunes, pineapple juice, lemon juice
6	Soup—vegetables, chicken livers, barley

• Doctors call vegetables *protective* foods—they supply minerals and vitamins that babies need for rich blood, firm flesh, sound bones.

And Libby's Baby Foods are specially prepared for *tiny* babies. Mothers everywhere are starting babies on them as early as three months—*often even earlier!*

They're *different* from strained foods, these baby foods of Libby's. They can be safely fed at a younger age.

First Libby's Baby Foods are strained (like all baby foods) *and then Libby uses a second process*—special homogenization—that breaks food cells into smaller particles. Nutriment is made *extra easy for babies* to digest.

Libby's HOMOGENIZED* BABY FOODS

* An exclusive Libby process that completely breaks up cells, fibers and starch particles, and releases nutriment for easier digestion. U. S. Pat. No. 2037029.

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Address _____
City _____ *State* _____
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Tender gums like Lavoris . . . it soothes denture irritation

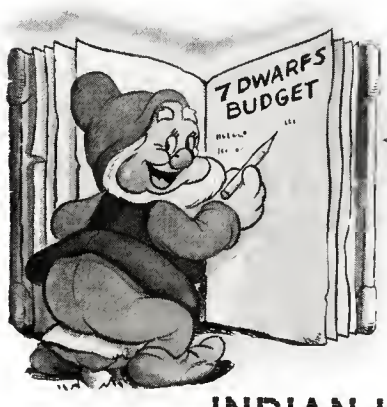
The refreshing mouthwash and gargle

INDIAN HEAD
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHEETS
are Snow White and lovely as
WALT DISNEY'S princess

You'll whistle as you work
If you sleep on sheets like these

They are smooth and silken soft
And they wash snow-white with ease

They are smoother, closer woven
Which means longer wear for you



And they're easy on your budget
For they're inexpensive, too.

INDIAN HEAD SHEETS

When you see Snow White and her Seven Dwarfs in the stores, let them remind you to stock up on Indian Head Sheets *now!* Prices are so low today you will be wise to buy for the future.

INDIAN HEAD CLOTH

Guaranteed fast colors and white, inexpensive yet remarkably long-wearing. You are being offered a substitute unless each yard has the name Indian Head on the selvage.

Nashua Blankets
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Smart new colors to harmonize with today's bedroom decorations. Soft, fluffy, warm, inexpensive and woven for longer wear. Some are extra long (7½ feet).

Send 3¢ stamp for samples of these 3 Nashua products. Nashua Mfg. Co., 44 Worth Street, New York City

buy NASHUA
FAMOUS FOR QUALITY SINCE 1823

Entire contents copyrighted 1938, Nashua Mfg. Co., Nashua, N. H.

OTHERWISE KITTY SWIFT

[Continued from page 63]

written in pencil upon one side of the paper now in his wife's hand had been an inspiration many months earlier, after he'd been standing outdoors on an August night, while his wife made gay within the house. Now she read the woeful verses.

Ah, you that move in fiery grace
To scorch my heart and eyes
With beauty burning in the night,
If I come near, it dies!

Thus am I left but half consumed
To watch you still, and lie
All withered on the darkened lawn
How cold your fire goes by!

To Sally Nye, impatient and loth to think at all of her husband, the verses meant nothing except a futile poetasting probably aided by a carafe. "So you thought this was worth bothering me with, did you, Upner?" she asked.

"There's a pencil memorandum on the other side, Madam."

She turned the sheet of paper over and saw written. "Seligcroft Hotel—tel. McKinley 7547."

Coming home at twilight from his walk with Julia, Pensonby Nye had gone to his desk at once and written this information, given him when he asked her, just as they parted, if he mightn't see her again before she went away. Then he happened to notice that he'd used the first bit of paper that came to his hand as he groped in his desk in an unlighted room, saw what was on the other side; and, not pleased to remember the single effort of his life to make his sorrows into poetry, he'd crumpled the paper, tossed it in the wastebasket. He could remember the Seligcroft Hotel very well without a memorandum. His wife also remembered it quite as well as he did. The airy Carlin had mentioned it as the scene of Arthur's lunch with Miss Kitty Swift.

She looked thoughtfully at Upner. "This paper's of no importance whatever. Why did you think it was?"

"Because sometimes things are thrown out and afterwards inquired for, Madam. I didn't want to be responsible in case."

"So?" She was skeptical, but merely told him to take away the breakfast things.

HE OBEYED, and, when he'd gone, she noticed that he'd left the sheet of paper upon the table, thus seeming to insist passively upon its significance. Why had the man brought her this? Had he guessed that Nye's poem and the memorandum of an address and a telephone number might imply something compromising to her husband? Had Upner brought the thing to her as a tentative approach, hoping perhaps that it might open a way toward something more confidential, something lucrative? If so, mightn't Upner very probably play both ends as well as one? If he tried this shot in the dark with her, wouldn't he just as hopefully go to her husband with something of hers that he guessed—or knew!—to be compromising? Very likely; but what if he did? He wouldn't be listened to, and anyhow what had she ever to fear from Nootie?

Beginning to dress for the morning, she had a thought that expressed itself in abrupt brief laughter. Why had her husband made a note of that cheap hotel? Heard something? Going to investigate and bring her the news that Arthur had lunched there with Kitty Swift? Going to show Arthur up as a delinquent side of the triangle? Comedies of the Restoration presented no funnier husband than that would make hers!

Mr. Carlin arrived, downstairs, before she finished dressing, and she murmured, "Oh, damn!" when told he was there. Then she perceived that his coming at nine in the morning had a significant eagerness. She went down the stairs with some eagerness of her own.

"Well, what about it?" she asked. "You've seen fusty Martha?"

"Yes, and she backs Arthur up; but that's nothing at all, dead news," he said excitedly. "Wait till you hear! Wait, wait, wait!" He became as voluble as a schoolgirl in dormitory confidences. What he had on his chest was too piquant, too luscious; he must tell somebody quickly or perish, and she of all the world was the one appropriate listener, qualified firstly by her marvelous sense of comedy, secondly by her legal relation to Nootie, and thirdly by her divinely humorous attitude to that extraordinary man.

"Extraordinary? Nootie?" Sally asked. "Where'd you get that idea?"

THE young man insisted. Wait till she heard! Nootie was developing, oh, developing as amazingly as unexpectedly. "It's these quiet never saynothing boys that blow up with the loudest bang when you're not looking," Mr. Carlin explained joyously. "A date! Your own meek, leashed and harnessed Nootie, on my soul I caught him in the midst of it! A date—and with whom, dear lady? Oh, yes, coming out of woods and fields far from human habitation and standing in a posture of tensity with—oh, you couldn't guess, not possibly, never!—just nobody at all except the very lady in question, Miss Kitty Swift of the Gilded Heel!"

Sally was puzzled. "What? You say you saw them? When?"

He told her; pointed out the relevance of Nye's having ridden from the hunt without explanation, and inquired what such an affair was to be called if not a "date." "But wait, still wait!" he insisted. "There's more to come and it fits in like the last piece in a picture-puzzle. Sometimes I fairly love myself!" he said.

"Don't chatter so much; get ahead if you've anything more to tell."

Undiscouraged, he made his narrative elaborate, gave details of his call upon fusty Martha and repeated with unction what she'd said of Kitty Swift and of Arthur. Sidelong, he watched Sally Nye sharply as he told her of Martha's belief that an actual engagement to marry was concerned.

"Just the woman to think so, fusty Martha!" she said. "That all?"

"Murder, no! we're coming to the cream." Fusty Martha'd told him, he said, how Arthur had interfered to make Kitty Swift's week at the Gilded Heel decenter, saved her from dancing with the Ponzis and suchlike, and so of course that did look like seriousness on Arthur's part; but just afterward, when Mr. Carlin's own eyesight had astounded him but nevertheless convinced him of Nootie's date, a new thought sprang to life. He'd driven at once to the Gilded Heel and found it locked. Returning later, he'd spent the evening, and indeed two-thirds of the night in that smelly night club—

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Guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping

RED HEART DOG FOOD

Three Flavors • Beef, Fish and Cheese

"Oh, get on, get on!" Sally Nye said. "What's all this chattering?"

"Took me all that time to get hold of your fat friend, the little dirty man," Carlin explained. The place, it appeared, was this week doing a roaring business and the little dirty man couldn't afford to pause and talk, even for real money, until after his show was over and Miss Swift departed. Then at last a substantial gift had made him confidential. No it wasn't Mr. Worthing who had actually fixed up the matter of Miss Swift's contract, annuling a certain clause in it, though he tried. Another big citizen had been beforehand. "Then I got it out of him!" Chatty Carlin cried. "Who? Darling, you'll screech! He whispered it—Mr. Pensonby Nye!"

"What?"

"Your Nootie, Sally, your Nootie! He got hold of the little dirty man first thing Tuesday morning, and did it. Man wouldn't tell me what it cost! Aren't you screeching, Sally?"

There was a gleam in her blue eye; but she wasn't screeching. She knew she'd given Carlin a treat the other day when he'd walked in during her quarrel with Arthur; she didn't intend to repeat it. "Hop home," she said. "I think you're the silliest little fellow I ever knew."

"Cheater!" Carlin thought, as he left the house. "Lets me wear myself out building a stage for her; then she won't act. Cheater!"

SALLY NYE'S feeling, when she left him, was not unlike that of His Majesty George the Fourth, great beau, when he first heard that his wife, the despised Queen, had been on a lark with a valet. Sally wanted Nye to be guilty and even more than that she wanted Kitty Swift to be guilty, so that she could be shown up to Arthur Whittling for what she was. Sally didn't need to persuade herself that Kitty Swift was a tough girl, no matter how "nice" she might have seemed when Arthur and that goose of a Worthing woman had previously known her; girls didn't lead the life Kitty Swift did in slum night clubs and stay "nice." Thus Mr. Carlin's news should have brought pure delight to the astonished grateful ear, and yet Sally's first feeling, like King George's, was a sense of being maritally insulted.

As soon as she was upstairs she went to her dressing-room and to the table where she'd left the bit of paper Upner had brought. Yes, "Seligcroft Hotel—tel. 7547" meant Kitty Swift. What did the verses mean? Impatiently, when she'd read them, Sally'd thought the lightning-bug nonsense was some sort of love complaint against herself; but now, reading again, she thought of Kitty Swift.

"Ah, you that move in fiery grace
To scorch my heart and eyes
With beauty burning in the night—"

Kitty Swift whirling on the stage of the Gilded Heel; "beauty burning in the night," afire with sparkling garnet spangles: Was that what the fool meant? What did he mean about "withering on the lawn" and "How cold your fire goes by"? Nothing simpler. The girl had been holding him off—at least for a day or two. That was good practice among the shrewder of her kind, of course.

The three items—her husband's "date" with Kitty Swift, his bribery on her behalf, and his poem—convinced Sally. Their cumulative evidence left but one conclusion: her husband wasn't trying to show up Arthur as she'd thought. She knew that ignominious husbands, no matter how slavish, usually did in time look

[*Continued on page 66*]

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CANNED SALMON FRISCO

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Asparagus and Lettuce Salad
French Dressing

Strawberry Shortcake with Whipped Cream
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The big job of any main dish is to supply *protein* for the repair of bodily tissues. Few foods compare with Canned Salmon as an abundant source of essential protein!

Canned Salmon gives you *minerals* that help build sound teeth, strong bones. Vitamins A and G; sunshine vitamin D. And iodine, which helps to prevent goitre.

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Drain, flake two 1-lb. cans of salmon, season with salt, pepper, 2 tbsps. melted butter. Place half of salmon in buttered square baking dish
Mix 1½ cups cooked, chopped macaroni with ½ cup medium-thick cream sauce, ¼ cup grated cheese, and ¼ cup chopped green pepper
Spread macaroni mixture over salmon in baking dish; add remaining salmon, and pack firmly. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) for 25 minutes
Loosen edges and turn out on a hot platter. Serve with chopped buttered beets and buttered peas and lemon wedges. Serves 6

Our greatest food from the sea

CANNED SALMON

OTHERWISE KITTY SWIFT

[Continued from page 65]

elsewhere and she'd often hoped that her own would do that; but, now it seemed he had, she was angry, hated him for it. This was because she cared deeply, as she had told Arthur, for public opinion. She wasn't going to have people saying she'd got rid of an innocent husband; on the other hand, it wasn't bearable to let them think him *able* to look aside from her. Yet if they knew the truth of the matter, she thought—that he was involving himself in a low intrigue with a night club girl—his position would be odious enough and her own admirable. Who could say then that she wasn't free to take her happiness, and right to take it—and Arthur? Most fortunate of all, here was the means to prove to Arthur the truth about the girl he'd so maddeningly defended.

With that, sincerely self-righteous, Sally was angry and glad and determined; her eyes were bright as she went to the telephone in her room. She lifted the instrument, but had a thought and didn't respond to the distant operator's question. "Darn telephones all over the house!" she whispered, thinking of Upner and perhaps others of her "staff" who might enjoy "listening-in." She didn't use that telephone; instead, she drove to the nearest suburban pay station and from there called Arthur at his club. "Won't your news wait?" he responded plaintively. "It's not ten o'clock. I'm just up and I really ought to get down to the factory for a while."

He was interrupted fiercely. "What factory? Kitty Swift? What do you want to prove to her?"

Arthur succumbed. It was the only thing he could do, he felt; and he'd send Julia some more flowers. He'd sent her some after the hunt yesterday, because he had engagements for the evening, too. Flowers every day would keep Julia thinking he was thinking of her; and, indeed, he was.

THE big box of them, from the florist's next door to the club, reached Julia not twenty minutes later, bringing new fragrance to her room and a sinking to her heart. "Does that mean I'm not going to see him today—all day?—all evening, too?—like yesterday—and I'm going away tomorrow night!" It was hard to be this near him and not see him.

She opened the envelope that came with the flowers. "Confounded meeting Furniture Co. directors," he'd written. "May keep me hours and hours. Hope to call you sometime in the afternoon—maybe we could dine together. A.W."

Food Tricks for Spring

Sandwich Secrets—10c. For picnics and back yard supper parties.

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"Hope to call you," she thought. If he could only "hope to" telephone to her, the chance that maybe they could dine together seemed small and dim. Someone else could do more than hope to call her, as it happened; and she was still staring at Arthur's card when the bell clattered.

"It's Pensonby Nye," the voice said. "Am I interrupting anything or disturbing you in any way? . . . Then I'm trying to take you up on what you said yesterday afternoon—your willingness to see me again before you leave here. Can you—this morning? . . . Thank you. Would you mind coming out to the country, not far from where we happened to meet yesterday? . . . Very well. After you leave the 'bus follow the same path you did yesterday. I'll meet you when you get about halfway to where you ran into the hunt. That'll be soon after eleven . . . Thank you."

JULIA wasn't glad to be going to meet this fellow-slave, but she felt a sharp compassion for Mrs. Nye's husband and liked him; she went willingly. When they met, she shook hands with him quickly. "Here I am!"

He was businesslike. "The ground's still hard—if you don't mind crossing a field or two," he said, turning northward at once; and she went with him. "It's just beyond that grove yonder. I'm taking you to the Hunt Club. I couldn't think of any better place. I have a car coming to take you back to town, and when the hunting season's over, as it is now, nobody ever comes near the clubhouse until afternoon. I thought I'd better not come to your hotel, as this is a talking town and I'm a married man. I mustn't risk compromising you."

"Me?" she said, and laughed. "It's you that run all the risk. If you're once seen with Kitty Swift—"

"No," he interrupted. "You're Miss Monroe." He spoke authoritatively, and she didn't argue. They climbed a rail fence, crossed a field, passed through a grove of tall old trees and came into an open broad yard where stood a neat, green-shuttered old farmhouse. "This is the club," Nye said. "At this time of day there'll be nobody about at all."

He opened the front door; they entered a large room, remodeled into a club lounge. Nye crossed the room, opened a door in the farther wall. "We'll go in here," he said. "It's pleasanter, anyhow." They went into a comfortable little room where there were easy-chairs and a coal fire burning in the grate. Julia sat down by the fire. He stood and warmed his hands for some moments, then spoke abruptly. "Of course I know why you came, Miss Monroe."

"Yes," she murmured.

"You want to be sure about Whittling," he said. "You can't be sure how much he cares about you until you know how much he cares about my wife. That depends on what you mean by 'caring.' I know what you mean by it if you apply it to yourself, Miss Monroe. Then it means the man's your angel even if he comes to be a fallen one; but if you're using the word about Whittling's feeling for my wife I don't think it has that foolish generosity. I think he's the kind of young man easily fascinated by having a fascinating woman in love with him; and she is in love with him. That's what you've got to face—and you can face it."

"Can I?"

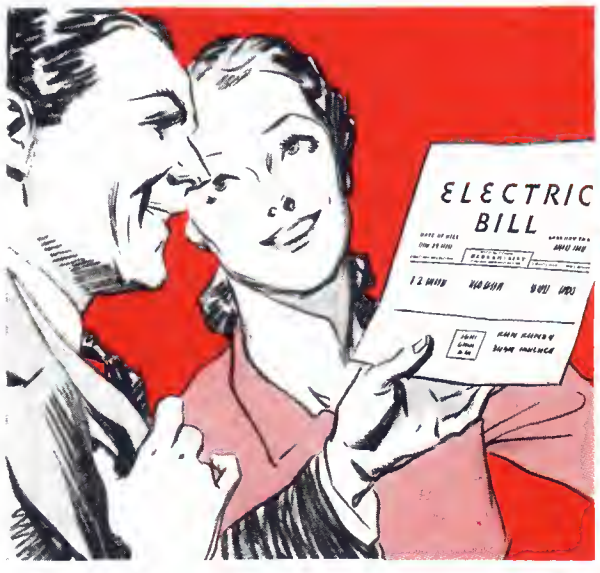
"Yes," he said. "Put you at a fence and you take it. An underbred strain in horses or human beings make 'em quit. You haven't got a hint of it. I knew that Monday night by the

[Continued on page 68]

I KISSED A SPOOK GOOD-BYE

AND FELL IN LOVE IN THE KITCHEN!

THE QUICK HEAT of the new electric ranges banished an old notion that had haunted me . . . the ancient idea that electric cooking is slow. These new electric ranges are incredibly fast. You can feel the surge of *cooking* heat the instant you flip the switch. And they . . .



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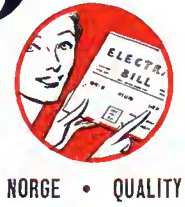
FAST **CLEAN** **LOW-COST**  **COOKING**

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GELATIN SALAD WITH PINEAPPLE (above)
Garnish any fruit gelatin salad with chilled half slices of Pineapple. Serve with a dressing of one cup mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing, four tablespoons whipped cream and two or three tablespoons of the Pineapple syrup.
ICE CREAM WITH PINEAPPLE SAUCE (below)
For individual sundaes served at the table, scoop ice cream into a well-chilled dish. As served, top each scoop with Crushed Pineapple; or 1 cup Crushed, 2 tablespoons grenadine and 3 mint leaves chopped very fine.
Advance Showing of Summer Foods
-TRIMMED WITH PINEAPPLE!

As you "dress your table for summer," remember the host of simple, refreshing combinations with Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

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—a fruit cocktail of Pineapple Tidbits, fresh raspberries or strawberries, sprinkled with sugar and minced mint leaves, chilled well.

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Oblong shaped pieces...about 1 to 1½ in. long

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OTHERWISE KITTY SWIFT

[Continued from page 66]

hearty way you went at your work. There were my wife and Whittling right under your eyes, plain as day. You saw it and didn't flinch from your job. We're so placed that we ought to be of use to each other, and if we fail it'll be my fault, because I'm not so clean bred as you."

"Why do you say that?"

He laughed and for a moment straightened his shoulders. "I've taken to stooping this last year or so. The truth is I'm getting a little bit whipped. I've got a job of my own; but I don't stick to it as you do to yours. I'm an engineer and I like the work. Until I fell in love with Sally I cared more about it than about anything else in the world. Yesterday you couldn't tell me how to get my wife back; but today perhaps you can tell me how to get back to my work. You keep at your own, so you ought to be able to tell me that."

"I can," Julia said. "Need to eat, Mr. Nye."

HE LAUGHED. "I'm afraid Sally'd have to need to eat, because as long as she doesn't I'd still be following her, starving. Last time I got back seriously to my office she decided on Egypt. Summers in England had been pleasant, too; but if you leave your office from three to five months every now and then, what becomes of your work? For the last few years when she hasn't wanted to go away, it's usually been because she was excited about somebody here, and how do you concentrate with that going on? Yes, I'm afraid I've been getting a little bit whipped. I wouldn't be talking this way even to you if I weren't."

"You can talk to me any way you like," Julia told him quickly. "I'll talk to you that way, too. About work, Mr. Nye, you needn't lose any self-respect because you're not doing yours. I do mine because I've got to. You'd like to do yours; but you can't because your wife needs your protection. Arthur doesn't need my protection—"

Nye interrupted. "But you wish he did."

"Yes—I'd change places with you." She looked into the fire. "Being willing to change places isn't getting us anywhere very fast, is it? It'll be a pity if we can't be any use to each other, Mr. Nye."

"Yesterday," he reminded her, "you said we were—a little."

"Yes, I know. It's true, too." She looked up at him again, more brightly. "Would this be the right picture of you and me? I see two sailors fallen into the sea in mid-ocean from two different ships that have sailed on out of sight, while the two sailors, miles apart, keep on swimming, still alive but that's all. Finally by chance they come in sight of each other, so they swim toward each other; and then they'd swim along together, wouldn't they? They couldn't help each other; but at least they'd be a little brightened up by knowing the ocean wasn't empty, wouldn't they?"

"Yes," Nye said. "Until one became exhausted and the other tried to help him; then they'd both drown—probably still a little brightened up by drowning in company. That's our best help for each other, is it?"

"Yes, for each other," she answered. "We seem to be the two crumbling sides of a quadrangle, Mr. Nye. The other two sides might be better off if we crumbled entirely."

"Better off? Would they?"

"Don't you think so?" she asked in a low voice. "I told you Arthur Whittling cares for me—some; but the poor boy's really ashamed of me, afraid my present occupation would disgrace him a little if he acknowledged me, and more afraid of your wife." She looked up at him with steady eyes. "Really, wouldn't they both be much more comfortable if you and I were dead? I'm not proposing a suicide compact, Mr. Nye."

"Aren't you? Then what—"

"I'm thinking of the two sailors again," she said. "If they both just quietly drowned without anybody's feeling responsible for it or having a troubled conscience afterward or—"

"Yes?" he asked brusquely. "Just how do we avoid suicide and yet drown neatly, Miss Monroe?"

"I don't know." Her hands had been clasped about one knee; she opened them, palm outward in a gesture of helplessness, and smiled. "If ever I can think how, I'll tell you."

"And if I can think how I'll tell you. Ah, me!" he murmured. "Well, I didn't get you out here for anything more definite than this, I'm afraid. At least we've come to an agreement; we're going to drown. As things are, we know that if one of us drowns, the other does, too; so it might as well be in company, and each of us promises that if he can think of the best way to arrange it he'll tell the other. Not much time for that, have we, if you're leaving tomorrow night."

"No— I—" She frowned, sat straight in her chair, listening. Preoccupied with what she and Nye were sorrowfully thinking and saying, she had been only half aware of a sound outside the door; but now it became distinguishable as the murmur of voices in talk. Nye's eyes followed her glance toward the doorway.

"Whoever they are, they won't stay long," he said. "Your car's there; but we won't go till they've gone."

THEN there was silence, except for the adjacent murmuring to which for that time they paid little attention. She leaned back in her chair again, thoughtful with downcast eyes, and he, with his elbow upon the mantelpiece, looked into the fire.

But suddenly Julia sprang up, and he swung away from the fire, faced the door. His wife's voice was suddenly loud and sharp in their ears. "*No!* It's too much! You're too dumb to live! There's his crazy poem, there's her address and telephone—there's the date they made and kept together, and there's his breaking out and dancing with her in the first place, and, more than all, there's his going down there the next day and spending goodness knows what to keep her from dancing with his rival and yours, Arthur—Mr. Ponzi!"

[*Continued on page 74*]

SUMMER PARTIES—15c

Six complete affairs—suitable for outdoors; also useful as money-making parties. Complete with interesting menus. Send stamps to

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How THOUSANDS of Children have GAINED WEIGHT...

Reports from mothers Everywhere show how one Food-Beverage has built up Underweight and Nervous Children

Helps supply "MISSING LINKS" *in the diet!*

IT is astonishing how quickly many children put on weight when Ovaltine is added to their diet.

One mother writes: "*My little girl, 10 years old, was very 'picky' about her eating. . . . I heard so much about Ovaltine I decided to try it. In a little over 3 weeks she gained 7 lbs.*" This is a large gain, but thousands of other mothers report satisfactory results.

A test was recently conducted on a group of eleven boys. The group as a whole had not shown any appreciable gain for three weeks. Then, when Ovaltine was added to the diet, every one of them gained—*the average gain was over 2½ lbs. per boy for an 8-week period.*

What is back of these exceptional results? . . .

Here is one of the reasons: Many children suffer from "MISSING LINKS" in their diet. No matter how careful you are in selecting food you can't always be sure your child is getting *all* the vitamins, minerals and other things needed. As a result of these "Missing Links" a child is likely to lose his taste for meals . . . his hunger lags . . . he fails to gain . . . *Underweight and nervousness often follow.*

How Ovaltine helps

To combat these troubles mothers everywhere are turning to Ovaltine. Ovaltine helps supply certain missing links in the diet.

For example, it contains four important Vitamins (*A, B, D and G*). It supplies minerals (*including calcium, phosphorus, iron*). It contains Lipoids, Carbohydrates, Proteins . . . *thirty-one food-factors in all, for the growing, active child!*

In addition, it is very easy to digest, very nourishing. Supplies an element that gets into the blood almost at once. It helps to digest starchy foods (like bread and potatoes) in a child's stomach, thus speeding up digestion and helping hunger to return sooner. *It also makes milk more digestible.*

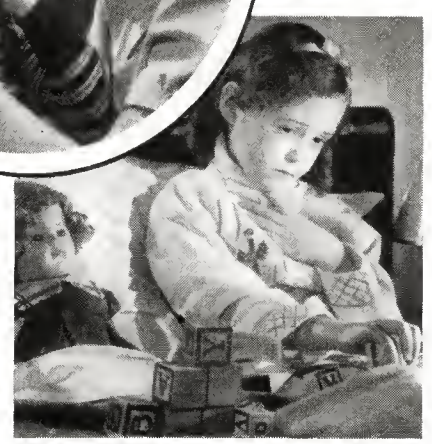
To be brief about it, Ovaltine is a "protective" food. It not only supplies many elements children need but enables them to get more good out of their meals. . . . That is why so many children show such remarkable gains in weight when Ovaltine is added to their diet. It also explains why they so often get over their nervousness (underweight and nervousness frequently go hand-in-hand).

Ovaltine is beneficial for any growing child, even one who appears healthy.

So give it to your children often. See if they don't "pick up." Substantial weight-gains are usually noticeable in from 4 to 5 weeks.

Start today! Children love Ovaltine. Get a large-size can at any grocery or drug store.

(ABOVE) When a child isn't hungry it may be because she is not getting enough of certain vitamins, minerals or other needed food-factors.



(ABOVE) Nervousness is another frequent indication of "Missing Links" in the diet of a child.

(RIGHT) Frequent sick spells may come from the same underlying cause... *Read the facts at left...*

Ovaltine was originated over 40 years ago. Supplies nourishment needed by young and old. It is a restorative food, excellent for convalescents, the aged, expectant and nursing mothers. When taken at bedtime it is a distinct aid to normal, restful sleep. Approved by doctors. Used in hospitals. *Used in 57 countries!*

CONTAINS 31 FOOD-FACTORS:—

Ovaltine supplies the body with 4 important Vitamins—minerals such as Calcium, Phosphorus, Iron—*and other food elements*.. Nourishing, easy to digest. Helps to digest starches. Makes milk easier to digest.

Calcium, Phosphorus and Vitamin D are specially needed for strong bones—straight legs—sound teeth.

. . . Carbohydrates and Lipoids in Ovaltine help give quick energy!

(LEFT) The "good" proteins in Ovaltine help build firm muscles and tissue. They "*stick to the ribs.*" Ovaltine is exceptionally rich in excellent proteins.

SPECIAL OFFER Send in for an ORPHAN ANNIE "SHAKE-UP" MUG for making cold Ovaltine. *Children like to have their own shaker so they can shake up the Ovaltine themselves!* Contains pictures of Orphan Annie and Sandy. Just send 10c, with seal from o can of Ovaltine. (*Coupon ot right.*)

OVALTINE

—for the GROWING CHILD

Copr. 1938, The Wander Company

MAIL COUPON TODAY

To **OVALTINE, Dept. C8-Mc-6**
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

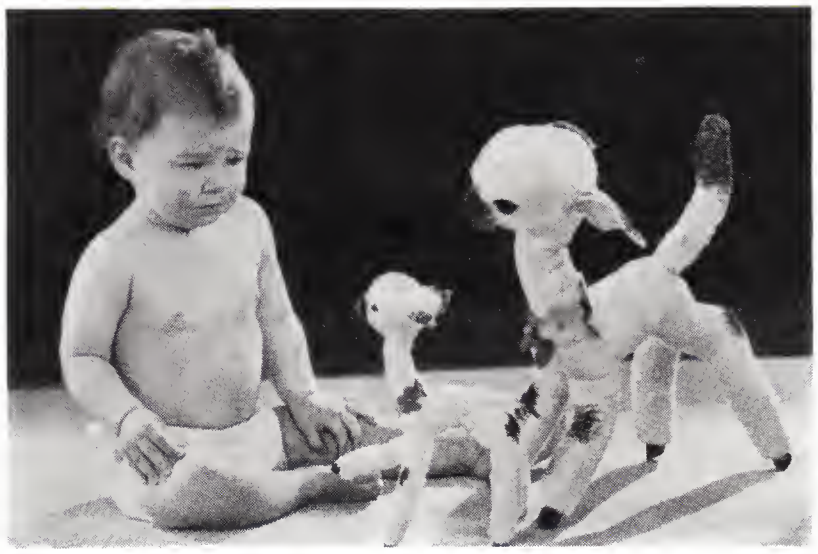
Please send me Orphon Annie "Shoke-up" Mug. I enclose 10c, wrapped in thin oluminum seal from under the lid of an Ovoltine can. (*10c is to cover handling and mailing.*)

Name.....

Address.....

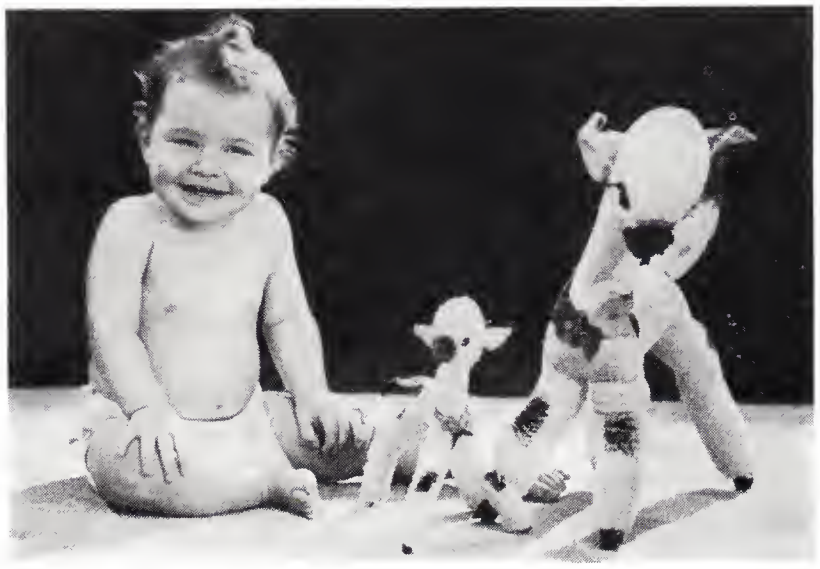
Town.....

State.....



• *"You poor baby lamb! Still got on long woolen underwear! And your mother says she can't help it, you have to wear it. Dear—dear! You'd think you were a black sheep, the way they treat you!"*

• *"Wait—see that beautiful woman over there in the apron? Well, that's my mother! You only have to mention in her hearing that you're somewhat hot and sticky, and she reaches for the Johnson's Baby Powder..."*



• *"Next thing you know, something soft and downy goes tickle-tickle down your back—whee-ee! After that, you can say phooey to rashes and chafes and prickly heat, and play Run, Sheep, Run with the best of them!"*

• *"Did you ever notice how smooth Johnson's Baby Powder is? That must be why it keeps my skin just perfect!" Perfect skin condition is a baby's best protection against skin infections. Mothers. So guard your baby's skin with Johnson's Baby Powder, the kind that's made of finest imported talc—no orris-root... Also important for the bath-basket: Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, and Baby Oil for tiny babies. This new oil is safe and soothing, stainless, and cannot turn rancid.*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

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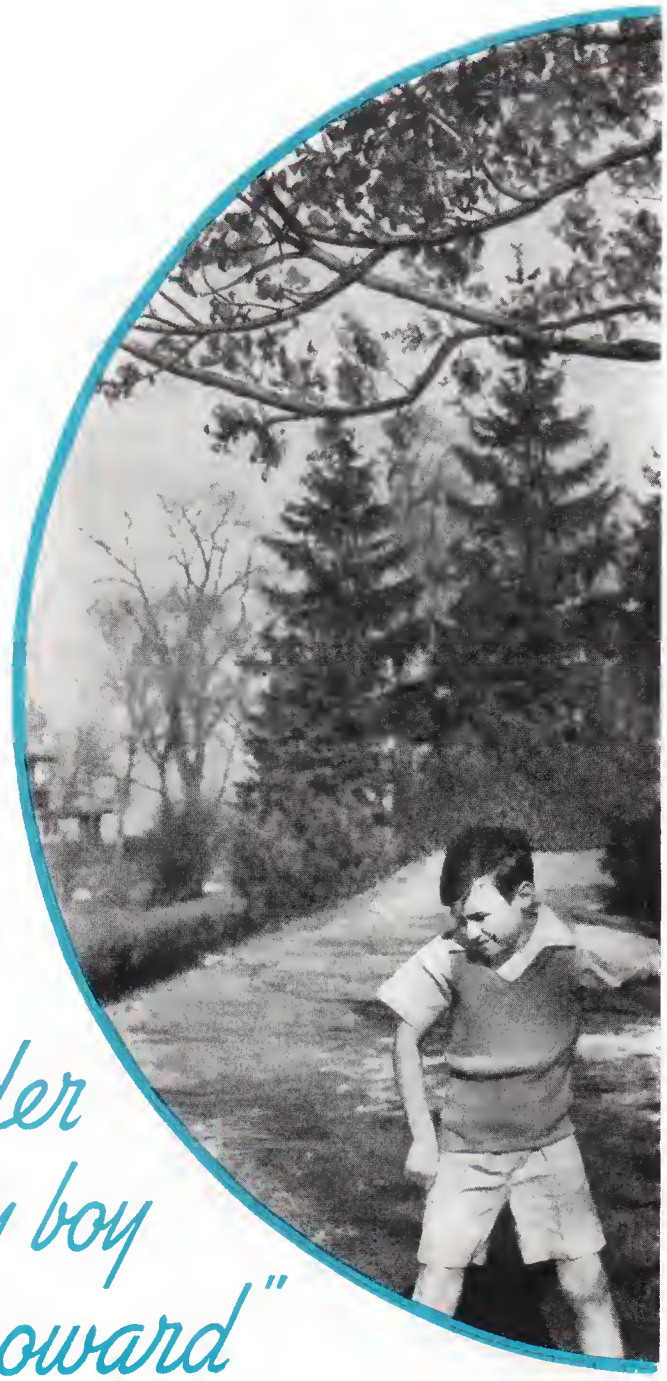


"I wonder if my boy is a coward"

YES, Tommy *is* afraid. Not just of one thing but of many. He's afraid of the dark; he will hardly go into a dimly lighted basement, or even reach into a dark closet for his coat. At night he fights against having the light in his room turned off. Tommy is afraid of heights. If he climbs trees at all they are easy ones.

And many times, as the picture above shows, no amount of persuading will even get him to try.

But the small series of pictures demonstrates how one wise father helped his boy. He went with him, on a really steep climb, but the emphasis was placed on the fun of cooking a meal out-of-doors, and the excitement of finding the fossils.

Tommy conquered the climb without realizing it. And that gave him courage to try it again.

But fathers and mothers who worry, and are ashamed of a child's timidity should realize that all children have fears. For instance, the fear of darkness is natural. It is inherited probably from our cavemen ancestors who could see, hear and smell less than the other animals.

Don't allow criticism or anxiety to creep into your attitude toward your child. Make him realize that, while fear is real and natural, it is something that can be overcome.

Tommy, and all the children like him, need to feel secure. So when medical treatment must be given, let him know in advance the pain or hurt to be expected; make him understand that for the fun of climbing trees there is little *real* danger, but once in a while some skin will be scraped off or there will be a bump. Then, if your child should be hurt, don't be the sort of parent who says, "Big boys don't cry." Give him sympathetic but not effusive attention.

Encourage the child to enter situations where his fears will be overcome, but don't push him into them. Accompany him, as Tommy's father did on his climb. Presently the child will have courage to try things by himself.

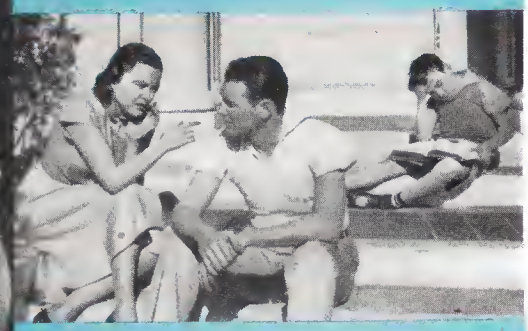
There must be a fine balance between adequate praise for real accomplishment and a sort of hysterical flattery which the child will recognize as false. Remember that in learning to swim, neither pushing him out of the boat nor keeping him away from the water will do the trick. There must be a slow build-up of confidence through step by step training, and through it the child must be sure of his parents' confidence and affection.

BY GEORGE D. STODDARD, Ph. D.

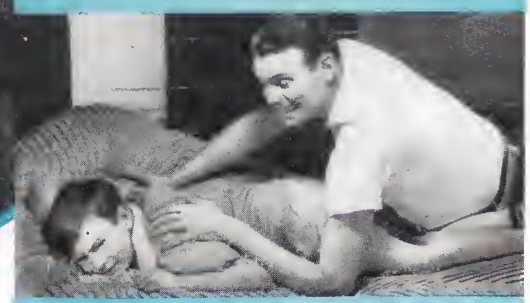
YOUR BABY — HIS EQUIPMENT — 10c. For series of 5 leaflets on baby care and feeding, send 50c; ask for "YOUR BABY." Address Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton, O.

FATHER: "Go on Tommy—you're as big as those other kids. What makes you afraid of climbing a tree? Be a sport. Don't let them show you up for a coward."

TRY IT THIS WAY—

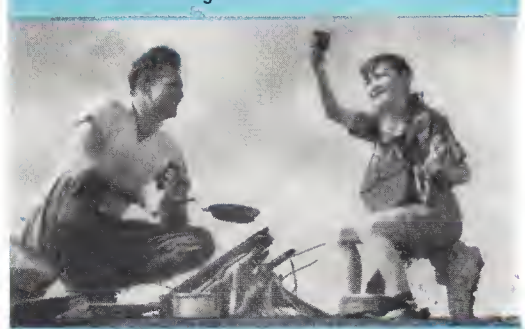


MOTHER: "Dick, Tommy says he hates the children at school, and won't play with them. Why he's even beginning to hate school."
FATHER: "I know—They think he's a sissy."



FATHER: "Say son, I've got Saturday off. Want to go fossil hunting?"
TOMMY: "I'll go with you, but I won't go with any of those kids."

TOMMY: "Hey, Dad, we're at the top, and I'm just starved."
FATHER: "O.K. son, let's cook our lunch and see what we've got."



TOMMY: "Say Dad, I'm going to take these fossils to school for the Science room. And I'm going to bring some of the kids up here next Saturday—the ones that can climb it, anyway."

Gerald Wright at 4 months

Somebody's coming with a bowl and a spoon. Jerry knows what that means—he's been having Clapp's Baby Cereal for a month. He's one of the small citizens of a New Jersey community who is contributing pictures and growth records to a study of infant feeding. Clapp's Strained Vegetables will go on his diet list soon.

Gerald Wright at 8 months

Jerry's mother doesn't have a worry except that his blond hair won't lie down. For he's growing steadily and putting on some good solid pounds. Besides Clapp's Vegetables, Jerry has been having Clapp's Strained Soups and Strained Fruits lately. Smooth, finely strained, but not too liquid—these foods have the exact texture that doctors approve.

Gerald's husky at 11 months

Vitamin-rich Clapp's Foods, pressure-cooked to hold in food value, have built Jerry into a hefty little rascal, weighing 23 pounds. His steady progress is typical of all the Clapp-fed babies in the test. And so is his freedom from food dislikes. Clapp's Foods really do taste better!

how he got his headstart....

16 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Baby Foods—Baby Soup Strained or Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Beef Broth, Liver Soup; Apricots, Prunes, Apple Sauce; Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Green Beans; Baby Cereal.

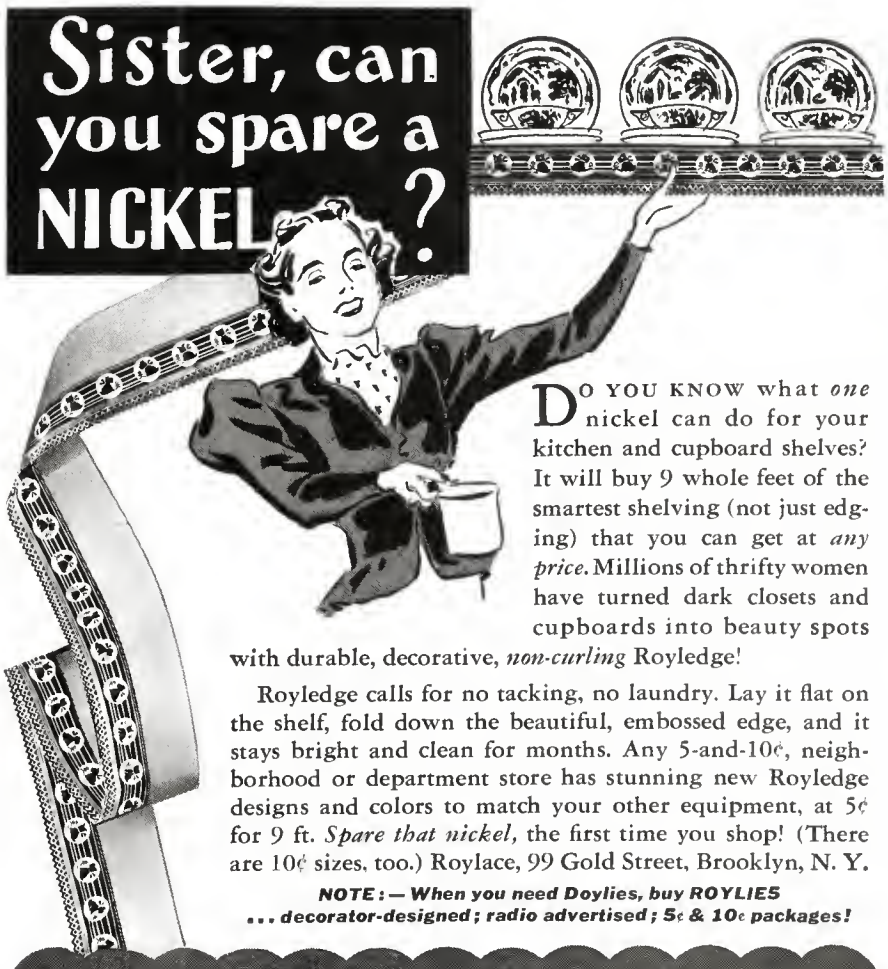
FREE BOOKLET! Photographs and records of 12 Clapp-fed babies—and valuable feeding information. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. ESE 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

NEW! . . . for young children
Clapp's *Chopped* Foods

Doctors asked for them...even-textured foods with all the advantages of Clapp's Strained Foods, but more coarsely divided. At grocers' now—remember them when your baby outgrows Clapp's Strained Foods.

Clapp's Strained Baby Foods

Sister, can you spare a NICKEL ?



DO YOU KNOW what *one* nickel can do for your kitchen and cupboard shelves? It will buy 9 whole feet of the smartest shelving (not just edging) that you can get at *any price.* Millions of thrifty women have turned dark closets and cupboards into beauty spots with durable, decorative, *non-curling* Royledge!

Royledge calls for no tacking, no laundry. Lay it flat on the shelf, fold down the beautiful, embossed edge, and it stays bright and clean for months. Any 5-and-10¢, neighborhood or department store has stunning new Royledge designs and colors to match your other equipment, at 5¢ for 9 ft. *Spare that nickel,* the first time you shop! (There are 10¢ sizes, too.) Roylace, 99 Gold Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE:— When you need Doylies, buy ROYLIES ... decorator-designed; radio advertised; 5¢ & 10¢ packages!

9 FT. 5¢ "FEEL THE EDGE"

Royledge

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SHELVING

Quick Henry the FLIT!

KILL MOTHS · ANTS ROACHES · BEDBUGS

The Yellow Can with the Black Band

COPR. 1938. STANCO INC.

A bath towel leads

Mary Davis Gillies goes shopping with Mrs. David C. Dunn of Meadville, Penna.

"Read the label,"

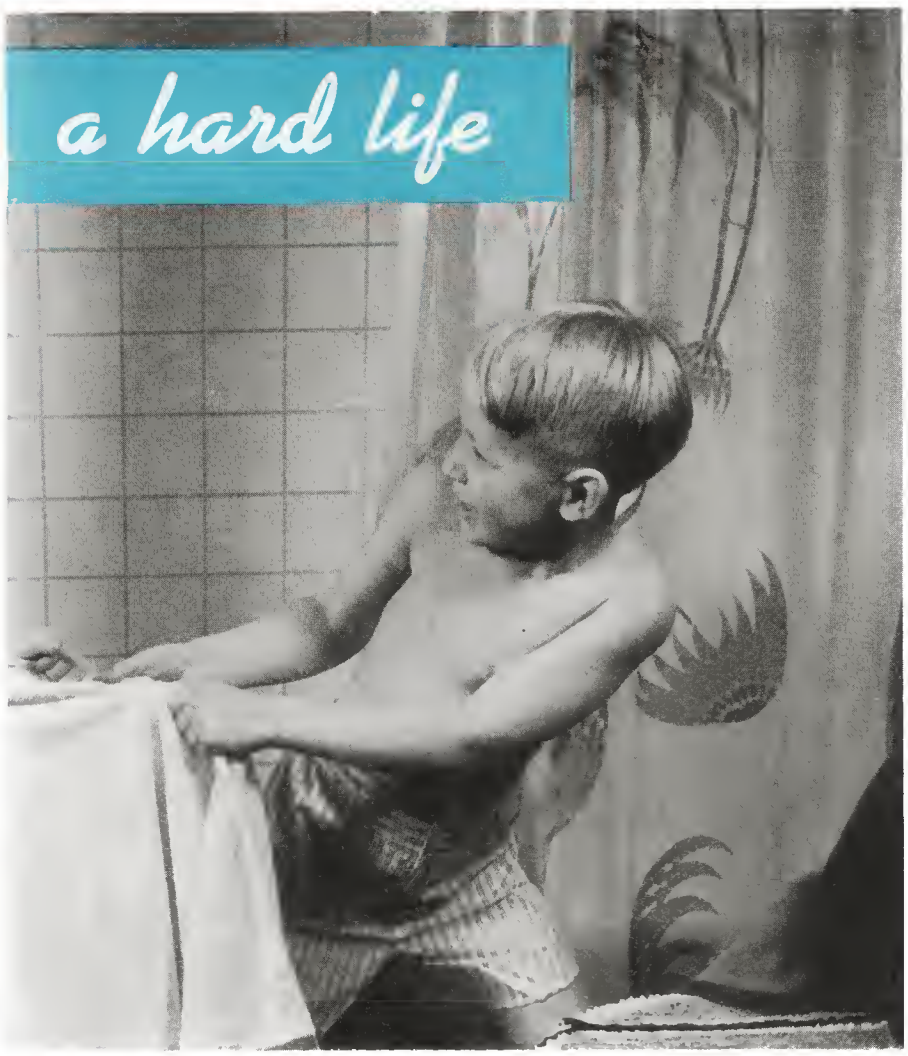
advises Mrs. Gillies, as she and Mrs. Dunn select towels. A manufocturer, who is praud of his praduct and expects to stand back of it, attoches his nome.

Buy assorted sizes

"You've dane right by me at lost," laughs Dr. Dunn as he tries aut the new bath sheets bought for his exclusive use. In the package are medium sizes for the children and standord sizes for generol use.

Check the selvage

"These new both towels do wash nicely, Mrs. Dunn," says Olivio as she tokes down the washing. Mrs. Dunn knaws they will even stand o tug-of-war, as the selvages and weave beneath the nop are firm.



I CAN'T promise bath towels an easy life in my house with four active growing children," said Mrs. Dunn. "So I must have towels that wear."

"Then hold the towel to the light, pull it between the thumbs and shake it. Next examine the selvage and the hems. These are four simple tests that may be applied in the store," suggests Mrs. Gillies.

Hold it to the light. The weave under the nap is the backbone of the towel, so hold the towel up to a strong light. You should see only tiny pinholes of light. There should be no streaks or gaps of light showing through the looped nap or underweave.

Pull it between the thumbs. Next, part the nap and scratch the towel along a lengthwise thread. There should be almost no slippage. Then press the two thumbs about an inch apart on the surface of the towel, and pull straight out, first the warp way, then the filling way. If the towel is sleazy, you will feel an instant "give."

Shake it. If it is firmly woven, the towel will give a dull sound. If it is thin, it will snap.

Examine the selvage. As you know, bath towels tear first at the hems or selvage. They must be tightly woven, and all the filling threads, running across the towel, should be firmly wrapped around the outside warp threads, which run the length of the towel. Low-priced towels are often woven on wide looms, then cut apart lengthwise. This edge may be lock-stitched or hemmed. Neither finish is as satisfactory as the wrapped selvage. The ends of the towel should have smoothly folded and stitched hems with no ragged ends showing.

Absorption is also important. To fill its role adequately, a bath towel must take up water quickly. This is the job of the pile. The more fluffy, loosely twisted pile loops there are, the more it will absorb. However, from the standpoint of wear, the loops should be about an eighth of an inch long and of regular length. Some prefer the softness of a long, looped pile; and men often like a tightly twisted pile.

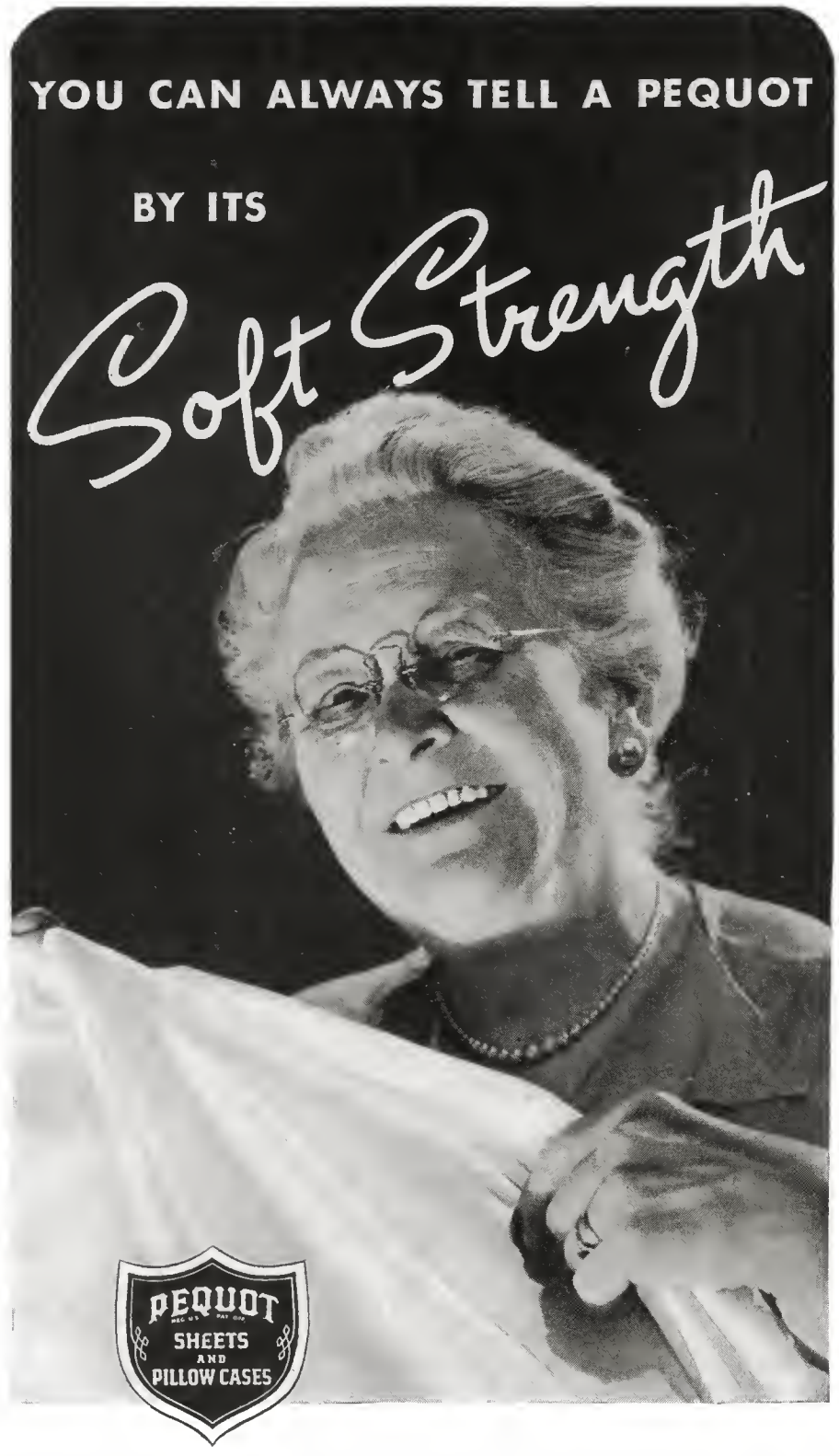
Incidentally, white towels are more absorbent than colored ones, and the absorption decreases as the color grows darker.

A size for every need. It saves on laundry and the pocketbook to get several sizes. Men like huge bath sheets, children medium sizes, and for the average adult the standard size is advisable. Many prefer terry face and hand towels, which do not look tumbled after use. Here are approximate sizes.

Bath Sheets	Standard	Medium
36 x 72	22 x 44	20 x 40
Large		Face & Hand
32 x 64		18 x 36
to		16 x 28
24 x 48		15 x 27

The care of towels. Clip loose ends, do not pull them. Wash before badly soiled and rest them between washings. Shake, but do not iron.

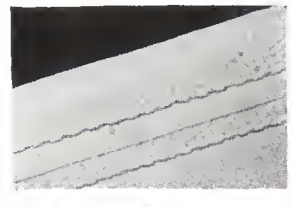
McCall's Magazine identifies its articles on buying helps with this symbol. Wherever it is shown, you'll find "how-to-buy" tips that give you the best value for your money.



JUST ASK any shrewd, experienced housewife. She'll tell you she can pick out a Pequot with her eyes shut. New or old, a Pequot always has the distinctive Pequot "feel"—a unique *soft strength.*

Let your own fingers discover Pequot's soft strength. Notice how smooth and caressing it is—yet how firm and substantial! You can feel extra comfort, extra wear. There's wisdom in your fingertips. Scientific laboratories confirm their choice. The experience of four generations of housewives confirms it, too. Pequot not only tests stronger, but actually wears longer! Buy Pequot, try Pequot, and you'll know *why* Pequot is the most popular sheet in America!

Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.



DOUBLE TAPE SELVAGES. Exclusive with Pequot, these reinforcements make Pequot sheets extra strong.

TABS. Distinctive permanent projecting tabs tell you the size of every Pequot sheet on your linen shelf!

PEQUOT
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES
Every PEQUOT SHEET and PILLOW CASE
GUARANTEED
U. S. GOVERNMENT
FACTS ABOUT PEQUOT
1. HEAVY MUSLIN
2. RETAINS WHITENESS
3. DOUBLE TAPE SELVAGES
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5. PATENTED SIZE INDEX TABS
There is only ONE grade of Pequot heavy muslin sold only under the Pequot shield trade-mark.

PRINTED GUARANTEE. On every Pequot sheet is the famous shield-shaped label, and an explicit guarantee.

PEQUOT *Sheets and Pillow Cases*

HIGH SPEED, LOW COST, SURE RESULTS— COMBINED AS NEVER BEFORE!

FRIGIDAIRE Electric Range

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE

Combines all these features for High Speed, Low Cost, Sure Results!

All "Speed-Heat" Cooking Units!

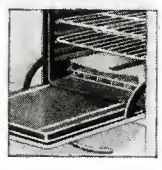
In every model, regardless of price! Each with 3 heating speeds—including exclusive "Low-Low" heat Uses ⅓ less current than ordinary units to maintain cooking temperatures. Fully enclosed.

"Thermizer" Cooker!

Cooks a whole meal—meat, potatoes, vegetables, dessert—all at one time, for less than 2c!

New "Even-Heat" Oven!

In every model, regardless of price! Ends all baking worries. "Evenizer" Heat Distributor, automatic controls, skilfully designed heating units—assure amazing results every time!



HYDRAULIC OVEN HEAT CONTROL
SMOKELESS BROILER
WARMING DRAWER "TIME-SIGNAL"
"COOK-MASTER" AUTOMATIC CONTROL
NON-TILT SLIDING SHELVES
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COOKING TOP LAMP CONDIMENT SET
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ARMORED WIRING
1-PIECE PORCELAIN CABINET
1-PIECE STAIN-RESISTING TOP

See how Frigidaire Bakes this

MAGIC OVEN MEAL

Automatically . . . All at One Time . . . Without Attention

BAKED HAM
BAKED BEANS BAKED APPLES

Put them all in Frigidaire's New Oversize Oven—set the controls—leave for the day—and presto! When you return, the whole meal is ready! SEE HOW . . . AT YOUR FRIGIDAIRE DEALER'S.

● Here, at last, is the range that gives *every* worthwhile cooking and baking advantage . . . sacrifices none! High speed? Yes—but not at a sacrifice of economy. Low cost? Yes—but not at a sacrifice of high speed or sure results. You get *all* these advantages—high speed, low cost, sure results—combined as never before!

Check the long list of advanced cooking and baking features offered by Frigidaire! They are yours to enjoy in all cooking, baking, roasting, broiling! With them it is easier, cleaner, cooler than ever before to prepare the most delicious meals you ever tasted! And remember: Unless you get every one of these Frigidaire advantages in the range you buy, you'll not be getting full value for your money. So, see your Frigidaire Dealer, before buying *any* range! Frigidaire Division, General Motors Sales Corporation, Dayton, O.

GM FRIGIDAIRE MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

"I DID IT MYSELF"

Decorating ideas that other women have tried

"I made lovely curtains of unbleached muslin finished with a fringe of four-ply grocery string, which was knotted into the hems. Allow about 6 inches to each curtain for shrinkage. Wash, but do not iron—the crinkled effect softens the texture."—Mrs. Nora Miller, Commerce, Texas.

"I converted an old bureau into a nursery chest by cutting off the legs to bring the drawers within the children's reach. I painted it, then screwed on small alphabet blocks for knobs, and stencilled a gay little figure at the center of each drawer." —Mrs. Gayle Mott, Emporia, Kansas.

"I framed a square of printed linen to look like an antique flower canvas. This is how to do it: Stretch the material on a table over a large sheet of blotting paper and apply 2 coats of shellac. Frame in 3-inch boards, edged with half-round molding."—Mrs. Walter Winsby, Vancouver, B.C.

What have you done?

Send in your original decorating ideas. We will pay $2.00 for each idea published. No material can be returned.

If you or your club would like to study interior decoration in 12 easy lessons, subscribe to McCall's Course in Home Decoration—$5.00. Or send a stamped envelope for outline. Address The Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton, O.

OTHERWISE KITTY SWIFT

[Continued from page 68]

Even in that startled instant Julia's hand went to her heart in a gesture of tragic loss. It wasn't Arthur, then, who'd done it. Even that was gone.

Arthur's voice was heard, urgent in emergency. "Please, Sally, please! Somebody might be about. Please—"

He didn't finish, for Pensonby Nye was already in the doorway flinging open the door, and Julia was with him. Neither hesitated; the action of both was the automatic, instantaneous impulse of decency, the absolute unwillingness, gain or lose, to listen concealed. Arthur, upon a window-seat across the room, jumped up, stood open-mouthed to meet one full look from Julia. Sally Nye, standing, turned her head, then the rest of her, and cried, "What, what, what!"

PENSONBY NYE said not a word and no word said Julia, as they strode across the room toward the outer door. Sally Nye's attitude, at first merely startled, changed swiftly, took on dignity and anger; she was the picture of a betrayed wife who is also insulted. This wasn't a pose; she wasn't capable of realizing that if anybody was "compromised" she was as much so as her husband.

"Really, Mr. Nye!" her voice rang out. "If you expect to remain a member of this club I think you'll have to show more consideration for the rules and give some thought to what kind of person is supposed to be brought into the clubhouse!"

He didn't look at her, but opened the door for Julia and they went out to the car he'd ordered for her. "Heaven forgive me!" he said, as she stepped in. "I fail in everything I do. You're going away tomorrow night?"

"No, I think not. This has got to come to an end one way or the other, and if that doesn't happen before tomorrow night, I'll stay. I'll stay till I've seen it through."

He bowed in his formal way and closed the door.

FROM the window the two who remained upon the field saw the departure of the two who seemed to retreat in defeat. The car drove away with Julia enclosed, and Pensonby Nye trudged off, was lost to sight within the grove of trees.

"Well, do you ask for anything more damning?" Sally demanded.

Arthur sank back upon the window-seat and took his head between his hands.

"What have you got to say?" Sally asked him now. "I don't want to rub it in, Arthur. It's been hard to believe; but I've accepted it—that you've kept the footing you're on with her different—but don't you think now that may have been a little disappointing to her?" Sally laughed dryly. "Look at the footing she's on with my husband!"

"No!" Arthur groaned. "Even this could have another explanation. When I first saw them I thought—"

"Yes, you thought, Arthur?"

"I thought they looked as if they were convicting *us*. I thought they'd both found out and had drawn together for a consultation on what was to be done. I thought they—"

TOMORROW'S EXCITING LITERARY EVENTS ARE IN TODAY'S

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A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

"This Way to Glory"

How one woman finds happiness in spite of disillusionment is entrallingly told in Burnham Carter's great new novel. You will enjoy its rare quality—a $2.00 value.

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"Wonderful Woman" is a brilliantly written and challenging story by the author of "The Good Earth" and other famous novels. Don't miss this new one—starting in this issue.

AN "ENCORE" *by* RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

That classic tale, "The Bar Sinister," is Redbook's Encore-of-the-Month for June. And "Take A Number" by Joseph F. Dinneen is a remarkable novelette, complete in the same issue.

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★ WILLIAM DUBOIS...and others

Don't Miss

REDBOOK FOR JUNE

"Oh, you thought, you thought!" she cried. "Everybody knows this is the most solitary place anywhere about, after the season."

Arthur was never feebler. "You don't mean to be unkind to me, I know, Sally; but she's an old friend of mine and I think she's a fine person. If you'd never seen her in that night club—if she were one of the women in our—our circle—you wouldn't think anything of—"

She mocked him affectionately. "Yes, Arthur, but she's *not* a woman of our circle but *is* Kitty Swift of the Gilded Heel. And as for Nootie—"

"It doesn't seem like him," Arthur protested. "It doesn't seem like him either."

"No?" Her lovely face flushed and she breathed rapidly. "I'll tell you something. Last Monday night—the night when we had our first real quarrel, Arthur—he heard me crying, after you'd gone. He—he isn't quite fool enough not to have known what that meant. It was the next morning that he began to spend money on Kitty Swift."

"You mustn't put it that way, Sally. You mustn't say—"

"What!" she said in a thickened voice, and turned away from him. "Is this all you do when I tell you what I thought I'd never tell you—that you'd made me cry? Instead of feeling anything for me you just go on defending her?"

Desperate, Arthur made matters worse. "Too much for me," he mumbled. "Got to get away—just got to get away, Sally. You wouldn't mind, would you, if I—if I—"

"If you what?"

"Well, some men at the club have asked me for this week-end at a camp they've got. I'd be back by Tuesday evening; but of course, Sally, if you don't want me to—"

"How like a man!" she sobbed. "That's your solution, is it? Just to get out of town!"

"Then of course I won't go, Sally, since you mind," Arthur moaned.

The entrance of a colored woman with a broom and dust-rags interrupted them, but didn't alter the stalemate; and in this condition they parted. "At any rate," Sally said bleakly, outside the door, "I'll at least see you again today, won't I?"

"Yes—yes, of course. I'll just go and take a look at the hounds, as an excuse for being here, and then I really do have to show up a while at that useless factory—"

"But you'll be at Jack and Emma's for dinner and the party afterward, won't you?"

"Yes, and maybe we'll get a chance to talk a little more."

"A lot of good that'll do!" she said.

AT HOME, however, and disgustedly dressing for a luncheon party of women exclusively, she thought hard about Kitty Swift. Sally, at first contemptuous, had now begun to look upon Kitty as formidable.

The conclusion to which she came was that a formidable person can seldom be annihilated by words; action is necessary. The idea that came to her as she put on her hat before the Adam mirror in her dressing-room was suggested by a memory.

At fifteen, during a summer on the Maine coast, she'd seen two village boys fight with desperation on a wharf and had fallen breathlessly in love, on the instant, with the handsome victor. Impetuous, she had asked him to come to see her at the hotel. He'd appeared, all slicked up in his own way, that same evening, when there was a hop; and, seeing him there among the knowingly

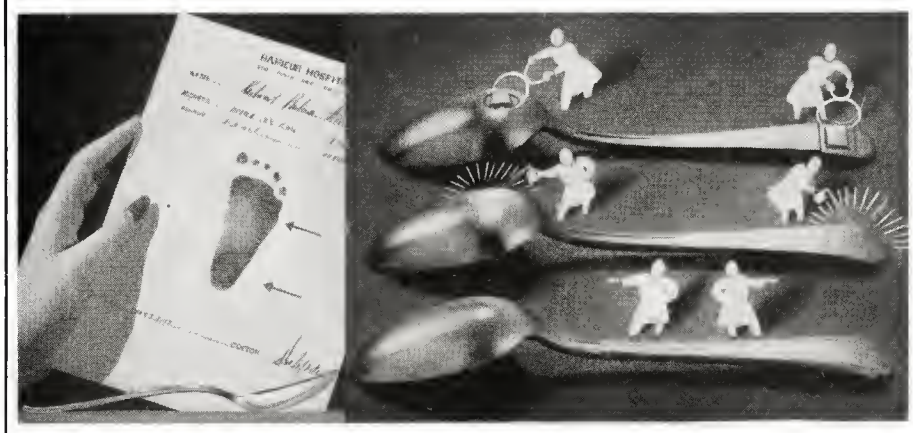
[*Continued on page 76*]

I think I've got something there!

IT'S THE SECRET OF

STERLING INLAID

YES, YOUNG MAN, even before you learn to walk nature has given you extra protection at the heel and ball of your foot. Nature knows that these are points of wear... like the two points of a spoon where it rubs against the table. (Compare the footprint and the spoon, below!)



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PATTERNS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) LOVELY LADY, FIRST LADY, GUEST-OF-HONOR, MASTERPIECE, NAPOLEON AND CENTURY

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Brushes, rags and powders failed. So into action Brillo sailed.

Now pots are bright, The work was light. Watch Mrs. Smith Step out tonight!

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BRILLO

KEEPS ALUMINUM BRILLIANT

New utensil FREE should BRILLO fail to clean

OTHERWISE KITTY SWIFT

[Continued from page 75]

dressed boys and girls, cottagers and guests at the expensive hotel, she was sickened immediately—sickened of *him*—and had a frightening time getting rid of him. She'd been cured that suddenly, of course, because she was ashamed of him; nothing cures an attack of love more quickly than for the sufferer to see the beloved out of place against a background too good for him.

Arthur'd been sensitive about Kitty Swift even in the Gilded Heel. Even there his fine fastidiousness protested against Kitty Swift's being recognized as so much as an acquaintance of his. He'd been afraid of Sally, true; yet if she hadn't been with him he'd still have shrunk from acknowledging a personal relation to the "star attraction" of what was really a dive. At the Gilded Heel Kitty Swift was in her place, like the village boy fighting on the wharf; yet Arthur'd been mortified. What would he feel if he beheld her as grotesquely out of place as the slicked-up village boy had been when he came to the hop? What would he feel if he saw Kitty Swift doing her vulgar tricks not among toughs but before an audience as trained, as well-bred, as fastidious as himself, an audience of his own high "circle?" Ah, and not against the tawdry background of the Gilded Heel but in a splendid house!

"That's it!" Sally half whispered to the determined and already triumphant loveliness within her mirror.

PENSONBY NYE, coming home in the middle of the afternoon, was told at the door by Upner that Mrs. Nye wished to see him at once in the library. He found her there in conference with a worshipful girl who came, on call, to act as her secretary. Boxes of envelopes and cards were on a table at the secretary's elbow, and Sally was studying a list of names.

"You might take all this clutter up to my dressing-room and go ahead with it there, Miss Herder," she said, as Nye came in. Then, when the young woman had departed with the boxes and lists, Sally looked tranquilly at her grave husband and smiled. "Don't let it worry you," she said. "I'm really not narrow-minded about husbands, Pensonby—"

"Thank you," he said.

"For not being narrow-minded or for not calling you Nootie? Which?" Sally laughed good-naturedly. "I won't call you that any more if it really teases you. I won't even kid you about your—your little friend." Her laughter continued, running an accompaniment to what she said. "I only needed a few minutes this morning to get my breath and think it over; then I saw how funny it had been—almost precisely like a scene in a French farce! The difference is that the Hunt Club's respectable and that I'm not a narrow-minded wife, so—well—what do you say we just forget it?"

"That's your wish?"

"Certainly. Except that it gave me an agreeable idea and I want to talk to you about it. We haven't done a real party for quite a while and I'd like to do something a little striking and on a large scale, not only for our crowd. My idea is to ask everybody else too, all ages, all the old stodgies

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—oh, yes! the lofty Worthing element and all—and give them something really interesting. Of course there'd be dancing afterward and all that; but first I'd like to put on a show that'd make 'em sit up. Wouldn't that amuse you too, Pensonby?"

He gave her an expressionless scrutiny. "What sort of a 'show'?"

"Why, don't you see?" Sally looked surprised. "Didn't I tell you that this morning gave me the idea?" She went on, speaking quickly. "That little friend of yours is really talented, Pensonby. What she did the other night shows she deserves a better chance than in nasty night clubs. Nobody in town's seen her, except the few of us Monday night, and she'd be completely a surprise. We'd keep it under our hats, not spring her on 'em till the last moment, nothing about it on the invitations, of course. Miss Herder's writing 'Promptly at half-past ten, please' on all the cards, and my idea is to have Kitty Swift put on her show at eleven or a little after. You see—"

He interrupted. "You're planning this without asking her if she's willing to do it?"

"Yes, for next Tuesday night. It's short; but Miss Herder can get the cards in the morning mail and you needn't be afraid that everybody won't be here. After I start a few whispers circulating that there's going to be a surprise—"

"I think Miss Swift is leaving town tomorrow night," Nye said quietly.

This meant no more to his wife than if he'd mentioned that Upner had asked leave to be out on an evening when she was giving a dinner. "No," Sally said carelessly, "she'll have to wait. You'll attend to that for me?" She smiled faintly but with an amiable slyness. "That's what I wanted to see you about as soon as you came in. I thought you wouldn't mind making that arrangement for me. I'll attend to everything else. Would you mind trotting down to—to wherever she is—this afternoon?"

"You want me to ask her for you—now?"

"Yes, as soon as you can." Sally smiled faintly again. "Not a wholly disagreeable errand, is it? What's the matter? After all, don't you think this is rather charming of me—under the circumstances?"

"Charming of you?" He stood with bent head, cogitating. "I'm not sure what it is of you."

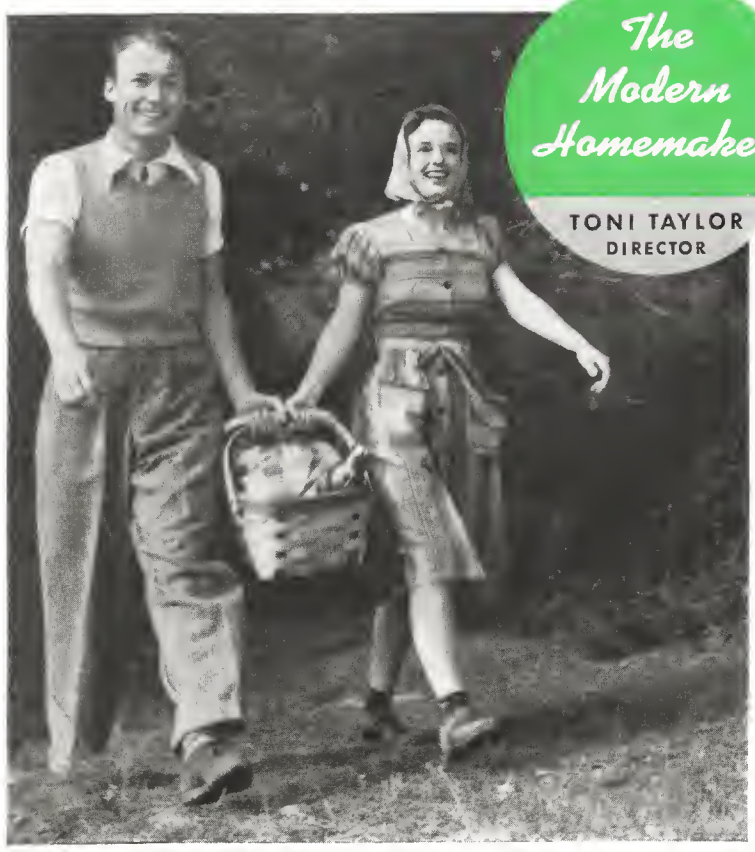
"Good gracious! I just want to give a big party and put a little life into it. Miss Kitty Swift's certainly lively enough to do that, and just because you've shown some slight interest in her isn't a very good reason for a really adult wife's not employing her, is it? Indeed, it's all the more reason. The girl's in the business of entertaining people, isn't she—and you'll probably pay her as much for the one evening as she'd usually earn in a month, won't you? What in the world makes you look as if you were objecting to it?"

"I'm not," he said suddenly, and turned toward the door. "I'll ask her."

SALLY called after him indifferently, as he went, "That's a good boy. Tell her to be at the house with all her gimcracks and costumes at ten Tuesday night. Tell her I want exactly the same things she did when we saw her—her whole program. She must do them all, including that last one. Do you hear, Noo—Pensonby?"

His muttered "Yes" reached her from the corridor and she was thoughtful for a minute or so; then nodded decisively and went upstairs to Miss Herder.

[*Continued in* JULY McCALL'S]



The Modern Homemaker

TONI TAYLOR
DIRECTOR

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I intend to get out-of-doors and take my family and friends with me. I'll have suppers cooked over the back yard fireplace; I'll pack the car for Sunday lunch and take the children's friends; we'll go on a camping trip. And food information I'll find in **OUTDOOR COOKERY—15c!**

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Start the day with chilled Florida grapefruit sections or juice for breakfast. See how its slightly tart flavor picks up listless appetites. Its vitamins and minerals give you more energy for the morning's work. Help keep your skin clear, too. And remember, *grapefruit isn't fattening.*

Drink Florida grapefruit juice whenever you're thirsty. Take a brimming glass at bedtime. It will help you sleep sound. Use the choice flavorful sections in fruit cups and salads. Always have several cans chilling in the refrigerator and a reserve supply on the shelf. Order from your grocer today. Look for the name "Florida" and be sure of the best!

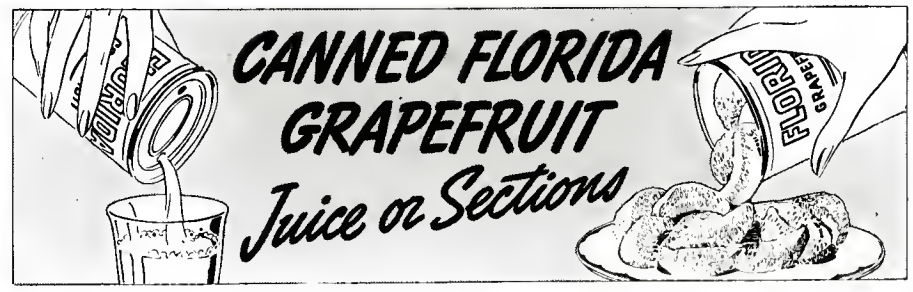
COOLING BREAKFAST BOWL

Mix one tall can Florida grapefruit sections with 1 tablespoon chopped mint and chill. Serve in shallow bowl garnished with sprig of mint. For variety, add one pint of fresh berries.

PALM BEACH SALAD

For each serving, place mound of cottage cheese on bed of shredded lettuce. Top with teaspoon of red currant jelly. Surround cheese with ring of fresh fruit (strawberries, blackberries, black cherries, grapes or raspberries). Around them place canned Florida grapefruit sections, drained. Serve with French dressing or mayonnaise.

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA



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His mind is clear of jumbles.
He lays the vigor he's displayed
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WEEK-END TO KILL

[Continued from page 42]

We pulled into the garage at midnight and walked down the driveway toward the house. Four floodlights had been rigged up, one at each corner of the house, and the grounds were drenched with the white glare. Two cars, one of them a limousine, were parked in the driveway. We went into the house and through the living room to the bar.

Triangular sandwiches, thin slices of chicken on thin slices of white bread, were banked on a silver tray on a table. Mabel Ryan came in with a cone-shaped silver coffee pot. It was one o'clock and the tree-toads were going strong, far away.

Ivy was there in an apricot-colored ensemble: pajamas and robe to match. Anger and unrest, and perhaps some crying too, had seared her eyes and the shadows beneath them were deep purple. The arrival of the guards and the setting up of the floodlights hadn't helped her any.

"No, thank you," she said when Karen passed the sandwiches.

Karen said, "A bite to eat will do you good, Ivy. They say that if you eat something before going to bed the digestive organs go to work, they draw the blood from the brain and so you sleep better. Just a bite, Ivy?"

Ivy's smile was polite. "No, thank you, Karen."

I LEANED against the bar and asked Harrigan to look in the icebox and see if there was any milk there. He set out a pint and then dumped it into a tall glass.

I said, "Harrigan, you look very natural behind the bar. I think you're a better bartender than you are a detective."

Karen Langard said, "I do so think Mr. Harrigan is a good detective. I do. It's a woman's intuition."

"I never was crazy about being a cop, Miss Langard," Harrigan said. "When I was a kid I wanted to go out West and be a cowboy but my old man was against it. My old man was a stevedore. He said, 'Abe, get a job you can be proud of and get one that'll give you a pension in your old age. Don't be like me,' he says. 'Work today; laid off tomorrow. Get on the cops, Abe,' he says. And then I met Clara Boylan and her old man was a cop and I began to think, 'Pop, you're right. Some job with a pension.' You should've seen me in my first uniform."

One of the guards strolled by outside. At his left hip was a holstered gun, the butt jutting forward.

Ivy's exasperated voice muttered, "We're like a lot of goldfish!"

"I got two around the house," Harrigan said, "and two down around the gate. With these floodlights on all night, nobody can get near the house without being seen."

Roy Strickland said, "Have you searched the house completely—that is since the guards arrived—to find out if anyone is *inside* the house? It's a large house and there are a number of places where someone might hide."

"No guy in his right mind," said Harrigan, "would try to do anything inside the house, when you got all those floodlights outside, and men on patrol."

Strickland said, "The inference all along has been that the person who

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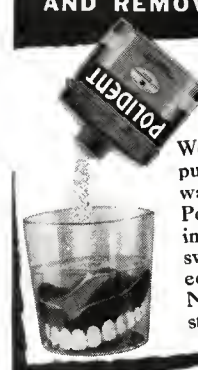

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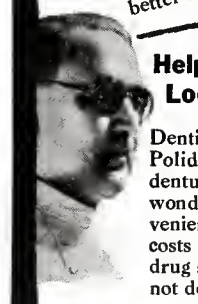

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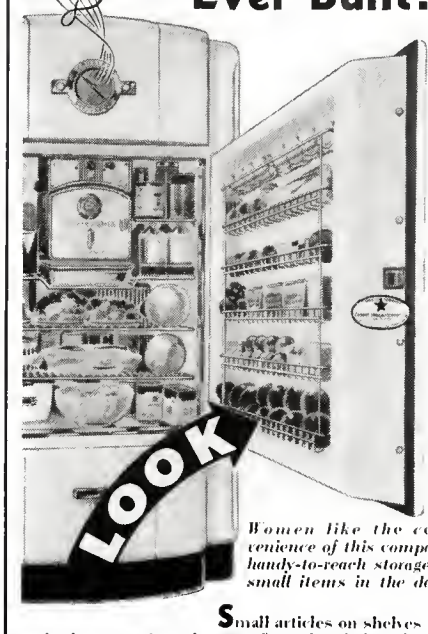

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sent Stan that warning and made those telephone calls, one to Mace Shelby and the other to the house here, is not exactly in his right mind."

Ivy started, then lay back in the chair and put her hand to her breast. Stan, in pajamas and robe, had come silently into the doorway. He was smoking a pipe.

"You frightened me," Ivy said breathlessly.

"I'm sorry," Stan said. "I thought I smelled coffee cooking and it smelled good."

"Sure," said Mabel Ryan, jumping up. "Have some."

Norman Bennett winked. "Stan's Girl Friday."

"What was that, Norman?" Stan said.

Vivian said, "Oh, Norman's talking to himself. Don't pay any attention to him."

"Yeah?" said Norman Bennett. "Well, I guess I might just as well be talking to myself. I was all right to knock around with until a certain party turned up from New York. I was all right, I was, wasn't I? Yeah. Barman, fill 'er up."

"No!" cried Vivian, her cheeks flushing. "When he gets tight, he heckles people. He heckled George Hazelhurst last night and he knows George can't stand being kidded that way."

"See?" said Norman Bennett. "I'm in the dog-house now. I was all right, I was, until this certain party came up from New York, but now I'm just a heel."

I finished my drink of milk and said all around, "If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go to bed."

"Why don't you go home?" Norman Bennett said.

Karen Langard said, "Oh, he's been referring to Larry Webb all along!"

"Yeah," said Norman Bennett. "Larry the Webb. He must certainly have what it takes. Nice girls leave handkerchiefs in his room."

I was on my way across the bar and I stopped and picked up an empty beer bottle and turned around.

Harrigan said, "Keep it clean, Webby."

Stan ripped the bottle out of my hand. "Take it easy, Larry," he said. "He's a little tight. You know how people are when they get tight."

"Sure," Norman Bennett laughed, "he knows how people are when they get tight. He knows everything. He knows how to get a nice girl's handkerchief—"

"Stan, let me go!" I yelled.

"Sure, let him go," Norman Bennett said.

Stan shouted, "Shut up!" He was strong and he held my arms behind my back and tried to pull me out of the bar.

NORMAN BENNETT came striding over and I knew he was going to hit me but I knew that Stan didn't think so. I tried to roll with the blow as much as I could. Both Stan and I went down.

Mabel Ryan said in a stormy voice, "You dirty coward!" I'd never seen a girl look so outraged in all my life. She swung and he wasn't looking for it and it took him under the chin and he went down hard.

Stan jumped up and I sat on the floor and rubbed my jaw. I wasn't worried about Norman Bennett because he was out cold. He was sprawled on his back, his arms and legs limp, one pants cuff twisted up to his knee.

Vivian said, "Are you all right, Larry?" She was bending over me, her dark red hair hanging like a wave across one eyebrow and down her cheek.

Humiliating her husband...

Her ugly dishpan hands embarrassed her husband. They were such a contrast to the lovely hands of their hostess. A needless contrast, too—for dishpan hands can be avoided by using Lux.

Lux doesn't dry the oils of the skin, as harsh soaps may. Rich, gentle Lux suds give hands beauty care in the dishpan! Buy the thrifty big box.

ends dishpan hands—

"I'm all right."

"Are you sure he didn't hurt you?"

"I'm all right."

"He hit you when you couldn't defend yourself—"

"Vivian, don't be maudlin!" Ivy broke in. "He's been practically asking for a punch in the jaw ever since he arrived! I know him! Norman's right! Why doesn't he go home?"

Roy Strickland was standing with his hands pressed flat against his thighs, his chin on his chest, his eyes frowning at the floor. His lips were grim; the angles of his lean face made sharp shadows. Karen Langard was looking out the door and patting her hair and making believe she hadn't heard a word. Stan was opening and closing his lips, trying to say something, the right thing. Vivian was glaring at Ivy and for a minute I thought she might walk over and slap her face. Mabel Ryan was examining the knuckles of the hand with which she'd hit Norman Bennett.

Harrigan's shoes slapped the tile floor leisurely but definitely as he came from behind the bar bearing a pitcher of water.

"Aqua," he said, unloading the water on Norman Bennett's face. "Aqua pura. I learned that from one of my waiters."

ON MY way up to my room I met Vivian on the staircase. She put her hand on my arm and said, "Don't go home, Larry. Don't take Ivy seriously."

"I'm not going home," I said. "I'm going to bed."

"But tomorrow, I mean; don't go home tomorrow. Don't get mad. Don't fly off the handle."

"What should I have done, just said 'boo' to Bennett?"

"He didn't know what he was saying, Larry."

"He knew what he was saying. The maid found your handkerchief in my room. She must have told him."

She swallowed. "Was that what he meant?"

"What did you think he meant?" I asked.

"I really don't know. I thought he was just trying to be funny. I didn't know I'd lost it."

"Harrigan found it and put it on my dresser and while he was in his own room getting dressed the maid came in mine to straighten up. She must have found it."

"I'll bet Mr. Harrigan has a swell opinion of me."

"No, I told him how it happened."

"You won't go home, Larry, will you?"

"I don't think Harrigan will let anybody go home."

She tipped her head to one side and squinted at me. "What do you mean by that?"

"He wants to settle something. He wants to settle whether that shot we heard was inside the house or outside the house."

"But no one's said any more about it, and no one was hurt."

"He still wants to settle it. Are there any guns around in the house anywhere?"

She shook her head. "No. Stan's always hated guns. He won't have any in the house."

"Do you know if Shultz had one?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. You frighten me, Larry."

"Well, don't be frightened. Just lock your door when you go to bed, and leave the key in the lock. Have you got a bolt on your door?"

"No. Ivy's the only one who has a bolt."

"What's she afraid of?"

[*Continued on page 80*]

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WEEK-END TO KILL

[Continued from page 79]

She dropped her eyes. "I don't think she's afraid of anything, really. It's just a whim."

"When did she get this whim?"

"Oh, a month or so ago. Before all this trouble began."

"How long have Ivy and Stan been sleeping in different bedrooms?"

"Is there anything wrong about a husband and wife sleeping in separate rooms?"

"That isn't what I asked you."

She said, "You've certainly got it in for Ivy, haven't you?"

"I never saw a woman yet who didn't answer one question with another. I haven't noticed you throwing love and kisses her way."

"I've tried, Larry. I've tried desperately hard to be nice to her." She shivered. "But she's cold. She's cruel. She's selfish. The way she talks to Stan, regardless of who's around!"

I took her elbow and we went the rest of the way up the staircase together. At the top I said, "Now, Vivian, how long haven't they been sleeping in the same room?"

"Oh, I don't know, a month or six weeks."

"From about the time she put the bolt on the door?"

"About a month or six weeks," she said.

"Why did she put it on?"

"I told you, I don't know, a whim! How do I know?"

"Okay, Ivy."

I WENT to my room and undressed and by the time I was putting my pajamas on Harrigan came into his room, came through the bathroom into my room. He showed me a keyring on which there were four keys.

"Me and Strickland carried Bennett to bed," he said. "But I tucked him in. I pulled his pants off and held them upside down so everything would fall out. I put everything back but his keys."

"What have you got on him?"

"Nothing. But two will get you ten if he hasn't been playing around with the maid Lily."

"I thought he was making a pretty big play for Vivian."

"All right, the other was just on the side and maybe the maid's nuts about him. She probably gave him that handkerchief she found in your room. She must have. Okay. He has a grudge against George Hazelhurst and the second time Pascarella dusts Shultzy's room he finds Shultzy's bankbook, with the G.H. in it alongside a five-hundred-buck withdrawal. The bankbook was planted there, it must have been, between Pascarella's first visit and his second, and if it was, it was planted there to chuck suspicion on Hazelhurst. If the maid is ga-ga over Norman Bennett, why couldn't he have given her the book to plant in Shultzy's room?"

"I suppose you're going to stand there and tell me that Bennett was walking along the road between two and four in the morning and Shultzy stopped to pick him up. Ha!"

"All I know was that Bennett didn't sleep here and that he wears the same size shoe, size eight, that Shultzy wore. And when they found Shultzy dead, he was minus his shoes. I'm going to take a ride over and take a look at the place Bennett sleeps. You coming?"

"Guess again. I'm going to bed."

"If I find anything, I'll wake you up."

"It'd better be awfully good."

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CHAPTER 13

WHEN I went downstairs at half-past nine Sunday morning Harrigan was eating breakfast in the dining room.

"You the only one up?" I said.

"Nope. Miss Mabel Ryan talked Mr. Cantwell into going for a swim. Haven't seen anybody else around."

"Good morning, Mr. Webb," Fritz said.

I said, "Hello, Fritz. Fruit, any kind of cereal, toast and coffee."

Fritz went away and I asked Harrigan, "Anything doing at Bennett's?"

"A little." He took a small green cardboard box from his pocket, threw it in front of my plate. "Half full."

It was half full of .22 caliber cartridges.

"All right; where's the gun?"

He shook his head. "No gun."

"Listen," I said. "You know Bennett wasn't around here when we heard that shot. He and Stan came home from the boat in the beach wagon afterward."

He said, "I found these cartridges in Bennett's room but there was no gun there. That's all I know. Maybe he lent the gun to somebody."

"Where is Bennett?"

"Still sleeping it off. I had a phone call from Pascarella this morning. They got a flock of cops on the river road. Also a troop of boy scouts. They're looking for a pair of shoes."

We finished breakfast at about the same time and Harrigan said to Fritz, "When Mr. Bennett gets up, tell him I want him to stay here." He said to me, "A little walk would do us good. Come on."

The morning sun was hot and it wasn't tempered by a breeze. Walking down the driveway it was cooler but when we came out in the open, at the gate, it was hot again.

We turned left and strolled up the road. Going that way, the road led to the city; the other way, to the beach. In about ten minutes we saw a couple of cops and a couple of boy scouts batting around in the brush alongside the road. They were all along the way, in pairs or groups.

The gravel pit was a mile from the gate and by the time we got there we were perspiring but perspiration didn't seem to bother Harrigan. Beneath a large shade tree Pascarella and Engle were sitting on the running board of their car.

Harrigan said, "Hello. Do you expect to find anything?"

"Nope," said Pascarella. "It wasn't my idea. The inspector thought it was a good idea, and here we are. Here," he said, taking a brown envelope from his pocket. "Them fingerprint records. They're all there. Give 'em back to the people, will you? Hazelhurst's is there too."

"Sure," said Harrigan.

"By the way, Shultz's brother got in this morning, to claim the body. He'll probably run out to see Mr. Cantwell."

Harrigan looked up and down the road. "Well, let's get back, Webby."

"We'll give you a lift," Pascarella said

When we reached the gate Harrigan said, "This is okay. Thanks a lot."

We walked up the driveway among the big evergreens and found Norman Bennett lying in a wicker long chair on the terrace. He grinned.

"I want to apologize, Webb," he said. "I lost my head."

"You'd have lost it if Stan hadn't grabbed the bottle out of my hand."

"I hope you'll accept my apology."

"Maybe I'm not the one you ought to apologize to."

"I didn't mention any names, you know."

"I did, though."

He sat up. "What do you mean?"

"I told Vivian it was her handkerchief the maid found in my room and gave to you."

His hands slapped down on the arms of the chair and his shoulders bunched. "Why, you dirty rat!"

"Get out of the way, Harrigan," I said.

Harrigan said. "Shut up." He straight-armed me out of the way and said to Bennett. "Stay put. I want to ask you something."

BENNETT couldn't have got up if he'd wanted to, for Harrigan sat down on the foot of the long chair and jammed a hand down on his knee. "Easy, pal," he said. He used his other hand to draw keys and the box of cartridges from his pocket. He tossed the keys and they hit Bennett's belt buckle. "There's your keys," he said. "I took 'em out of your pocket last night and went over and took a look at your room. I found these cartridges there."

"You've got a sweet nerve taking my keys."

"I didn't want to wake you up. Where's the gun you shoot these things out of?"

"I lent it to Shultz."

"When?"

"A week ago."

"What kind of gun was it?"

"You've got the cartridges there. What kind do you think it was?"

"I know it was a twenty-two. Was it a rifle, a revolver or an automatic?"

"A rifle, a rifle."

"What did Shultz want a rifle for?"

"He said there were some rabbits raiding his vegetable garden and he wanted to get 'em."

"Did you give him some cartridges too?"

"He helped himself to some."

Harrigan said, "Did he give you the rifle back?"

"No. You didn't find it in my place, did you?"

"Nobody found a rifle in Shultzy's place, either. What do you think about that?"

"Maybe he hid it somewhere." Bennett said irritably. "Stan was dead against guns."

"What time was it when you left here night before last?"

"I don't know, exactly," Bennett growled. "When I got home to my cabin the one next door was lit, so I went over and sat a while with the cashier from the club, Charley Myers. It was about three when I turned in, I guess. I suppose you think I killed Shultz?"

"What makes you think I think you killed Shultz?"

"What makes me think! You've just asked me to establish an alibi!"

"That's for your own benefit, Mr. Bennett. What I'm trying to find out is what happened to the gun you lent Shultz?"

"What does it matter? Was Shultz killed with a gun? No!"

"What I don't want," said Harrigan patiently, "I don't want anybody else to be killed with a gun. Especially a twenty-two." He stood up. "Okay, that's all." He pointed a finger at me. "Now keep your trap shut, Webby."

Bennett got up, shot me a contemptuous look and walked off across the lawn.

Fritz came out with a mop and Harrigan said, "Where is everybody."

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"The beach," Fritz said. "They all went to the beach."

Harrigan said. "Open Shultz's room for Mr. Webb, will you? Webby, take another look around. Look good."

"Ask Fritz," I said. "Fritz, did you ever see Shultz with a rifle?"

"Once," Fritz said. "You see, when I came to work for Mr. Cantwell I had a little rifle, just a little, single shot, an old one, and Mr. Cantwell wouldn't let me keep it. He had no use for guns around the place. Oscar knew that too, but—well, he kept this vegetable garden, and something was always ruining it, so he borrowed a gun and he figured maybe to use it when Mr. Cantwell wasn't around."

Harrigan said. "Did you think that's what that shot was the other afternoon?"

"Yes—yes, sir, only I didn't want to say, I didn't want to get Oscar in Dutch."

Harrigan made a weary gesture. "Okay, Webby, take a good look for it, will you?"

I followed Fritz out back and he opened the door to Shultz's room and I felt like a fool looking around after everyone else had looked around. I looked in the bedroom and in the bathroom. Then I sat down on the bed and smoked a cigarette. I got up and turned back the mattress but there was nothing there and there was nothing beneath the box spring. I looked all over the garage and climbed a ladder to a storage space above. I spent fifteen minutes poking in trunks and boxes and didn't find anything. On my way back to the head of the ladder I saw an old canvas golf bag with a hood on it hanging on a nail. It was covered with dust. The hood had a zipper and the zipper was held shut by a small lock. Shultz's initials were on the bag. I took it down with me and broke the lock with a screwdriver and found eight golf clubs and a .22 caliber rifle.

HARRIGAN wasn't downstairs anywhere. I finally found him in the upstairs hall.

"Where'd you locate it?" he said.

"In Shultzy's golf bag."

We went into my room and Harrigan took the rifle and stood by a window with it. It was a single-shot rifle and he broke it at the breech and smelled it. Then he squinted through it.

He said, "Now you'd ha' thought Shultzy would ha' told me he fired it."

"He probably thought you'd make some crack in front of Stan."

Harrigan closed the rifle and stood it against the wall.

"I been looking around in the rooms," he said. "Come on; I want to show you something."

I followed him out of my room and into a bedroom that overlooked the driveway on the west side of the house. He went directly to the windows. There were two windows and both were open. He pointed to the one in which there was one of those ready-made screens you can make wide or narrow, according to the size of the window. He touched his fingertip to the black tin strip down the center.

"This strip was bent and then straightened again. When it was straightened, some of the black enamel chipped off. This is the screen Shultzy was holding in his hand when you and me stood with him there in front of the garage, late the first afternoon."

"I remember now," I said. "He was straightening it."

[*Continued on page 82*]

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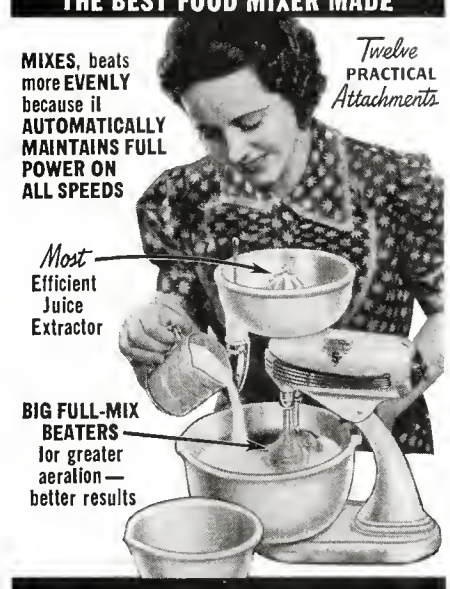
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WEEK-END TO KILL

[Continued from page 81]

"Yeah. It must have fell out of this window and he must have picked it up and was straightening it. Only by just falling on good soft grass. this middle strip couldn't get bent the way it was. It was knocked out. Hard. A fist or an elbow or a shoulder or something chucked at it."

I looked around. "Whose room is this?"

"It's the one George Hazelhurst was using." He pointed down at the lawn below. "You remember I called your attention to a gouge down there I said somebody must have made with a niblick? There, you can see where it's been stamped back in place."

"You're going to tell me it was made by the screen when it fell and I'm going to tell you the screen's not heavy enough."

"Oh, no, I'm not. I'm going to tell you that it'd have to be something heavier and harder and that by the way the turf was lifted, something that was spinning when it hit. A revolver, for instance."

"Or a hammer."

"Or a revolver."

"Or an axe."

"Or a revolver."

"Well," I said, "it looks as if we're going to have George Hazelhurst with us again."

He pointed at the window. "From here, what do you see?"

"I see a big oak tree. part of the driveway, part of the garage. part of a stone wall with woods beyond."

"If Shultzy'd been standing in front of the part of the garage you see. which is the part where he lived. he would have seen this window. If the screen was knocked out. he would have seen it. And he would have seen who knocked it out. And he would have seen a revolver fly out."

"You keep harping on the revolver. Go get Hazelhurst."

"Okay, I keep harping on the revolver for two reasons. One is because I heard a shot and the other is because I seen and you seen that gouge in the lawn when it was fresh and while it ain't likely a guy would have an axe or a hammer up here. he might have a gun, and something hard that was spinning made that gouge in the lawn."

"All right. Why was the screen knocked out and why did the gun fly out?"

"An argument. A tussle."

"Between who?"

"Between Hazelhurst and somebody else. I don't know. Maybe his girl Karen Langard. Or Mrs. Cantwell. Or Strickland. Or Miss Mabel Ryan. They were all up here. How do I know? Am I a magician?"

"Go phone him."

"Yeah. Maybe on Sundays he ain't antisocial."

CHAPTER 14

DRIVING along Broad Street, the sun was directly overhead. The shops and department stores were closed and the sidewalks were almost deserted. Harrigan stopped long enough to ask a cop how to get to the Tremont Hotel. It turned out that we were only half a dozen blocks from it.

It was a seven-storied red brick building with white window ledges.

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We didn't stop at the desk. We went right into the elevator and Harrigan said, "Mr. Hazelhurst's apartment." And when the operator had run us to the fifth floor, "Which one, boy?"

It was 510. Harrigan flopped a brass knocker up and down and in a minute Hazelhurst opened the door.

"Sunday callers," said Harrigan. "Do you mind?"

"Well—it's a surprise, anyhow."

Harrigan said, "I tried my best to get you to come out."

"Nothing doing," Hazelhurst said. throwing up his hands. "I've had enough of that madhouse."

We went in and Harrigan nodded to a couple of traveling bags; they were open, partly packed. He said placidly, "Going somewhere?"

"Yes. I'm driving up to the Cape for a couple of days. Maybe a week."

"Now look," Harrigan said. "A murder's been committed and—"

"Can I help it? What am I supposed to do. wear mourning because Shultz was killed? I tell you I'm going to the Cape."

"No," said Harrigan, shaking his head. "No, Mr. Hazelhurst."

HAZELHURST'S lip curled. "I submitted to having my fingerprints taken when I didn't have to. but I'll be damned if I'm going to let you talk me into anything else! I'm going to the Cape."

"Shultz gave you five hundred bucks. You say it was to buy bonds with."

"Yes. and he got the bonds and I gave him a receipt for five hundred dollars."

"They ain't been found. If we find them, okay. But I want you to come out to the house."

Hazelhurst slammed a shirt into his bag. "Nothing doing! What, go out to that madhouse? Nothing doing!"

"Of course," said Harrigan, shrugging. "if you don't want to go of your own free will, I'll just have to notify the cops."

"Go ahead. They can't hold me for anything."

"Don't you believe it. They can pick you up and toss you in the can. They don't have to book you for twenty-four hours."

Hazelhurst thrust splayed fingers against his chest. "You'd do *that* to me?" he demanded.

"I'd do it to Webby here too, if he argued with me."

Hazelhurst dropped his hands to his sides. He stared at the floor, his teeth champing at his lower lip.

Harrigan said, "Bring along things for overnight."

Hazelhurst shot him a dark, rebellious look. Without saying anything, he emptied one bag and then repacked it and banged it shut. His manner changed. He was almost laconic when he said:

"All right, let's go."

"We can all go in my car," Harrigan said.

"If you don't mind," Hazelhurst said tersely, "I'd rather go in my own."

"Okay. You lead the way. We'll follow."

Hazelhurst got in his car and booted it off so hard that the motor whined. He tore through the streets but Harrigan had no trouble keeping up with him. When he pulled up in the driveway in front of the garage Fritz came out and said luncheon was being served in the pavilion.

Harrigan said, "We'll go upstairs a minute," and Hazelhurst told Fritz he'd carry his own bag up. He barged in through the back door and was up in his room by the time we reached it. His set expression indicated that while he had come out here he was

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not going to break down and be agreeable.

"Look," said Harrigan, "I asked you about a shot I heard Friday afternoon—"

"And I told you I didn't hear it. Maybe you did hear a shot. I told you I was taking a shower about that time."

"Did you ever have a .22 caliber pistol or revolver?"

"No."

"And kind of a revolver or pistol?"

"No."

Harrigan tapped the window screen. "This screen got knocked out of this window sometime Friday afternoon. Do you know when?"

"No. I don't remember it at all. I couldn't tell you if it was in the window or out of it. All I know is that Friday about noon Shultz came up and put it in. He said the regular one was being repaired. I know he put it in but I don't remember it being out later."

"When you took the shower, how long were you in the bathroom?"

"As long as it takes a man to bathe and shave. Fifteen or twenty minutes. How do I know?"

"When you came back in this room, did it look the same as when you left it to go to the bathroom?"

Hazelhurst sat down and held his jaw in his hands. He stared bleakly at the floor. "I don't see how you can expect a man to remember every little detail when he's not thinking of details."

"Was anything different in here? Was the furniture changed? Was the rug scuffed up? Did you smell powder smoke?"

"No. no. I don't remember—Wait a minute," he said irritably. "When I came back in, yes, when I came back in I pulled a shade down halfway to keep the sun out. It was all the way up. Not the shade at the window with the half screen in it; the other one, this one. The other one was halfway down, the way most shades are. I pulled this one down to match it. I don't think it was up when I first came in from playing tennis. If it had been, the sun would have struck me in the face when I came in the door, the way it did when I came from the bathroom." He stood up. "Wait a minute. I left the door open when I went to the bathroom. I remember propping a chair against it. When I came back, the door was closed."

"Where was the chair?"

He pointed. "Where it is now. That green enameled chair."

"Have you touched it since then?"

"No."

HARRIGAN bent down, grasped the chair by two of its legs and said, "Okay, Mr. Hazelhurst. Come on, Webby." He carried the chair to his room, set it down very carefully. He said, "Baby, Hazelhurst's room is the kernel of the nut we got to crack."

"Was he telling the truth?"

"You can answer that as well as me. It will all come out in the wash."

I said, "Know what I think? I I think all this stuff about Hazelhurst getting sore enough at Karen to go home was all a build-up. He just wanted to get out of this house."

"Sure. That's why I wanted him back here."

"What are you going to do with the chair?"

"Take it to police headquarters and have it processed for fingerprints. Want to go along?"

"I feel like food," I said. "Goodbye."

That gave him an idea and he hesitated and then looked anxiously in the

[*Continued on page 84*]

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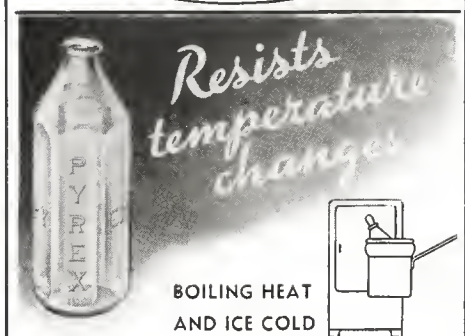

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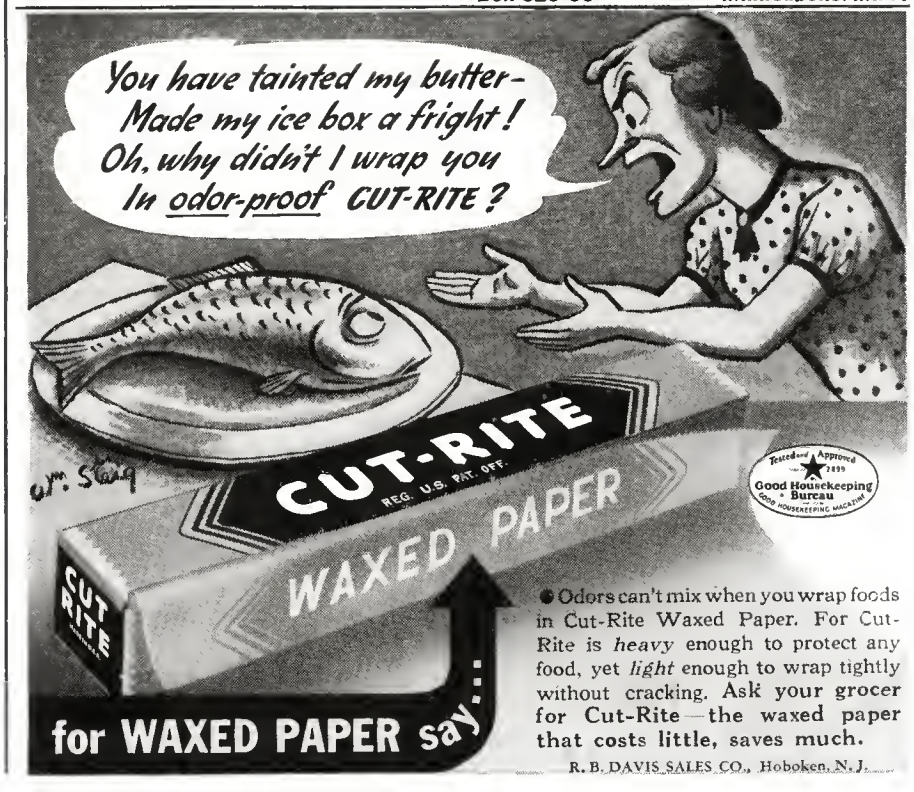

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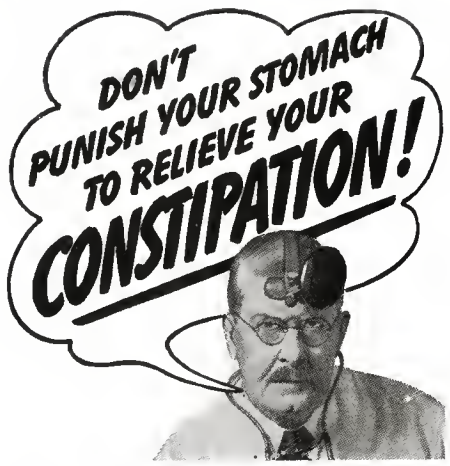

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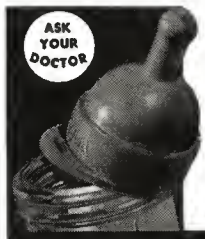

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WEEK-END TO KILL

[Continued from page 83]

direction of the pavilion. But finally he sighed, shook his head. "No. I better go now." He looked as if he were making a great sacrifice. He went out.

A guard was coming along the flagstone walk when I came out on the terrace. Behind him was a small, bony man in a pearl-gray suit and a Panama hat.

The guard said. "We stopped this man at the gate. He wants to see Mr. Hazelhurst. His name's Shultz, he says."

"Oscar's brother?"

The little man nodded. "Yes, sir. I'm Leopold. I come down from Rochester and the police said Mr. Cantwell wants to see me."

"I'm sure he does," I said. "I'm awfully sorry about your brother, Mr. Shultz."

"Yes, sir. It was a shock. We ain't writ each other in years. It was a shock."

I said, "If you'll wait here, I'll get Mr. Cantwell."

"Okay, yes, sir."

I WALKED back to the pavilion, where everybody was eating. They were still in bathing suits.

"Stan," I said. "Shultz's brother is here. The terrace."

"Oh, yes," Stan said, getting up.

Karen Langard rose too. "Oh, we must all go and express our sympathy. All the way from Albany. The poor man."

"Rochester," Mabel Ryan said. She stood up and tossed her hair back off her forehead.

Roy Strickland got up and slipped into a white terry-cloth beach robe, and Vivian, saying, "There's plenty to eat, Larry," went off with him.

I sat down and picked up a stalk of celery.

Stan had paused at the edge of the pavilion.

"Coming, Ivy?"

"No. Give him my condolences."

"I think you ought to come, Ivy."

"I'm not, though."

"But, really, Ivy—"

She stopped him with a look. Her voice thickened when she cried, "I tell you I'm not going!"

He came back to the table. "Ivy, I want you to come with me and merely express your sympathy to Oscar's brother." His voice was clear, grave. "It's the decent thing to do."

Her eyes shimmered, her lips tightened against her teeth. "I am not," she said precisely, "going. Is that clear?"

He inhaled. His fingers closed into his palms. Then suddenly he flicked the edge of the table with his knuckles and strode swiftly away.

I helped myself to potato salad, baked ham, baked beans, green olives, and lettuce from a wooden mixing bowl.

"This is a nice place to eat," I said. "Cool. Especially on a day like this. George Hazelhurst's back."

"Marvelous," she said. "I suppose love conquered all."

"Listen, why be a mugg? Go out and say you're sorry to Shultzy's brother."

"I will not be maudlin."

"Listen, Ivy. One thing that gives me a pain is a small-town girl that grows up to the tony."

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She gave a brittle little laugh. "I never really fell for you, did I, Mr. Webb? And you never really got over it."

"Ivy, no kidding, you can certainly put it on. I remember that the first time I introduced you to Stan you told me afterward, 'Nice but dumb.' I agreed with you. Then you found out that he had dough."

Her hands slapped the table. "You contemptible louse!"

"When I phoned Stan on long distance before coming out Friday, were you listening in on an extension?"

Her face was twisted with contempt as she said, "As if I'd care what you said!"

"Somebody was. Pass the pepper, will you?"

SHE picked up a glass shaker and threw it at me. I caught it but some of the pepper had sprayed out and for a minute or two I sat sneezing. The more I sneezed the madder I got.

"What do you want to do, blind me?" I choked.

"I'd like to do something to you," she said in a cold, dry voice. "I thoroughly hate and detest you."

"Sure. I was all right to introduce you to guys in the show business but after Stan married you—or you married him—I was just scum. And you know why, sweetheart."

"You hated to see me marry Stan, didn't you?"

"You know why, sweetheart. Your show flopped, you were broke, you were a second-rate actress, and there, all at once, was a big, simple, nice guy with loads of jack, and he was nuts about you. If I'm wrong, check it. Today you can't bear to have him touch you. There's a bolt on your bedroom door—"

Her voice grated. "You vile—you vile—"

She stood up. Her eyes looked murderous. I was watching her hand because it was near a waffle iron and I didn't want her to throw it at me. But a step on the pavilion stairs drew her attention. Stan was there with Leopold Shultz.

Stan said, "Ivy, this is Oscar's—"

She turned on her heel and strode to the back of the pavilion and vaulted over the rail. I saw her cutting down toward the house.

Stan called, "Ivy!" and ran after her.

Leopold Shultz remained where Stan had left him, on the top step of the pavilion stairs. He had his hat in his hand. With his other hand he was fingering his chin.

I said, "Think nothing of it, Mr. Shultz. Mrs. Cantwell's not herself today."

"It's funny, all right."

"What?"

"Her. She looks much like a girl I used to know in Rochester. Maybe ten, fifteen years ago. Over us in a flat they lived. The old man drove a brewery wagon and was always drunk. The old lady was terrible, fighting all the time. And they had this girl that all the time would pick on my daughter and once near to scratched her eyes out. I don't know whatever happened to them after the landlord put them out. I think they moved out to the country somewhere." He shrugged out a small, reminiscent laugh. "Funny, how you think you see people you knew. I remember this girl, her name was Marie Traynor."

"I'm always seeing people who remind me of other people," I said.

"Sure. Sure. Well, I got to be going. I got a taxi waiting. It runs up. In Rochester, I'm a waiter. I don't get back, some other feller my job gets. Goodbye."

He walked down the stone steps through the rock garden, reached the driveway, followed the driveway past the house. I heard a car drive off.

In a few minutes Vivian came back to the pavilion and sat down beside me. "Oscar's brother was wondering if there were any insurance papers," she said.

"They'll probably find out he had a safe-deposit box in one of the banks, when they look tomorrow. They'll be there, probably. They also had better find some bonds Hazelhurst said he bought for Shultzy and a receipt for five hundred bucks. Otherwise Hazelhurst is going to be a very unhappy young man."

Vivian said, "Karen is trying to make him come out of his room. He won't come. He said he was brought out here against his will and he's just going to stay in his room. Do you think he had anything to do with the murder of Oscar?"

"There's only one thing I'm absolutely sure of, Vivian: I didn't kill Oscar. Anybody else might have killed him. Harrigan might have killed him. I'll ask Harrigan if he killed him."

"Be serious, Larry."

"All right. Stan could have killed him. He says he spent the night on the boat. Who knows if he did? The boat was only about half a mile from the gravel pit where they found Shultz dead in the beach wagon."

She held her breath for a minute, then let it out slowly. "That's what I've been afraid of all along. Fritz said that at about eleven o'clock Oscar Shultz came into the house and said he wanted to see Stan, he wanted to tell him something. But Fritz told Oscar that Stan had gone to bed."

I nodded. "I heard them talking. Fritz told Shultz he ought to mind his own business—in a nice way, you understand. Shultz had quite a grouch on it. It was probably his feet. He was complaining about his new shoes hurting him."

I put my fork down suddenly and looked in the direction of the garage.

Vivian said, "What is it?"

"Shultz's shoes," I said.

CHAPTER 15

HARRIGAN set the green enameled chair down in the center of Hazelhurst's bedroom. He looked at it as though it were a rare antique about which he knew a great deal. He waited patiently until everybody was in the room.

He said, "The way I remember it, when me and Webby arrived here Friday afternoon, Fritz was out back wiping this chair off. He'd just taken it out of a crate. After you took it out of the crate, what did you do with it then?"

"I brought it up here to this room. It was a chair Mr. Cantwell bought for this room."

"Was this door open or shut?"

"Shut. I knew Mr. Hazelhurst was playing tennis, so I opened the door and brought it in."

"Okay." Harrigan walked around the chair without taking his eyes off it. "Did you see this chair brought in, Mrs. Cantwell?"

Ivy shrugged. "No. If I had, I might have had it taken right out. It doesn't go in this room at all."

"Did you come in this room at all Friday afternoon?"

"No."

"And you didn't see the chair when it was downstairs?"

"Goodness, no!"

"That's funny," said Harrigan blandly. "Because outside of my own, there's three sets of fingerprints on this chair. Mine's down on the legs, where I picked it up. The others are up here on the top of the back, where you naturally pick up a chair to move it. There's Fritz's here: he brought it up. And there's Mr. Hazelhurst's: this is his room. And there's yours, Mrs. Cantwell."

"Are you trying to insinuate that I was in this bedroom with George Hazelhurst?" Ivy demanded.

"All I asked was, was you in here? I know you touched this chair, but maybe you touched it while it was downstairs."

She snapped, "Maybe I did touch it. I didn't notice if it was this chair. I happened to walk past this room and the door was open and there was a draft. The draft was blowing things around in the room. There was a chair propped against the door and I pushed it out of the way, picked up some stationery from the floor and put it back on that writing desk. But if you mean to stand there and insinuate that I was here alone with George Hazelhurst—" She turned to Stan. "Are you going to let this man say a thing like that?"

"All he asked you was a question, Ivy," Stan said levelly. "You've answered it; now let it go at that."

HARRIGAN said. "Mrs. Cantwell, when you come to this door and it was open, were you blinded by the sunlight coming through that left-hand window?"

"I don't remember."

"Mr. Hazelhurst says that when he came back from the bathroom and opened the door here, the sun blinded him because that left-hand shade was all the way up. Do you remember if this little screen here was in or out of the window?"

Exasperation was making her lips twitch. "No, I don't remember that. I told you what I did and I probably wouldn't have recalled doing that if you hadn't practically insulted me."

"Lady, I'm the last guy in the world to insult a lady. Can't I ask some questions? There's something happened in this room. At least, I believe there did. Sometime during the afternoon that little screen there was knocked out of the window. It didn't fall, understand. It was knocked out. Because," he said, walking over to it and pointing, "this piece of tin down the middle was bent. I seen Shultzy fixing it out in front of the garage about ten minutes after I heard that shot."

Stan said, "I thought it was settled that the shot you people heard was fired from a rifle Shultz had borrowed from Norman Bennett to shoot a rabbit that was raiding his vegetable garden."

"It makes sense, all right," Harrigan said, "but it don't settle anything. You just suppose the shot was fired from Shultzy's gun that he borrowed."

"Do you mean someone else fired that rifle?"

Harrigan shook his head. "No. I mean maybe that shot was fired from another gun. Whether it was fired inside the house or outside, is open to argument. Mrs. Cantwell says she thought it was a blow-out or a backfire. Mr. Hazelhurst says he didn't hear it at all. Miss Langard says she didn't hear it. Well, he was in one bathroom at about that time and she was in the other, and they say they were taking showers. So that'd make sense why they didn't hear it. Mr. Strickland said it sounded like a twenty-two all right but he thinks it was in the woods. Fritz and his wife think it was Shultzy taking a crack at a rabbit. Miss Ryan here says she was taking a snooze at the time and didn't hear it. And Webby, never the

[*Continued on page 86*]

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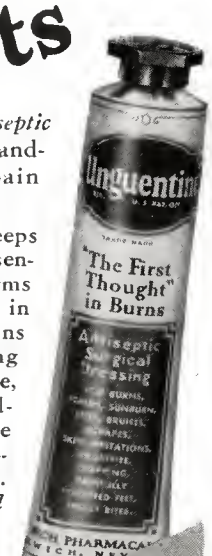

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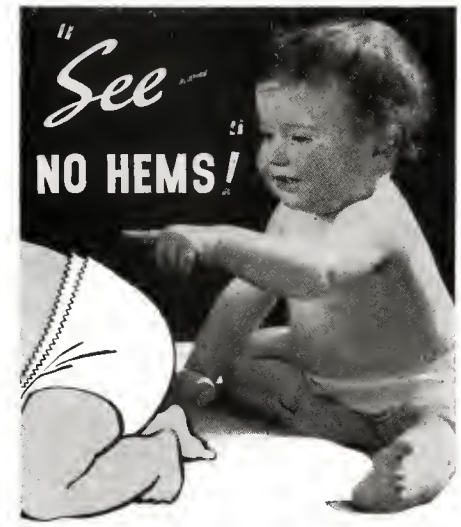

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WEEK-END TO KILL

[Continued from page 85]

one to commit himself, says it could have been inside or out, from the sound of it. The maid didn't hear it but she says she was running a vacuum cleaner in her room about that time."

Hazelhurst laughed. "And we're all out of step but you, Mr. Harrigan. You're the only one who believes it was in the house."

"To me, yes, it seemed like it was indoors somewhere."

Strickland said, "That ought to be easy to settle, Mr. Harrigan. If the shot was fired indoors, the bullet would have lodged somewhere. And if someone removed the bullet, the mark would still be there, wouldn't it?"

"It could have gone through a window," Harrigan said.

"With screens in all the windows? Wouldn't you see a bullet-hole in the screen?"

"Not if the screen was knocked out first," Harrigan said.

Strickland nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, you're right there. You're right there, all right."

Karen Langard's face brightened under the impact of an idea. "Oh, look, we can have a hunt. You know, like an egg-hunt; only make this for the bullet! Don't you think that's a marvelous idea? We'll each chip in a dollar and the person who finds the bullet—"

Harrigan turned toward the window. I heard a car's wheels moving on the driveway, then a faint conclusive crunch as they stopped outside. Harrigan leaned on the windowsill.

"Hello, Pascarella," he said.

Pascarella's voice droned up: "Well, I guess you can pick up your tools and go home, Harrigan."

THE man handcuffed to Engle was about five feet tall and looked as if he might have weighed about a hundred pounds. His forehead was domed and beneath it his features were drawn tightly into a knot. There was a crooked bony insolence about his jaw. His ears stuck out from his head. His eyes were big, sharp, alert, and shone too much. He looked cocky.

Pascarella stood with one foot on the ground, the other on the edge of the terrace, and was leaning with his elbow on his knee. He said, "We get a tip from a newsboy that a guy that lisps is in the railroad station waiting for a train and we go over there and collar this here guy. He's got a ticket to Boston. So just on a hunch we pick him up and make him take us where he lives. He lives in a rooming house across from the Empress Theater. His brother-in-law owns it. His brother-in-law's the boss in the fifth election district. In this here tomato's room we find two blackjacks, a pair of brass knuckles— You got the list wrote down, Engle. Read it."

Engle read from a small notebook. "One dagger, one clasp knife with four-inch blade, one cleaver, one pair brass knuckles, two blackjacks, one .25 caliber automatic pistol, one .38 caliber revolver, one twelve-gauge sawed-off shotgun, one 30-30 rifle, twelve boxes of ammunition, assorted." He closed the book and slipped it into his pocket. "That seems to be all."

"We ask him what's the idea of the arsenal and he says it's a museum he's getting together." Pascarella said. "He's either the world's biggest liar or the worst screwball I ever run across."

The man said. "Yeah, thath wha' you thay, thath wha' you thay."

"Oh . . . he lisps!" cried Karen Langard.

Pascarella said. "On a calendar in his room we found Mr. Shelby's phone number wrote down. This is the guy, all right. Imagine. We spend four hours with a flock of boy scouts looking for a pair of shoes and then get a hot tip and find this guy with a ticket to Boston. I called Shelby up and made this guy say something to him on the phone. Shelby's pretty sure it's the voice that called him and threatened him that day."

Stan said, "Who's his brother-in-law?"

"Vince Pagliano. This guy's name is Rudnicki. I brought him out here so that servant of yours could hear him talk. You know, the guy who got the phone message here."

"Yes: Fritz."

"I'll get him," Vivian said, going inside.

HARRIGAN sat down. "What's he claim?" he asked Pascarella.

"Oh, he says he sent that warning all right, and he says yeah, he phoned Shelby. But he says he didn't knock off Shultz. That's what he says now. Tomorrow he'll be claiming self-defense. He's been yelling for a lawyer already."

"You'll thee, you'll thee! Wait'll I thee Vinth!"

Harrigan said, "You didn't find any shoes, huh?"

"Ha," said Pascarella.

"How about his fingerprints?"

"I don't expect to find 'em on the beach wagon, if that's what you mean. This guy ain't that dumb. But I found a ticket for a ride on the Ferris wheel at the amusement park in his pocket. I called them up and give 'em the serial number on it, and found it was sold the night Shultz was killed. So little palsy-walsy here was out there at the amusement park. Give us time, and we'll put all the pieces together."

Vivian came back with Fritz and Pascarella said to him. "Can you remember exactly what that guy that phoned you said?"

Fritz dipped his head. "I think so, yes, sir. He said. 'Shultz was first. Next time it'll be closer. Say that to Cantwell.'"

"Say that, Rudnicki," Pascarella said.

Rudnicki yelped, "No!" He began to fight the handcuff and yell about his brother-in-law. Engle, taken by surprise, almost fell down. Pascarella stepped up and took a fistful of Rudnicki's shirt, at the chest. He held up his other hand, the palm flat, ready to strike. Rudnicki stopped fighting.

"Now say it," Pascarella said.

Quivering, Rudnicki said, "Thulzth wuth firtht. Nexth thime it'll be clother. That thay t' Canthwell."

"Sound like it?" Pascarella asked Fritz.

Fritz looked worried. "Well, it was like that, tongue-tied like that, but it was on the phone and on the phone I guess it'd sound different."

"We ought to get him on a phone." Engle said.

Stan said, "There's a dial phone in my room, separate from the house line. Or there's one in my wife's room. You can just dial the house number from either one."

"Okay. You go up with Engle and this guy and dial it, will you? Then

[*Continued on page 100*]

McCALL'S

Style and Beauty

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MORE PLEASURE

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HAIR *is on the up and up*

HOW CAN I REALLY LOOK DIFFERENT? There's one sure way—change your hairdress. I don't mean a timid little push here and a snip there. I mean a revolutionary, courageous change, one that gives your face a brand-new look, that alters the whole silhouette of your head. Too many girls go round wondering why, in spite of a smart, new frock and tricky hat, they never seem to look more exciting, more glamorous. Often a complete change of coiffure is just what the doctor ordered. There's a new trend in hair arrangement these days, so take advantage of it.

IS HAIR GOING TO BE WORN HIGHER? Yes—It's happened even in Hollywood, where most of the stars keep their hair quite long for camera flattery and for comfort in acquiring new hair arrangements. Perhaps you've wondered whether *you* could wear a higher coiffure. You needn't think you have to brush your hair straight up on top of your head. for there are plenty of charming variations of the upward movement.

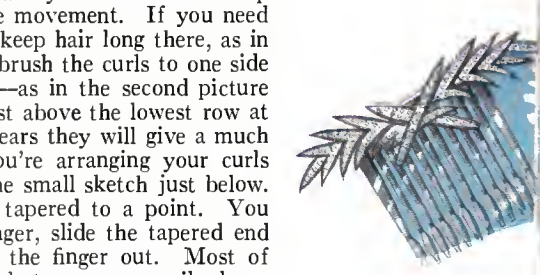
WHAT WILL TAKE AWAY THAT PLAIN-JANE LOOK? A style of hairdo that has a "lift" to it. Something soft, without set ridges, without hard, elaborate curls, a combination that might be described as "casual-careful." If you've always worn your hair drawn off your forehead, try this: Part hair in a semicircle above the forehead, brush this handful of hair to the front, and have it waved into big curls. Wear these curls (or "fringe," if you want to be 1890) with the same dash with which you'd wear a perky flower atop your head. The curls will shadow your eyes becomingly. Pick a hat that shows off your fringe—not one that hides it.

HOW CAN I CHANGE A LONG BOB? Have your hair brushed up from your ears at the side, in a winglike movement. If you need hair at the back to balance your profile, keep hair long there, as in the third photograph from the top. Or brush the curls to one side and fasten with a sidecomb or bob pin—as in the second picture from the top. Or train a set of curls just above the lowest row at the back. By the time they reach your ears they will give a much higher contour to your coiffure. If you're arranging your curls yourself, use a rattail comb, shown in the small sketch just below. It's a comb made so that half of it is tapered to a point. You slip a strand of curly hair over your finger, slide the tapered end through, wind it round, and then draw the finger out. Most of you have seen your hairdresser use it, but you can easily learn to do tricks with it at home.

HOW CAN I ACQUIRE A HIGH-PILED COIFFURE? For such a hairdo (as in the top photograph) you need two things: a beautiful, young jaw line, and plenty of long hair at the back. Some hairdressers who are dressing hair high are cutting and shaping the back hair in the old familiar swirl. Unless this is skillfully waved at all times it may leave you with untidy wisps. Long hair, however, can be brushed straight up, and the curls fastened where they look most effective. Or part your hair straight down the back and comb the curls up on either side, near the ears. Your hat should be worn in front of your curls, not smashed down on top of them.

HOW CAN I KEEP MY HAIR IN PLACE? Once it's been rearranged, a new hairdress is a problem, till it is trained to stay put. After the first setting, wear a net cap over your curls at night. When you're sure of exactly how your hair is to be combed in place, brush it vigorously. This brushing will restore the gloss that so often disappears under hot dryers. You'll find little side combs, tuck combs, and the like, that hold stray strands in place—sparkly for evening, plain for daytime. Have the very best permanent you can afford. Take oil treatments if your hair is dry. Experiment with a soapless shampoo—it rinses out quickly and leaves hair glossy. At least once a year make some change in hair arrangement, and remember to do something for hair texture, too.

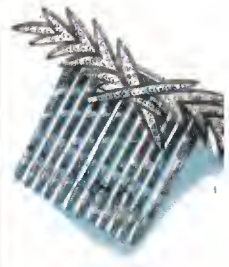
BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE



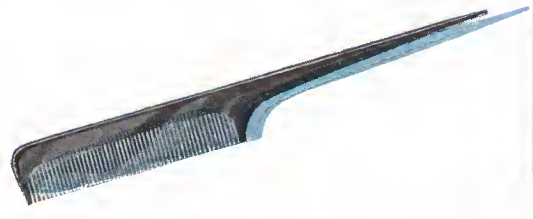
Highest **Danielle Darrieux, in her first American film, "The Rage af Paris," wears this hairdress af curls piled high at the tap af her head**

Higher **Virginia Field, yaung featured player, has her curls braught acrass the back and dressed ta ane side — perfect far evening wear**

High **Libby Harben, New Yark madel wha played in "Vagues af 1938," wears her hair higher at the tap and drawn up winglike at the sides**



Going up **In "A Star Is Barn," Janet Gaynar praphesied the upward mavement in caiffures by lifted curls and a higher line at the neck**



like her because

She knows how to choose perfume." (Do men talk about a woman's perfume? They certainly do, and they feel strongly on the subject. That's natural, because our sense of smell is closely linked with our emotions. Fragrances bring up a whole train of associations. When you choose perfume, conjure up some image in your mind: a subtle flower bouquet, an old-fashioned garden, a rose jar, the aroma of fruits, of old wine, of grandmother's spice box, of sunlight, of moonlight, of cool breezes in summer, of a luxurious sachet. These are only a few of the pleasant associations modern perfumes suggest.)

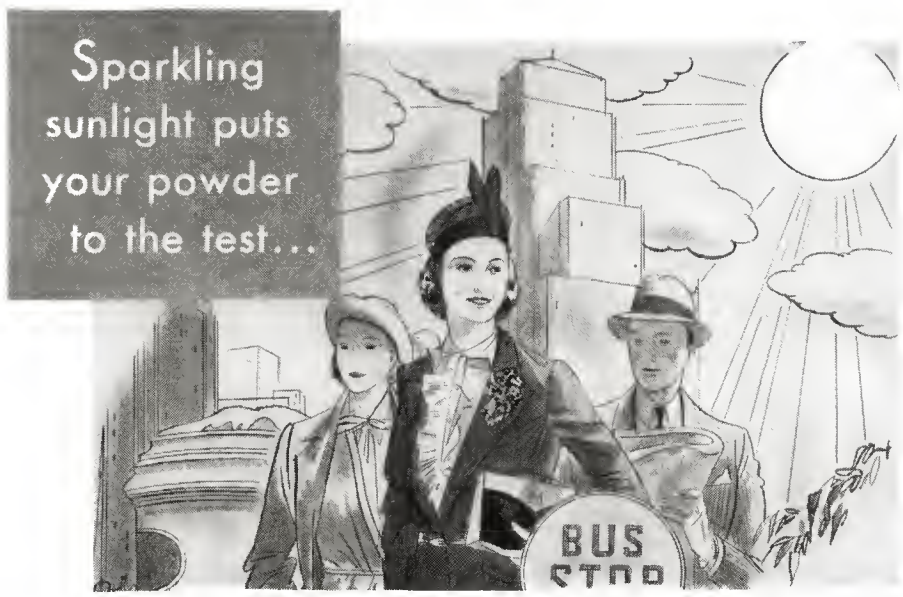
She knows how to use perfume." (When a man says this about you, he means, "She doesn't use too much." For, unless he has an undiscriminating nose, he likes a fragrance that seems to float like a veil after a charming lady. Always spray perfume from an atomizer. This distributes the scent over a large area, preventing staleness. There are new and lovely atomizers now for eau de Cologne and dilute perfumes. Never stick to one fragrance for too long a time—your sense of smell tires and you may unconsciously use too much. Try new scents—most fine ones come in small, inexpensive sizes.)

She has 'that bandbox look!'" (When a man describes you in this phrase, pat yourself on the back, for it's an effect no male can resist. The just-out-of-a-bandbox look, by the way, has nothing to do with being born beautiful. It's something any girl can acquire, if she'll put her mind to it. Look around you, spot the little flaws in grooming of other women: straggly hair, carelessly applied make-up, missing buttons or snaps, slips showing under skirts, crooked stocking seams, runover heels, and so on, ad infinitum. Resolve to check up more carefully on *yourself.)*

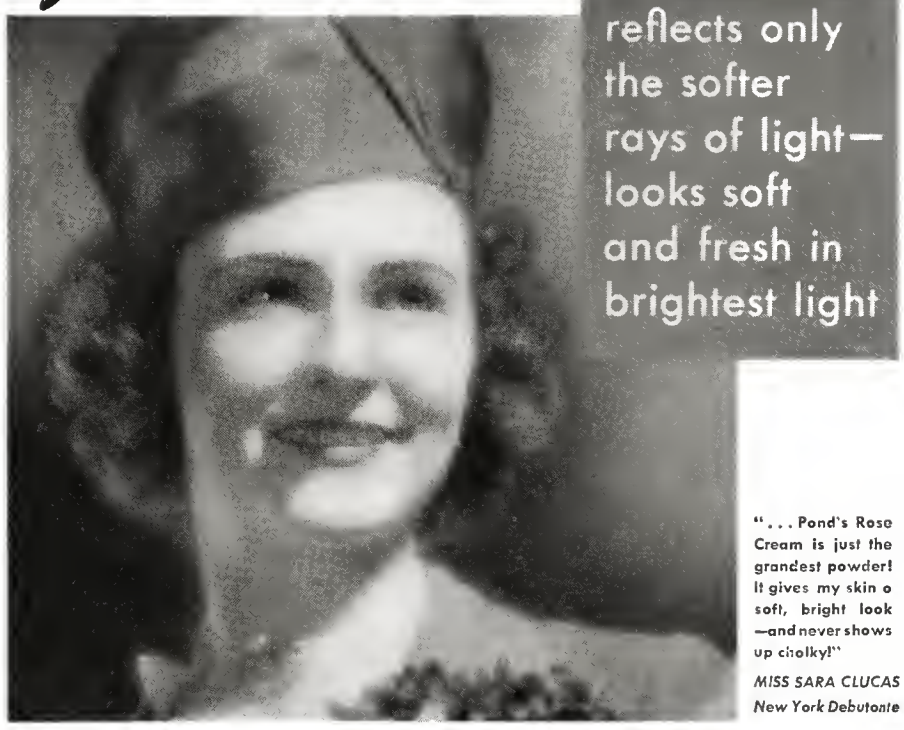
She is just naturally dainty!" (Men often make this comment, and it's nobody's business but your own if being "naturally dainty" involves using many things that come in jars and bottles. For that effect of exquisite daintiness, you probably use a deodorant as faithfully as you use your toothbrush. You like bath salts in your tub, or, when you take a shower, a brisk rub of Cologne afterwards. You have a favorite perfume. You are even fussy about your compact, keeping a clean puff handy, or, if that's difficult, using a puff of cotton which may be thrown away when soiled.)

*P*erfumes, compacts and eaux de Cologne, left: Top, cute flower pots hold bath salts. Below, curved bottle of a new perfume from a famous house, a "dry "exhilarating scent. Next, a refreshing Cologne, a compact with a brush attached to case, another tangy Cologne in de luxe bottle. Shelf below, left, skyscraper bottle of a scent described as "orchidaceous." Beside it, handsome flacon of a perfume having a Russian leather undertone. Shelf below, smart new bottle of another zippy Cologne, and a lovely couturier perfume. Next shelf, right, a Cologne of the feminine type, a dark blue flacon of a famous spicy perfume; at the back, three new flower scents in toilet water form, and a chic rococo compact. Bottom row, toilet water that matches a famous perfume; beside it, a sophisticated couturier perfume; next, new adaptation of a popular perfume in Cologne form. Right, handsome new couturier compact, beautifully tooled, a famous salon perfume, and, almost out of the picture, a rainbow compact, set with varicolored stones. For romance, we give you the perfume counter!

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE



"Glare-Proof" Powder



"... Pond's Rose Cream is just the grandest powder! It gives my skin a soft, bright look —and never shows up chalky!"

MISS SARA CLUCAS
New York Debutante

THOSE bright, sunny mornings—How they search out every little fault of your face! Powder showing up—features sharpened! Are you afraid of looking "all powdery" standing in that bright sunlight?

Not if you soften that sparkling sunlight—with Pond's "glare-proof" shades. Pond's Powder shades are blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light. They give a soft lovely look to your face in the brightest light. And do not show up "powdery." In an inquiry among 1,097 girls, Pond's got the biggest vote for "never showing powdery."

Use Pond's daytime and under evening lights. True skin tones, uniformly blended. Special ingredients keep Pond's soft and clinging for hours. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. Big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Free

5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES

POND'S, Dept. 3-PT, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.
(This offer expires July 1, 1938.)

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CHART FOR A NAMELESS NURSE

[Beginning on page 12]

of Dewart, except that he died too soon. . . ."

She whispered on a sharp intake of breath, "How did you know?"

"A great many people gave Anthony Dewart the benefit of the doubt."

"Only a few," she said bitterly.

He went on, "And there was a son too, a brilliant high-strung boy in his last year at college. He had worshiped his father, been his father's constant companion—"

She interrupted him. "It wasn't only that. There was a girl. She broke off her engagement to Tony because of the scandal. He went haywire—his nerves were shot to pieces. He—he wasn't really responsible. . . ."

"You mean, the gun going off like that might have been an accident?"

"I don't know. No one will ever know," said Julie dully.

"And the girl, Julie Dewart. What about her?"

"You seem to know it all. You tell me," she said.

"The girl ran away," Dr. Reall paused. "I think that was probably the best thing she could have done. She put a new life in place of the old, substituted hard work for futile, exhausting play, made herself into a woman. . . ."

"Thanks," said Julie faintly. "I could add something to it. The girl never gave anyone a chance to jilt her. . . . She resigned first."

"Oh." That seemed to be the one thing Dr. Reall hadn't known.

TO BREAK the tension, Julie opened the doors of the compact little kitchenette and ran some water in the bottom of the coffee pot.

"This is something I do rather well," she boasted. "Wait and see."

Presently they were sitting side by side on the old sofa, taking their coffee from deep cups. Dr. Reall gave a long sigh of satisfaction.

"With coffee like this every day," he said positively, "I could vie with the Mayo brothers."

"You're not such a bad doctor yourself," said Julie lightly.

"Ah, you've noticed my skill in timing pains before the ladies' private physicians arrive! I was afraid it was going unsung."

She thought she caught the hint of bitterness in his foolery. Certainly there was little beyond routine work for the Resident on duty; but at those rare times of emergency when a cool head and superhuman hands were needed, she had the feeling Dr. Chris Reall was very much there.

"Ever thought of private practice?" she asked him suddenly.

"Sometimes," he admitted. "I'm waiting till I know a lot more than I know now."

He was young, not more than thirty she thought, perhaps twenty-eight. He was doing well to be one of the two obstetrical Residents at a hospital with the high standards of East River. She felt a sudden rush of gratitude toward him. In some way or other, he had managed to save her from a bad hour alone.

She gave him her hand as he rose.

"You're not angry with me now?" he asked smiling.

Her lips moved in an answering smile. "No."

For two days she searched the corridors for the glimpse of Forrest that she was dreading. But either he had come in while she was in the nurses' dining room, or he was to come just after she went off duty. She did not see him till Saturday; she had time, a precious forty-eight hours of it, to accustom herself to the knowledge that he was another woman's husband, and father of the tiny dark-haired creature marked "Baby Boy Wendell," in the nursery. . . .

BUT at last the inevitable moment came. She had come into the rather charming little visitors' waiting-room to tell a group of girls that Mrs. Willets was ready to see them now—when, stepping aside to let them pass, she saw a man over near the window.

He had his back to her, he was looking out over the Yorkville roof tops. There was still time to leave the room as noiselessly as she had come . . . But in the moment when it seemed she had lost all power to move, Forrest turned sharply around, conscious of eyes on his back.

His throat made a curious little exclamation, as if he were stifling both surprise and emotion.

It was Julie who spoke first.

"It's so strange to meet here," she said gently.

He was looking at her with a hungry scrutiny. "You haven't changed . . . Even in your white cap, I can see you as you were that last time."

"Don't look back," she warned him. "Neither of us must ever look back."

"How are we to help it?"

He didn't say any of the things she had imagined he would. "Julie, where did you go? How did you manage to slip away so suddenly and so quietly, leaving no trace?" Yet it was like Forrest to skip all the non-essentials and come direct to the disturbing heart of the thing.

"I never stopped caring for you, Julie."

"Don't—you have no right to say that and I have no right to listen—"

"Karen knows."

Pity for Karen swept her heart. A small, blonde girl in room 1040, very young, very alone. . . . Probably she was now having her face and hands washed and her long hair brushed to be ready for Forrest.

"Yes, she knows," said Julie slowly. "She told me."

His dark eyebrows lifted. "You've seen her? You know each other?"

"I went in to take a box of flowers. I didn't know who she was," said Julie quickly. "She recognized me."

"She didn't tell me you were here."

"Why should she have? We can't blame her for that."

They both stood silent a moment, humble at the tangle they'd made of their lives. Then Julie said with bright false courage, "Have you seen your son this afternoon? I could take you down if you like."

He shook his head wordlessly.

She tried once more. "Oh, Forrest, I have to go now. I'll try never to see you again—I'll get myself transferred to another floor or something. Couldn't you smile at me, once, as you used to smile?"

But it wasn't there, he couldn't bring it back again—the quick radiance she remembered in his dark, thin face. This was a lifeless widening of the lips.

"Goodbye, Forrest—"

Their hands touched briefly and she turned away. Ten-forty's day Special was just outside.

"Mrs. Wendell is ready now. You may come in, Mr. Wendell."

Julie went blindly back to the chartroom. From a few doors you

[*Continued on page 94*]

I'D LIKE TO SELL THIS HOUSE AND MOVE TO SIAM

WHY, HONEY, WE'VE JUST BOUGHT IT!

I COULDN'T BE MORE LONESOME IF THE WOMEN SPOKE SIAMESE

THEY SEEMED FRIENDLY ENOUGH AT FIRST— IT'S A **SHAME**

MEANTIME, NEXT DOOR...

SAY, MARIE, WHY IS IT YOU GIRLS DON'T LIKE MRS. B?

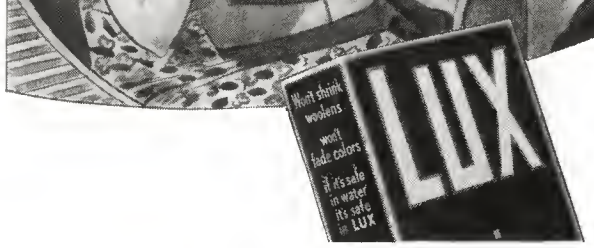
JUST ONE REASON— BUT IT'S ENOUGH! IF ONLY I COULD HINT ABOUT **DAINTINESS**

Fortunately, Marie **was** able to give Mrs. B. a hint about **perspiration odor from underthings.** Mrs. B. began using **LUX** daily and then..

LATER

GOT A SWELL OFFER FOR THE HOUSE TODAY— WANT TO SELL?

NOT FOR A MILLION! I'VE MADE SUCH NICE FRIENDS NOW— **I LOVE IT** HERE



removes perspiration odor— saves colors

Avoid Offending

NO WOMAN intentionally offends through perspiration odor from underthings. Yet any one of us may be guilty of this worst of all social faults. Underthings (including girdles) absorb odor from the skin. They betray this odor far more quickly to others than to ourselves. The *sure* way to avoid offending is to Lux undies after *every* wearing.

Lux removes odor and saves colors! It contains no harmful alkali (as many soaps do)—eliminates injurious cake-soap rubbing. Safe in water, safe in Lux. Buy the economical big box!

From Paris Comes the Idea

SKIN AFFINITY Makes the New*

EVENING IN PARIS FACE POWDER

- EXTRA CLINGING
- EXTRA FLATTERING
- EXTRA KIND TO YOUR SKIN

Let the microscope prove it to you
Photomicrographs made with the assistance of Dr. Clarence P. Horris, Consulting Chemist of New York City.
One of the largest selling face powders. Note comparatively large particles, uneven in size and shape.
Evening in Paris Face Powder with Skin Affinity* Particles exceedingly small; more uniform in size, smoother in shape.
Now! In one face powder ...this amazing combination of beauty advantages
1. Exquisitely smooth, translucent.
2. Looks superbly natural.
3. Refines, softens features.
4. Covers the skin better.
5. Maintains loveliness longer.
6. Beautifies BOTH dry and oily skins.
7. Clearest, most flattering shades.
KEYED SCENTS—Evening in Paris Perfume, the "fragrance of romance" scents all the exquisite Evening in Paris Preparations. Use it with your other Evening in Paris Preparations to avoid "clashing odeurs"... Evening in Paris Perfume, 55c to $10.00.
Evening in Paris
BOURJOIS

WHERE have you been able to find all these thrilling qualities in *one* face powder before? First of all, it gives you supreme fineness and evenness of texture (see the photomicrographs at right)... And this results in the most lovely, translucent look you can imagine for your complexion.

It looks natural as can be, too. But this thrilling new Evening in Paris Face Powder doesn't stop there. For it has *Skin Affinity**... and that means that it actually seems attracted to your skin, judging by the way it clings and clings.

And in addition, it does a superior job of subduing the appearance of beauty flaws because it covers your skin so well!

Never again need you sacrifice some of the qualities you want in a face powder in order to get others. Get them all in the new Evening in Paris Face Powder with *Skin Affinity*!*

Colors are vividly warm, clear and glowing... superbly flattering!

Available at drug and department stores everywhere. The generous, enlarged box is $1.10. *Trade Mark

Evening in Paris
BOURJOIS

CHART FOR A NAMELESS NURSE

[Continued from page 92]

could catch the staccato reporting of today's football games. She thought, "Football games—it's so queer to hear them. Forrest used to take me. . . ."

While she was still standing there, half dazed with bewilderment and strange insistent pain, 1040's light flashed on. The Special had gone to the nurses' sitting room, certain that she was free for an hour or two. Julie walked slowly toward the door.

Forrest opened it and stood outside, looking for someone.

"Julie," he called. "Come here. Where's Karen's nurse?"

"Is something wrong?"

"She—she's sick. Get a doctor, Julie. Get someone."

Obviously he could not yet believe Julie was a trained registered nurse. She smiled faintly and went in the door to look at Karen. Then her face smoothed into instant seriousness, she went out and put in calls for both the Super and the Resident.

"Who's her own doctor?" she asked Forrest.

"Dr. Striker. He's away this weekend. He—he thought she was all right, and he wasn't expecting any arrivals, so—"

"I see," said Julie quickly. "Well, we have Dr. Reall. He's a good man."

Forrest was sent back to the waiting-room. Julie steeled herself against the frantic impulse to take his white, tormented face in her arms.

"Dr. Reall," she said, standing at his elbow by 1040's bed, "we've tried to reach Dr. Striker, but he's in Montreal and wouldn't be able to get back till tomorrow."

"That isn't soon enough," said Chris Reall under his breath.

"No—" agreed Julie instantly.

"Get ready for surgery, Julia. I'll want you."

Karen's eyes opened. They looked strikingly blue in her bloodless face.

"So—tired, Julie."

"Of course, dear. But we'll have you feeling marvelous soon."

"She knows you," commented Dr. Reall.

"Yes, we're old friends. Chris, you can do it, can't you? Oh, Chris, you will?" She was scarcely aware of speaking his name.

"Where's the husband?"

"Down the hall. Be careful what you tell him. He—he's the high-strung type. . . ."

"Know him too?" Chris's gray eyes bored into her.

"He's Forrest Wendell. We were engaged. I—don't let anything happen to Karen, Chris!"

THEY'D had one other case of postpartum complications during the time Julie had been there—a case almost exactly like this. The girl had seemed to recover, had scarcely remembered she'd had a baby the week before—then this hemorrhage business and in a few hours the life had been snuffed out like a candle.... A pretty girl, too, not more than twenty-two, tremendously in love with the baby, his father, and with life. Julie had gone into her room, seen the maid packing up her bed jackets, her powder kit, her silly little hair bows; she had walked over to the window where the maid couldn't see her face and had wept some bitter, difficult tears for the new injustice dealt by death, the implacable enemy. . . . And she had scarcely known that girl. Now it was Karen—Karen whom she remembered with long fair plaits and braces on her front teeth.

"You can't fail, Chris," she whispered to him at the door of surgery. "It's your chance to be great, to justify all those years you worked as orderly at night so you could study in the daytime—those years you struggled and saved and went without food. . . ." Oh, she'd heard things about Dr. Chris Reall. That girl who'd died during the summer—she hadn't had Chris. She'd had her own doctor, a grave, important old man with a cautious face. . . . Chris was young, he was quick and strong. Looking at him, she was reminded of the huge blond archangels she had seen in a picture as a child.

"A chance for both of us, Julia," he said, putting his arms into the sterile gown.

She couldn't think what he meant. Then she didn't try. There was no room for thought in the indefinite stretches of time that followed. She caught glimpses of Chris's hands, moving with inhuman precision. She watched with a queer fascination Karen's smooth regular breathing under the anesthetic, each breath meaning that Karen—for that moment at least—was alive. . . . She did not know till afterward how long they were in the operating-room. It might have been an hour or the rest of the afternoon and night; she could not gauge it. She went on handing things to Chris like an automaton; she went on staring at his hands, thinking them the most beautiful instruments she had ever seen.

Through a haze she heard him say at last, "That has it." There were beads of perspiration on his forehead.

"Nice work," said Dr. Wells who was standing by. "No one could have done it better."

"Thanks. She's a strong girl," said Chris. And to Julie. "Go in and speak to her husband, will you?"

JULIE slipped out of her gown in the anteroom and walked uncertainly down the hall. The door of 1040 was half open and she could see Forrest sitting there, his head bent over. As she came in, he looked up. His eyes were dull coals in his drawn face.

"Julie," he whispered incoherently. "Everything I said to you . . . it wasn't true. Forget I ever said it. She's all that matters . . . Karen, Karen. Do you hear? Karen."

"Yes," said Julie quietly. "Of course. Pull yourself together, Forrest. She's going to be all right."

He began to sob into his thin fingers. Paying no attention to him, Julie started to freshen the bed for Karen's return. When that was done, she moved briskly around, straightening objects on the bureau, putting the lid on a candy box, turning up the radiator.

"Her Special is with her," she commented finally. "Soon they'll be bringing her back here. Go put some cold water on your face, Forrest."

He stumbled obediently to his feet and into Karen's bath. She heard the rush of water in the basin. When he came out, his face looked firmer and he'd gained control over his voice.

"That's better, isn't it?" she said with the brightness of the nurse. "Shan't I ring for a waiter and order you some hot tea?"

"No, thanks."

She filled the carafe and set it near him. She realized, with a vague wonder at herself, that she was doing all these things, making all the gestures of a nurse, so that Forrest might always remember a kindly pres-

ence in a white uniform—calm, efficient, impersonal—blotting out any more treacherous memory. . . .

She said one more thing: "I wouldn't stay too long after she comes back. She'll need a long sleep." Then she left the room, closing the door behind her. That was their ultimate goodbye, emphasized by the small click of the knob. The trouble was, thought Julie with a strange anger at herself, that they hadn't said it four years ago. Forrest had not really wanted to marry the daughter of Anthony Dewart, the sister of reckless Tony Dewart, or he would have stopped mooning over her and gone to look for her. . . .

"We've kidded ourselves—a not very funny joke that lasted too long and might have lasted much longer," she admitted, fairly to her own accusations.

AN EXTRA floor nurse had been called while Julie was helping in the operating-room. She seemed to have everything under control, and Julie had only to answer two calls and was then idle, watching the river from the window in the chartroom.

"Julia—"

Dr. Chris Reall had changed from the coat and cap he wore in surgery and was dressed for the street. He might have been any young business man, well groomed, assured, successful. . . . Like one of the fathers of the new babies down in the nursery. . . .

"Why aren't you married?" asked Julie abruptly, surprised that she had never thought of that before.

He laughed shortly.

"I was—once. Haven't you ever heard of the lovely and glamorous and exciting Toby Reall? She was rather well-known at the haunts in the East Fifties once. . . ."

"Yes, but she's—" began Julie in amazement.

"She's married again, to a millionaire cattleman from the Argentine," said Chris without bitterness. "And I wish her luck and happiness. She wasn't cut out for a doctor's wife. Very few girls are."

Julie remembered Toby quite well, one of those people you see around and speak to and never get to know beyond that. She could not think of anyone more foreign to Chris's forthright and hard reality—Toby who dreamed of leading café society to new heights of hilarity, Chris to whom money was nothing but necessary payment for a three-room apartment and food to eat.

"I didn't have this job then," he explained. "It was tough going. Toby hated it. Finally she hated me. That finished it."

"So you've been hurt too," said Julie. "It's funny; somehow when we're licking our own wounds, we don't see what's under our noses."

He cut in. "Dr. Raymond is relieving me in a few minutes. If you'll give me your key, I'll go around and stock up your kitchenette, and by the time you're off, dinner will be sizzling away on the stove. How's that?"

"It's very nice."

He looked around and seeing no one, caught her wrist.

"You've a high pulse, my girl." He touched her cheek gently with his broad strong hand. "Maybe a touch of fever too. Shall I prescribe?"

"Yes," she whispered.

A slow red mounted up his cheekbones, colored his temples. "He's afraid of me," she thought wonderingly, "of *me!*"

He took a chart blank from the desk, scribbled on it with the silver pencil from his coat pocket.

"For Julia Mary Dewart," she read silently over his shoulder, "a more rounded life is prescribed, under the personal supervision of Dr. Reall—"

"Is that all, Doctor?" she asked.

"No—"

They met each other's eyes, a long intent look—a look more committing than a kiss.

"Later," said Julie breathlessly, tearing her hand from his. There was 1031's light flashing again. She skimmed down the corridor. She seemed not to have shoes at all, but little wings at her heels like the god Mercury.

"It's six," said Mrs. Willets very resentfully. "Why don't they bring my baby?"

"I'll get him," promised Julie at once.

"You're the only human nurse they have around here. Wait just a minute. How did you ever happen to take up nursing?"

JULIE was able to put away once and for all the old terrors, the old bitternesses. She felt released into sun and sky, into an atmosphere where one might say anything or do anything. She smiled at Mrs. Willets.

"The usual reason. To meet a doctor, and I did."

• • •

MOVIES

[Beginning on page 4]

battle of the Alamo; kill off Davy Crockett; and then send Sam Houston to the rescue with 5500 more extras.

But, seriously, we deserve a little more back-slapping about ourselves than we get from the motion picture industry. There are at least two terrific melodramas among the American historical romances by John Buchan that would make just as profitable motion pictures as his *39 Steps* became, and even though Mr. Buchan is now Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-general of Canada, he probably could be persuaded to sell some of his works to a neighbor.

It may be that audiences, after all these years of Westerns, wouldn't believe their own history if they saw it on the screen, just as the impresario who invested a fortune in an Uncle Tom's Cabin show discovered people didn't believe his thoroughbred bloodhounds were bloodhounds at all, because for years they'd seen mastiffs and Great Danes chasing Eliza across the ice.

But there were some other fellows in the Revolutionary War other than George Washington and Benedict Arnold; there were two or three people involved in the Civil War besides Lincoln, Grant and Lee, and the country west of the Mississippi wasn't all settled by two men on horseback.

RECENTLY Will Hays has announced an intense program of educational motion picture work on the part of his office. Some time ago I intimated we might be able to find a man a little better equipped to teach the school children other than Warren G. Harding's ex-postmaster general, but if Mr. Hays will employ Marquis James, and Henry Pringle, and Willa Cather, and Charles Beard to write his educational pictures, I'd be willing to gamble on him; not because of the school children, but because the producers—and Mr. Hays—might learn something new about the country.

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FATIGUE STEALS ENERGY FROM YOUR SKIN . . .
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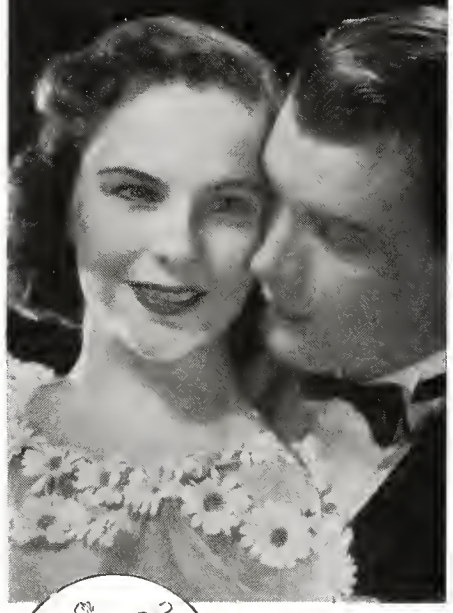

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WISH YOU WERE HERE

[Beginning on page 23]

"Mildred Oldwald. . . I hope I'm not taking up too much space for my things."

Marge's keen eyes took in the few things at a glance. "Oh, no—there's plenty of room for my clothes."

She set about unpacking quickly. "I saw you get on the boat. Was that your boy-friend who brought you down?"

Mildred nodded, somehow pleased. "My father brought me down. I had a fight with my boy-friend a month ago."

"Oh," Mildred said.

"I should care!" shrugging thin shoulders. "There's a lot more fish in the sea, I always say. . . . Ever been on one of these trips before?"

"No, I haven't."

"I haven't, either, but I know a girl who used to come every year. She met her husband on the boat."

"There don't seem to be many men to meet, do there?"

Marge looked at her. "No, not many. But competition's keen everywhere. Last year, I went to The Dells. Talk about girls! Still," philosophically, "I met my boy-friend there."

Mildred, thinking of the money she was spending on this trip—over eighty dollars ("Gosh," Joe had said when she told him, "I could buy a car for that!")—said weakly, "I suppose a lot of girls make trips like this just to try to meet men."

"Oh, sure! Lot of good it does most of 'em, though."

"I," Mildred said, justifying herself, "wanted to see something—Niagara Falls, Mackinac Island, Canada. . . . I've never been anywhere."

"Haven't you?" complacently. "I've traveled a lot. Last year I went to The Dells. And I've been to St. Louis and Kansas City and Louisville and Minneapolis and Pittsburgh."

"Oh!" Mildred said, impressed.

"Maybe I'd be better off staying at home, though," Marge analyzed, hanging up the last of her dresses with a nervous jerk. "I have a girl-friend who used to spend all her money going places, like I do, but she never met anybody at all. And finally she got disgusted and said, 'Oh, what's the use!' and she stayed home and went to the beach instead. And then she met a good-looking life-guard who was a college man and everything, and in a year they were married!"

"Gee!" Mildred said.

"Of course," Marge added on second thought, "she looked very good in a bathing suit."

THAT accounted for it, Mildred thought, cleaning the high-heeled white sandals she intended to keep on wearing through the evening with her summer formal. No one had ever said of her that she looked very good in a bathing suit. She had a good enough figure, but nothing extra. That's all that could be said about her, she supposed: good enough, but nothing extra.

She got into her summer formal, even though the man at the cruise agency had said that it wasn't necessary to dress for dinner on a lake steamer. But wearing the long dresses she never had a chance to wear when she went to a show or for a walk with Joe, was going to be half the fun. Maybe *all* the fun.

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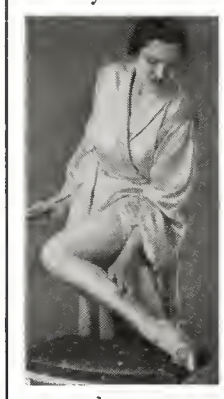

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NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

Marge dressed in a summer formal, too, and they went down to the dining room together, their dresses swishing as they walked. Mildred was a little shy about ordering, because she and Joe didn't eat in restaurants often. She was glad when Marge took charge.

While Marge was ordering for both of them, Mildred looked covertly about the high-ceilinged room. Not only were there just a handful of men but most of them were with their wives. And even those who were alone weren't so very much, she admitted reluctantly.

Then, just as the steward was putting a cup of thin brownish soup before her, she saw him enter the room as if he owned it. He was tall and broad-shouldered and had blond wavy hair and the most regular features she had ever seen, in or out of the movies. Mildred noticed that his vividly blue eyes swept from one end of the dining salon to the other in sharp jabs. When his eyes jabbed hers suddenly, she flushed and bent her head.

"Whew!" Marge whistled under her breath. "Some class!"

"He *is* good looking, isn't he?"

"Yeah," measuring her wisely, "but you better not go for him, he's out of our class, and meeting that kind of a fellow when you're on a vacation don't mean anything, because they never keep in touch with you after you get back. And in the second place, that must be his mother with him, and you can bet she's not going to let him out of her sight!"

Mildred stole a glance toward his table. His mother was smartly-dressed and youthful, she didn't look as if she kept him under her thumb. They were talking and laughing as if they enjoyed being together. But Marge was right—he was out of their class; she'd be lucky if she could get to know any of the other men.

AFTER dinner, there was dancing in the ballroom. Mildred and Marge went up, along with all the other girls in their new long dresses, to sit there in pretended indifference, while the orchestra played to an empty floor.

Presently a man or two strolled in to make his choice of the prettiest girl in the lot. A few others straggled in. There were a half dozen couples on the floor, while Marge nervously drummed time with her foot, when one of the men asked Mildred to dance. He was quite old—he must be pretty close to forty, she thought—and he was just about as tall as she was. Of course, this was better than being a wall-flower, but she wasn't good at making up to people, so she didn't talk to him in the animated way girls usually talk when they're trying to make a good impression. Marge didn't seem to be so particular; when he danced with her, she came to life miraculously—her face and eyes sharpened in their alertness, and her quick nervous laugh carried all the way across the deck. So he danced with Marge again, and then she came back for her purse and whispered in triumphant excitement, "He's taking me to the bar!" and Mildred was left alone.

She wasn't really alone, for a lot of the other girls were also sitting in corners. She watched the door closely, but the one she was watching for didn't come in. Maybe what Marge had said was true, that his mother wouldn't give him a chance to get out of her sight; then, she decided, it was more likely that he didn't want to come and seeing the garish dance-floor through his eyes, hearing the blatant orchestra through his ears, she felt that she didn't want to stay. So she went down to her stateroom and undressed, and lay in her bunk listening

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Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

to the laughter and loud talk that drifted down the corridor from the rooms where passengers were holding parties. She listened to the water slapping against the sides of the boat and felt its even rocking, and presently she fell asleep and dreamed of Joe Burnett. But it was a very funny dream, because his hair was blond and not red, and he was much taller and better dressed—like the man, so different from the rest, who was on the boat with his mother.

FOR a cruise that was to have been packed full of thrills, the first day was long and dull. Mildred spent most of the day alone, walking aimlessly around the three decks or reading magazines in her deck-chair. That night, wearing the pink lace bridesmaid's dress, she went up to the ballroom for the second time; several men asked her to dance, but not the one for whom she was watching, so she went to her stateroom early once more.

Then the next morning, when she least expected it, he talked to her. She was leaning over the rail watching the grayish-blue water when someone who cast a long shadow propped his elbows on the rail next to her, said easily: "Looks cold, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does," Mildred said, barely looking at him, wondering if he could hear her heart pounding.

"Where's your friend?" he asked. So he had been noticing her, then!

"She's . . . she's somewhere around." Then, impelled by an instinct that told her he didn't quite approve of Marge, "She's not my friend, really. We just have the same stateroom."

He looked at her curiously. "You're taking the cruise alone?"

Mildred nodded. Again she felt impelled to make an explanation: "I didn't want to, but the girl who was supposed to come along with me changed her mind at the last minute. And I hated to give up the idea, so I came alone."

"Naturally." Then he smiled suddenly, the smile that made him look younger and friendlier, and he offered: "Look here, since both of us are more or less alone, I think we ought to get acquainted. My name's Allan Mabbott."

"How do you do?" she said formally. "My name is Mildred Oldwald."

His smile widened into a grin: "Now, how about some deck tennis?"

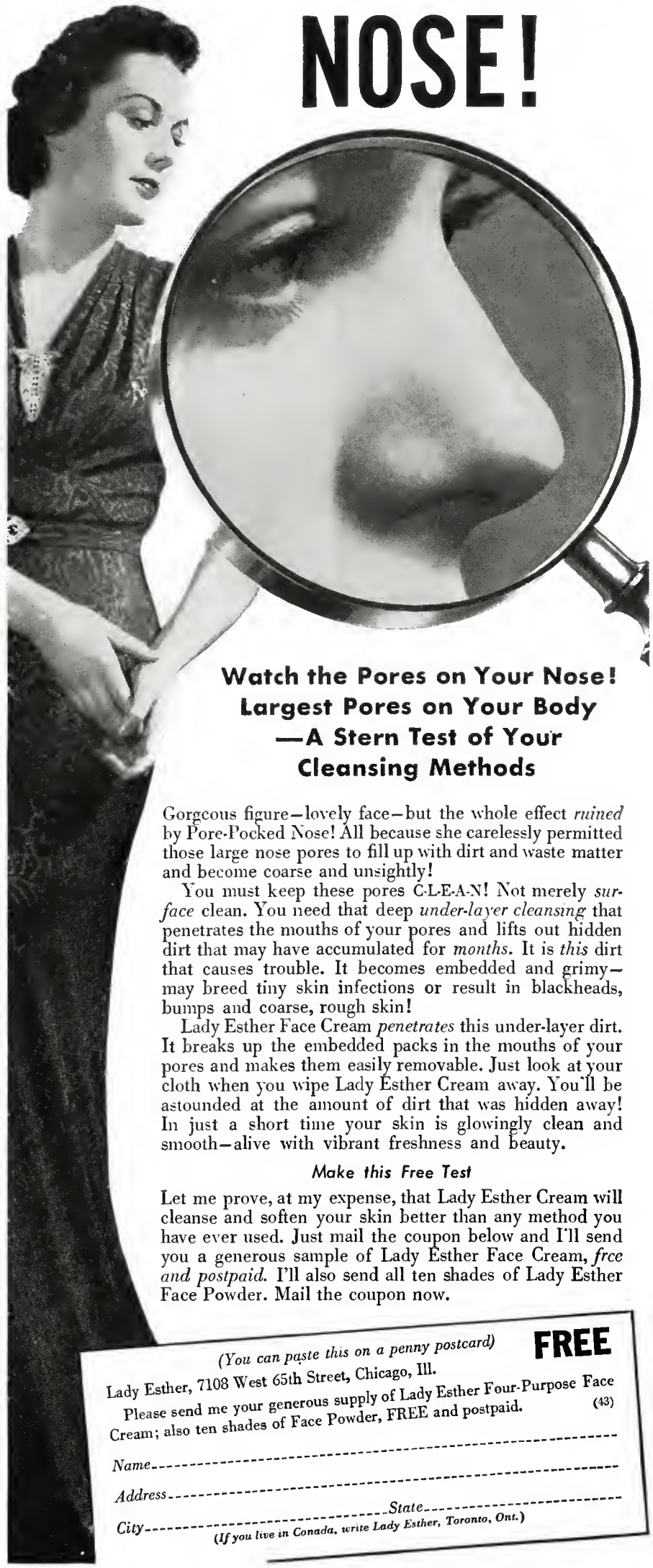
Mildred wished desperately that she had acquired more facility in sports as she tried to miss as few volleys as possible and to avoid the envious eyes of the gallery of girls who whispered to each other—a whisper she imagined must be something like, "What does he see in *her?*" or "How did she manage to pick *him* up?" When the set was over, he smiled down at her and suggested, "Warm, isn't it? Let's try the pool."

She was so excited that she could hardly get into her bathing suit; it was last year's, but still good—a nice dark blue, short and backless, but not *too* short and backless. Again she wished she had acquired more facility, for Allan Mabbott was an even better swimmer than a tennis player, and all she could do was paddle around a bit. Still, he didn't seem to mind; when he had had his swim, he stretched himself out beside her for a sunning, and talked.

He talked with so little effort that Mildred found she could relax and talk freely, too. She had never before felt so at ease with anyone, even Joe. Things to say popped into her head one after another, and the only reason that she didn't talk a lot instead

[*Continued on page 98*]

PORE-POCKED NOSE!



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WISH YOU WERE HERE

[Continued from page 97]

of only when there was a pause in the conversation was that she was so interested in everything he was saying. She felt a vicarious thrill as she heard about his trip to England for the coronation, in a much bigger boat than the lake steamer, and about the deep-sea fishing he had done in Florida, in a much smaller boat than theirs. And when she confessed, "This is the only boat I've ever been on—except rowboats, and the excursion boats that go from the Navy Pier to Jackson and Lincoln Parks," he said, "I have my own boat, at our summer place. I can hardly wait until we make port tomorrow to get back into it again."

Mildred had drawn a breath, about to ask him what kind of a boat he had, when the import of his second sentence registered. The breath exhaled into nothingness. Finally she asked, quietly, "Are you . . . getting off when we make port tomorrow?"

"Why, yes!" surprised that he hadn't told her. "Mother wanted to go up by boat this time—she sleeps so well on the water." He went on to talk, enthusiastically, about the resort where they had their summer home. Mildred listened without concentrating, her whole being absorbed by two words: *only today!*

But one day was better than nothing, she told herself in the stateroom as she was dressing for dinner. Maybe they'd spend the evening together, and that would give them an even better chance to get acquainted. His vacation wouldn't last forever, maybe he'd ask her to write to him while he was away, and he'd surely want to see her again when he came back! By that time, she planned, she'd have again been able to save a little money out of her pay, and she could get one of those good-looking black dresses they were always showing in August.

Marge, who had greeted her with a surly, "Well, some folks have all the luck!" had dressed hurriedly and gone off instead of waiting for her as she usually did at mealtime. When Mildred came into the dining room she found that she'd be alone at dinner, too, because Marge had gone over to crowd a small table where two men she had met were seated. Her face flushed in embarrassment because she felt so conspicuous, being the only one alone at a table.

THEN a familiar voice out of the immensity of space that had been surrounding her suggested easily: "Eating alone? Why don't you join us?" and she looked up gratefully into Allan Mabbott's handsome face. Even though all eyes followed her to his table she was no longer embarrassed, not with him right behind her.

"Hello!" Mrs. Mabbott greeted her warmly. "So nice of you to join us!" And, as the steward again thrust the menu in front of her, "The lamb chops are good tonight."

"I think I'll try them, then," Mildred decided, instantly as much at ease with Mrs. Mabbott as she had grown to be with Allan. Never before had an hour passed so swiftly; she dawdled as much as she could over the last bit of ice cream but finally it melted and there was nothing left to eat, so she had to say yes, she was ready when Allan suggested leaving.

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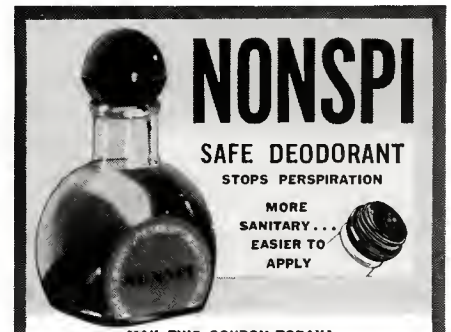

As they walked out of the dining room together, Mrs. Mabbott said, "I have a good book to read, so I should like to turn in early . . . Why don't you children hunt up something more exciting? It seems I heard an orchestra playing last night."

"There *is* an orchestra," Mildred interposed hastily. "A good one."

"Well," Allan grinned, "let's try it."

If the girls had watched her in sullen envy during the day, they watched her in silent fury now as she stepped into the ballroom on Allan's arm. She didn't notice the ugly pillars or the bare benches lining the walls. She was seeing the lovely gold and crystal ballroom into which she'd step with Allan just like this, maybe, when he came back to Chicago after his vacation. Perhaps he'd take her home to have dinner with his mother once in a while, because Mrs. Mabbott seemed to like her, too, and maybe . . . she cut short her daydreaming, there were all kinds of things they might do together, and all kinds of possibilities!

ALLAN danced as well as he did everything else. Mildred would have loved to have stayed in the ballroom dancing with him until the orchestra stopped playing; she hadn't realized how desperately she had wanted to dance with him, or perhaps merely to be close to him like this, until he put his arm around her and only that part of her that his arm was touching attained solidity. The rest of her—her head, her feet, her hands—seemed to trail after her in a nebulous haze like bits of cloud tagging after the moon. But after two dances the ballroom seemed stuffy, so he suggested that they walk around deck, or have a drink.

They had a drink in the barroom first. He ordered an Orange Blossom for her when she told him that she didn't drink very often, and liked something sort of sweet when she did. Playing with her glass, Mildred said shyly: "You're really being awfully nice to me. . . ."

He grinned at her, little wrinkles gathering at the corners of his blue eyes: "That's because I like you."

There! he had said so himself, she thought, a liquid flame sweeping all the way from the V neckline of her summer formal to the peak of brown hair in the center of her forehead. After another sip of her drink she managed to say, without coyness: "I can't imagine how you could have noticed me. Not with so many prettier girls on the boat."

"*I* don't think they're prettier," he disagreed. "They all look alike: peroxided hair, too much make-up, cheap. And all of them seem to be out to get a man!"

The liquid flame swept over her again. "Don't I," quietly, "look as if I'm out to get a man?"

He laughed outright at that: "You look fresh and unspoiled and sweet."

Fresh and unspoiled and sweet. Like an apple, she thought. That was why men usually didn't pay much attention to her, she supposed; there wasn't anything exciting about an apple. But she didn't care what other men thought about her. Not any more.

Out on deck, a stiff wind was blowing, and Mildred was grateful for the warmth of her polo coat and was glad she had brought it along with her, even though it had seemed silly when it was so hot in Chicago. Her hair was blowing in all directions at once she supposed, but she didn't care. Her heart had ceased to thump, as it had thumped earlier in the day when he had first talked to her; now it was singing lustily, and she was so happy that she could hardly keep her feet

confined to the slow steps of their promenade. He liked her! He had told her so and she knew he wasn't the type to say things he didn't mean.

It would be a long time before they could spend another evening together like this, she knew, and she would have liked to have stretched it out until morning, just talking. But she didn't want Allan or his mother to get the wrong impression of her, so when it was twelve o'clock she said exactly what she always said to Joe, "I think I'd better go in now."

But at her door she couldn't quite tear herself away. Suppose, she thought in sudden panic, they missed each other in the morning and she didn't have a chance to talk to him before he got off the boat! She could visualize him calling at the cruise agency on his return and demanding her address—but all the same, it was better to be sure. So she asked shyly, "Where do you live in Chicago?" and he answered, "I really don't live in Chicago at all; I live in Evanston." Then he asked her—and Mildred was sure she hadn't coaxed the question out of him—"Where do *you* live?" and she told him. He repeated it after her, and then he said, "Oh, yes—I know where that is!" and because he had repeated it, she knew that he had memorized it, which was why he wasn't writing it down.

Still she hesitated about going in. "Maybe," she ventured again, "I won't see you in the morning."

"Oh, I'll see you, all right! In case you don't get up in time, though—" (as if there were any such possibility!)—"let me tell you how much I've enjoyed meeting you."

"I've enjoyed meeting you, too." That was only a fragment of what she'd like to say to him, but she had to be as careful as he was.

"Well—" again his friendly grin, "good night."

Only good night? Mildred thought, her heart thudding. Her face crimson and her voice a whisper of shame, she asked: "Don't you . . . don't you want to kiss me goodbye?"

He hesitated only for a second. Then, as she waited with closed eyes, his lips came down against hers, soft and languid, not hard and quick. He kissed her the way she had always wanted to be kissed, as if it was something to be proud of. Then he said, "See you in the morning!"

She got out of her clothes with the unhurried precision of a somnambulist, climbed into her bunk, lay there staring at the ceiling, lost in the wonder of this ecstasy that had wrapped itself around her. She could never marry Joe Burnett now, she told herself. Even if Allan Mabbott never asked her to marry him, she knew now that she could marry only somebody like him: someone who typified so perfectly her idea of romance.

IN SPITE of very little sleep, her face was like a freshly-opened flower the next morning when she greeted Allan and his mother at breakfast. When the boat was ready to dock, Allan said casually, "You'll come ashore with us, won't you? You'd be lost alone, if you've never been here before."

He had been impatient at breakfast, and his impatience increased as the boat was pulling into port. He stood at the rail, his clean-cut profile etched against the bright blue sky, his keen eyes sweeping the dock for the faces of the friends he expected would be there to meet them.

"Look, Mother!" he cried. "There's Chuck and Andrew. And there's Mary and Edwin."

"There's Lois Emory." Mrs. Mabbott waved.

"But where's—" Allan began, and interrupted himself with a warm, "Oh, there she is!" He held out his hat in a salute.

Mildred felt a little strange, tagging along after them, meeting the people they seemed to know so well. The Chuck and Andrew and Mary and Edwin and Lois they had waved to were identified, but Allan kept looking around until he found a cool-looking brunette in a plain white dress. When they met, they threw their arms around each other and kissed even though there were so many people about. It was only his sister, or his cousin. Mildred tried to assure her sick heart, but Allan was already making the introduction:

"This is Mildred Oldwald, darling . . . And this is Constance Houston, my fiancée."

HIS *fiancée!* The word stung deeply into her brain, like a hot bolt. No, she insisted sickly, it couldn't be!

Allan's voice came to her on a wave of nausea: "Mildred's traveling alone, darling; she's with the cruise. I thought it would be nice if we could show her the town."

"Yes, of course," the girl said at once. "Do join us, Miss Oldwald!"

But Mildred was still hearing what he had said: it would be nice. That was the only reason he had spent so much time with her, she supposed. Just to be nice. Shame swept over her, mercifully obliterating what she had hoped and what she had dreamed.

They seemed to be waiting for her to say something. With an effort, she found the words to reply.

"Thank you," she said with a quiet dignity. "Thank you very much—but I've made some other plans."

Somehow, she said goodbye to the whole chattering crowd, even to Allan. Somehow, she found herself walking away from the dock. Wave after wave of nausea swept over her, and she thought: *I must stop and rest a little, or I'll faint.* She turned into the first store she came to; it was a souvenir shop.

Automatically, she selected three postal cards. Automatically she wrote brief messages to Rita and to Dorothey Mueller. She stared at the third card for some time, not knowing quite what to do. She had no one to send it to except Joe Burnett, and she had decided before she left not to send him any. She thought that if he didn't hear from her, he'd know she was trying to break things off.

Now she wasn't so sure. Now she wasn't thinking of Allan Mabbott's profile, or that he had kissed her last night the way she had always wanted to be kissed. She was thinking how lonely her evenings had been before she had started to go out with Joe Burnett, and how much lonelier they would be if she never saw him again; and she was thinking that even though his kiss was quick and hard, he kissed her because he really loved her, not because he was only trying to be nice.

So she addressed the card to Joe, and she wrote across it, "Having a fine time." Then she paused for a second, trying to think of something else to say, something that she really meant. Then she said it, writing carefully and with decision: "Wish you were here." She meant that, all the way from her heart. As she dropped the cards in the box, she thought how funny it was that she could hardly wait to see him again, remembered that he had said that he could have bought a car for the money she was spending on the cruise. Maybe, she thought, if he saved and if she saved, then maybe next year they could buy that car together. . . .

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WEEK-END TO KILL

[Continued from page 86]

you, Joe, make Rudnicki say that again."

They went upstairs and in a couple of minutes the phone in the main hall rang. Fritz picked it up and listened. Then he said to Pascarella. "On the phone, now, it sound more like it. Except this time that feller sounds so mad."

"Okay. He would." He took the phone from Fritz. "Engle? Okay. Come on down."

Engle just about carried Rudnicki down the stairs. Rudnicki was tussling and making angry animal sounds.

"What's he saying?" Pascarella said.

"Same baloney. Says he made the first call to Shelby, but not the one here."

PASCARELLA said. "He'd be a dope to admit it, sure. Okay, Engle; take honeybunch out to the car." He said to Stan. "You'll hear more about this tomorrow. I'll give you a ring after I see the district attorney."

He went out.

"Well," said Ivy, "now we can get rid of those ridiculous guards."

"Yes, I guess I can tell them," Stan said.

Harrigan said. "I wouldn't."

"Don't you believe Pascarella has the right man?"

"He might, but I don't think so."

"But you didn't say anything when he was here."

"No, I didn't. Pascarella has a bird in the hand and all I got is one in the bush."

Vivian said, "Larry thought of something too."

Harrigan looked at me. "Webby? You don't mean to tell me Webby actually's going to commit himself to something."

I said. "The boy scouts didn't find the shoes Shultz wore because the shoes are outside in his room. When he left here Friday night at eleven I heard him complain to Fritz about his new shoes hurting his feet. When we all looked in there Saturday morning, there were four pairs of shoes there. Two black pair, a brown pair, and a pair of white ones with brown tips. They were the new ones. Rubber soles and rubber heels, with the design of an eagle cut in the sole. The police have a plaster cast of the shoe print they found leading away from the beach wagon. You can check it up easily enough. The guy that killed Shultz put his shoes on and walked back here and with the keys he stole let himself in Shultz's room to get whatever it was Shultz wouldn't give him. When he got it, he put his own shoes on and left Shultz's in the room."

Harrigan's small eyes were bright, alive. "What would you say he got out of Shultzy's room."

"I don't know. But you said that that gouge outside in the lawn under Hazelhurst's window could have been made by a gun spinning as it hit. Maybe Shultz picked the gun up and refused to give it back to whoever owned it. Maybe whoever owned it took a shot at Shultz while he was standing out by the garage and then accidentally dropped it."

Harrigan said, "That part don't sound reasonable."

"All right, but it helps fill out."

BLOCKS

TO bed with a play-block coverlet is the clever patchwork method of instructing and diverting young sons and daughters. Center blocks cover the alphabet from A to Z, an outline motif on each one (585).

To be all dressed up in a little embroidered frock that has its own Babushka cap (patented 1937), is yet another way of teaching small fry to be very smartly neat (583).

BY ELISABETH BLONDEL

Buy potterns from McColl deolers or by moil, prepoid, from McColl Corporotion, Dayton, O., ot prices and sizes listed on the last poge.

Hazelhurst said, "It gets madder and madder. I don't know why I came out here again."

"Why did you leave in the first place?" I said. "And what did you take away in your bag besides your clothes?"

I thought he was going to come at me, but if that was on his mind he changed it after taking two steps. His mouth looked very grim.

Ivy headed out of the room, saying, "I know what I'm going to do. There doesn't seem to be any way of getting rid of some people here, but there's nothing preventing me from going to a hotel until this cheap comedy is over."

Her heels drummed up the staircase.

George Hazelhurst said, "I'm going too!"

"I'd like to have you around here." Harrigan said patiently, "but of course I got no authority to keep you here. On the other hand, all I have to do is phone Pascarella and ask him to pick you up."

"Baby, please," said Karen Langard, patting Hazelhurst's arm.

He waved a hand aimlessly. "I'm the goat here, that's what I am. I get asked all the questions. Is that fair? Has he asked Stan any? Stan spent the night on the boat. I'm not saying he did anything. I'm just offering an example. The night Shultz was killed, Stan was on the boat, he says. Just an example."

Stan's shoulders moved in an almost imperceptible shrug. He said, "Anyone's at liberty to ask me any questions he wants to. But I couldn't have got into Oscar Shultz's shoes. I wear a size ten shoe."

Harrigan said. "If Rudnicki wasn't kidding when he said he didn't make that second phone call to the house here, then somebody else must have made it. It come in about an hour after you left, Mr. Hazelhurst. It's easy to talk tongue-tied, especially on the phone."

"All right," Hazelhurst shot back at him. "If it's easy to talk tongue-tied on the phone, then the call could have been made right in this house. Didn't Pascarella make Rudnicki call the regular house phone here from the dial phone in Stan's room? Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"I was in my room at the time," Stan said.

"All right, all right!" Hazelhurst hammered on. "There's a dial phone in Ivy's room, isn't there?"

Fritz came in and said, "Mr. Harrigan could I see you outside a minute?" Harrigan went out with him.

Mabel Ryan said, "I think I'll get dressed," and the others said they thought they would too. But Stan came back and we went outside together.

CHAPTER 16

HARRIGAN took a pocket-knife and unhurriedly began digging into the window ledge. The window ledge was beneath a window of Shultz's room that faced the rear of the house. It took Harrigan a couple of minutes to pry the lead slug out.

Fritz was saying, "I remembered what Miss Langard said about maybe we should all look around . . ."

Harrigan rolled the slug in the palm of his hand. He said, "It ain't the type was in that box of cartridges Bennett had. This here is a twenty-two, all right, but it's a hollow point."

Harrigan squinted at the ready-made screen in the window of Hazelhurst's room. It was about twenty feet higher than Shultz's window, about a hundred feet away from it. You could have stood in Hazelhurst's room and, firing from an angle, you could have hit the part of the garage where Shultz's room was located.

Stan said, "Maybe it was fired from the woods over there. Maybe this fellow Rudnicki was prowling around in the woods."

Harrigan said. "Coming from the woods, it would've plowed in this ledge from left to right. Here, it plowed in from right to left—from the direction of the house."

"I don't see," Stan said. "how anyone could have been foolish enough to take a shot at Shultz from the house."

"I don't say anyone took a shot at Shultz. But maybe Shultz thought they did."

"But don't you suppose he'd have told me?"

"Webby says he heard him tell Fritz Friday night that he wanted to go upstairs and tell you something. Fritz told him you went to bed. That right, Fritz?"

"Yes, sir," Fritz said.

Harrigan said. "The way it looks, it looks like there was a tussle for a gun in Hazelhurst's room. The screen got knocked out and Shultz, back here, heard it fall. He started over to pick it up when the shot went off and the gun flew out the window. He seen whoever it was in the window. He picked up the gun and wouldn't give it back. Somebody wanted it back bad enough to clout Shultz over the head and kill him in order to get it. The phone call to the house here was a fake. It was made to chuck suspicion on whoever made the first one to Shelby and sent that threatening message to you, Mr. Cantwell. If Hazelhurst didn't make it when he left here, then it was made right here in the house, from either the dial phone in your room or the one in Mrs. Cantwell's."

HE FLIPPED the lead slug, caught it deftly in his hand, and strolled into the house. I walked along with Stan. He looked bewildered, anxious.

"Do you think George Hazelhurst did it?" he asked. "He ran away, he went home. And then when you and Harrigan went to his hotel, he was getting ready to leave for the Cape. Of course, he was probably sore at Karen."

I said. "Not sore enough to put on an act like that, though. He left here for one of two reasons. Either to take something away in his bag or because he was afraid that Jack Kingsley, the orchestra leader at the beach club, might be invited here."

"What about Kingsley?"

"They know each other. Harrigan saw them out back of the club Friday night."

There was nobody downstairs when we went in. Only Harrigan. Stan said. "Everybody's probably getting dressed. I think I will too." He went upstairs. I sat down at a table with Harrigan and in a couple of minutes Fritz brought in some food and set it down before him.

Harrigan ate deliberately, neither faster nor slower than he usually ate. But he didn't say anything. Every now and then he glanced blankly at me, or tipped his head so that he could look into the living room. When he had finished, he laid his big freckled hands affectionately on his stomach.

"That's better now. Nothing like food." He lit a cigarette and said, "Well, Webby, what's on your mind?"

"I don't know," I said.

He said, "Well, I know what's on mine."

I didn't ask him what it was because I was much more interested in what was on my own. The thing that

[*Continued on page 102*]

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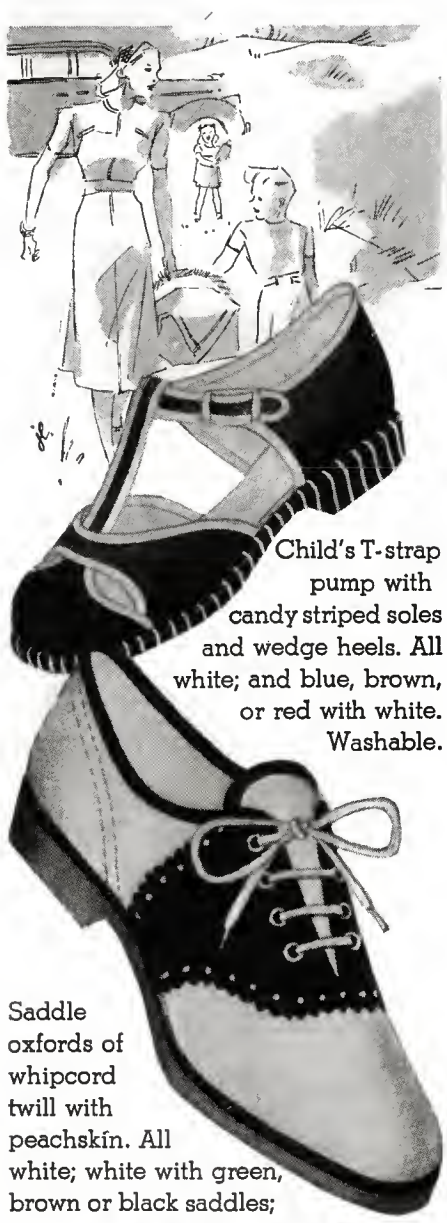

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WEEK-END TO KILL

[Continued from page 101]

was on my own, the main thing, had been keeping me unpleasant company since Leopold Shultz left the pavilion, got back into the taxi that had brought him, and went away.

"Maybe," Harrigan said dreamily, "we ought to call the whole thing off and go home."

"Your tootsies getting cold?"

He squinted into space. "What's on my mind, Webby, is that maybe somebody's going to get burned and our host ain't going to like it. Do you think Mrs. Cantwell will go to a hotel?"

"If you let her, sure,"

"You think I should put up a kick?"

"If you let her go, then you'll have to let Hazelhurst go. Her fingerprints and Hazelhurst's fingerprints were on that green enameled chair."

"Well, she said she closed the door on account of a draft."

I said, "Do you remember any wind blowing Friday afternoon? Don't you remember putting up your windows and mine, and leaving the doors of the connecting bath open? And was there any draft at all?"

He shook his head. "Nope. I remember now." He leaned back and said. "When I took that chair in to have it processed for fingerprints, while they were doing it, I phoned that orchestra leader Kingsley and talked turkey to him. He said what happened, it was down in Miami in 1934, Hazelhurst did some finagling on a real estate deal, and it cost this guy Kingsley several grand. He said it got in the courts and Hazelhurst got a suspended sentence and he couldn't operate in Florida any more. He says, though, maybe Hazelhurst learned a lesson and is okay now."

I sat thinking over what was on my mind for a while, and then I said. "Ask Ivy if she ever knew Shultz in Rochester."

"You ask her."

"No; you. If I so much as open my trap, she'll jump down it."

"Why's she got it in for you, Webby?"

"She knows I know she married Stan for his dough."

"Well, a lot of women do that."

"Sure. It's none of my business. It's his dough, not mine, and if he gets fun out of it, swell. But the minute she married him she cut Webb off the invitation list. She couldn't stand having me around when he was around."

Harrigan rubbed out his cigarette. "He sure don't seem to be getting much fun for his money."

MABEL RYAN came down with Roy Strickland, who wore a horizontally striped silk pull-over and a pair of tan linen slacks. He said, "Stan says you found a bullet."

"Yeah, a spent one," Harrigan said. He showed it in the palm of his hand.

Mabel Ryan came over and picked it up. "What is it, a twenty-two?"

"Yup," said Harrigan.

Mabel said, "Look, Roy."

Strickland held it between thumb and forefinger, turned it round and round.

Karen Langard came into the bar with George Hazelhurst.

Strickland said. "Ever see what happens to these after they hit?"

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"What is it?" said Karen, taking it from him. "Oh, a bullet! Why, of course! George, look, they found the bullet!"

Hazelhurst had gone over to lean against the bar. "I believe you," he said. "Now find the gun and everything will be dandy. Then maybe I can go home."

I saw Fritz hurrying through the living room on his way from the kitchen.

Strickland sat down and stretched out his legs. "Where did you find it?"

"Fritz found it," Harrigan said. "In the window ledge out there in the garage. Shultz's window."

He leaned a little to one side, peering into the living room. Fritz was on his way through with a suitcase, a hat box, a handbag. Behind him were Ivy, Vivian, Stan. Vivian and Stan were on either side of Ivy; they were talking to her, making urgent gestures. Ivy's face was cold, determined.

"Mrs. Cantwell. . . ." Harrigan went toward the living room. "Just a minute, Mrs. Cantwell. Now look—"

"I shall be at the Hotel Soundview—"

"Ivy," Vivian urged, "please be reasonable, Ivy."

"You, Fritz," Harrigan said. "Just stay there."

Fritz started to put down the bags.

Ivy said curtly, "Fritz, take those bags to the garage." She looked around the room. "Stan refuses to drive me to the hotel. Who will drive me?"

HARRIGAN said, "Fritz, just wait there a minute. Mrs. Cantwell, listen to me—"

"Possibly you all think I'm acting like an idiot. Perhaps I am. But I simply will not stand another minute of—"

"If I let you go," Harrigan said. "I'll have to let George Hazelhurst go."

"Let him, let him! That's a good idea. George, will you drive me to the hotel?"

Karen Langard was holding George Hazelhurst's arm. "Oh, don't make him, Ivy. Now that he's here, don't make him."

"I'll drive you, Ivy," George Hazelhurst said.

Harrigan made a half turn. "Take my advice and stay here."

"All right," Ivy said coldly. "How about you, Roy? Will you drive me?"

Roy Strickland said, "If you insist, Ivy. But I'd rather stay here. Look at the trouble George got in by leaving."

"I don't care who drives me," Ivy said, "but I'm leaving."

Vivian said, "All right, then, if you want to be an idiot, I'll drive you, but I think it's rotten manners."

"You tend to your own manners, Vivian, and I'll tend to mine. Fritz can drive me. Fritz, take those bags out and put them in one of the cars." She crossed the room.

Harrigan said, "I'll let you go if—"

"*You* will let me go!" she cried derisively. "You have nothing to say about it. Remember, you have no authority over anyone here."

He moved with a heavy swiftness and took the bags out of Fritz's hands. "I'll say okay, Mrs. Cantwell, if you'll let me look in your bags."

"Mr. Harrigan," Ivy said in a voice that quivered with fury, "give Fritz those bags. Give them to him, I tell you!"

Harrigan dropped the bags. They thumped. Fritz started toward them. Harrigan said. "Let 'em alone." He said to Ivy, "Did you ever know Oscar Shultz in Rochester?"

Her eyes sprang wide open and her right hand smacked, flat-palmed, against her mouth.

George Hazelhurst said. "Don't let him bull-doze you, Ivy. Come right back at him."

Ivy staggered. I didn't think she was going to faint but she did. Stan caught her before she hit the floor. He said:

"I think you've carried this far enough, Mr. Harrigan."

"Just about, Mr. Cantwell," Harrigan said. "It's up to you whether you want me to open the bags."

"If it will make you feel better, open them." Stan had missed completely the inference in Harrigan's tone. He turned and carried Ivy out of the living room.

Harrigan remained rooted, indecisive.

Karen Langard said, "Of course, my opinion may mean nothing at all, but I don't see, I don't believe, it sounds ridiculous—I mean, Ivy killing Oscar Shultz. I know you read about women having affairs with their chauffeurs, but after all is said and done, Shultz was definitely not the type Ivy would fall for and besides—"

"Karen, be a nice, quiet little girl," George Hazelhurst said. "For once, Karen; just for once."

Harrigan said, "Well—" he dropped to one knee—"you start something, you gotta finish it."

He unstrapped the suitcase, opened it so that its two sections lay flat on the floor. From among pieces of lingerie he drew a green metal strongbox about a foot long. But instead of a keyhole it was fitted with a small combination lock that worked like those on regular safes. The lid was bent, twisted, as if it had been forced open. It popped open when Harrigan pried at it with his fingers.

Lying on top of some papers was a revolver with a short barrel. Harrigan picked it up at the very end of the barrel, laid it on the turned back metal lid. He shuffled the papers. He spoke like a man thinking aloud: "Life insurance, accident insurance, receipt from G. Hazelhurst for five hundred bucks." He sighed. He put the papers and the revolver back into the metal box, slapped shut the lid. He thrust the box under his arm, got up, rubbed the back of his neck.

VIVIAN groaned from somewhere deep inside her, "Oh, oh!" Her fingers were pressed round her throat, a tragic grimace crossed her face.

Harrigan glanced at her; sighed. "Yup," he said. "Yup. Shultzy's box. Shultzy's papers."

Mabel Ryan's voice was thick: "Poor . . . Stan!"

The color was pouring out of Vivian's face.

Roy Strickland said, "Sit down, Vivian. I'll get you a drink of water." He led her to a chair and she sat down. Then he crossed the living room and disappeared in the bar.

Karen Langard was out of breath. "I can't, I can't believe it. I just *can't* believe it!"

I went over and stood beside Vivian. I wanted to say something to her but I didn't know what to say, so I just laid my hand on her shoulder. She reached up and took hold of my wrist. She held on tightly, her hand vibrating.

Harrigan said, "What's that?" He thrust the box into Mabel Ryan's hands and tramped toward the rear of the house.

"Sounded like a car starting," Hazelhurst said.

I heard a motor being raced, gears being clashed.

"Just a minute, Vivian," I said.

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IODENT

No. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN — TOOTH PASTE also POWDER — No. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

I ran through the bar, across the terrace, around the back of the house. Strickland had backed his car out. His rear wheels spouted bluestone splinters as he slammed it into first. The back door of the house flew open and Harrigan burst out.

I saw one of the guards coming on the run from the pavilion. I ran fast, as fast as I could, and made a dive for Strickland's running board. Harrigan had missed it and sprawled on the bluestone. I made it but Strickland struck with his left hand, sidewise, and caught me across the throat. I lost my balance, couldn't regain it, and jumped. I hit the lawn on my knees, then my elbows, and went head over heels.

Harrigan yelled, "Stop him! Stop that car!"

I sat up and saw the guard who had come from the pavilion run past. He had his gun in one hand, a whistle in the other. He blew the whistle. I jumped up and saw another guard down on the driveway where it entered the grove. He blew his whistle. He had a gun in his hand too.

I yelled, "Stop him!"

THE guard at the beginning of the grove fired at the front tires but didn't hit them. He jumped out of the way and fired at the rear tires. But nothing happened. The car went lurching down through the grove. Both guards ran after it.

Harrigan came running up beside me. "It's okay," he said. "Hearing the whistles, the guys at the gate close the gate."

I ran along with him. In a minute there was a rasping metallic crash down in the grove.

Harrigan said, "The gates. Okay, kid. School's out."

He slowed down to a headlong walk and I walked along beside him down the driveway through the evergreens. In a couple of minutes we were able to see the iron gates. The car had sprung them when it hit but it had also turned over on its side, half way through. One of the guards was standing there craning his neck. I didn't see the other three but I heard sounds away on the left, in the trees.

Harrigan said, "Hey, what happened?"

"He jumped just before she hit," the guard at the gate said. "He run off. Ike went after him. Tom and Harry too."

"Didn't you try to stop him?"

"Sure. But I ain't going to shoot a guy unless it's me or him. Too many inquiries afterwards. And this guy ain't armed. I'm staying here in case they drive him back this way."

I turned and ran along a footpath that wound among trees and ferns. I heard Harrigan coming along behind me. Ahead, out of sight, someone yelled, "That way, Ike!" In a minute the path forked and I stopped and then Harrigan came up, pounding, and said, "Take that one, Webby, and I'll take this." He went left, so I went right.

In a couple of minutes I stopped and listened. There was a thrashing around in the woods near me somewhere, and I crouched down, waiting. Then one of the guards came jumping out of the bushes. I stood up and he almost fell over backward when he saw me. He pointed his gun at me and then lowered it.

He said, "Excuse me. For a second there I thought—"

"He must be pretty fast."

"He can run all right. Did he kill Shultz?"

"If he didn't, he's certainly creating a bad impression."

"I think I'll cut down this way."

[*Continued on page 105*]

ZIP

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Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder regularly — consult your dentist periodically — eat a diet rich in minerals and vitamins, and you will be doing all that you can possibly do to protect your teeth.

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DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

A BABUSHKA TO MATCH

BY ELISABETH BLONDEL

A Babushka to match! And all in all, it's top-notch for extra smartness at any time of day — for any age down to four! It's matched to day frocks, play frocks or dance frocks, this easy-to-wear peasant style. To make it means only three-eighths yard extra of material; the same for lining. To cut it and stitch it on the sewing machine is a matter of moments. Just two pieces to a Babushka (582). With a lapped seam (Fig. 1) back and front are joined. In exactly the same way a lining is made and joined to the top (right sides together), leaving a section free to turn right side out. The free edges are then slip-stitched, and the Babushka is done (Fig. 2).

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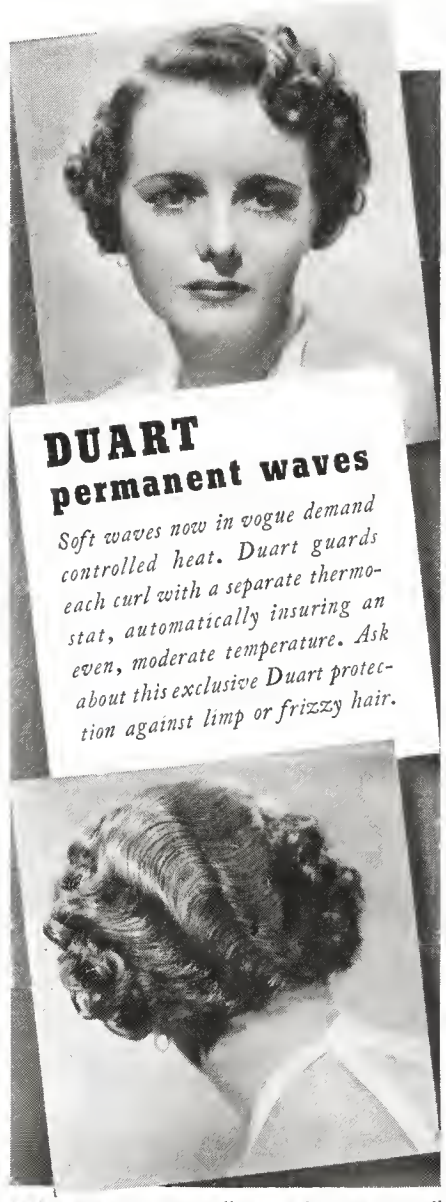
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Soft waves now in vogue demand controlled heat. Duart guards each curl with a separate thermostat, automatically insuring an even, moderate temperature. Ask about this exclusive Duart protection against limp or frizzy hair.

MARY ASTOR in Columbia's "There's Always A Woman"

WEEK-END TO KILL

[Continued from page 103]

He thrust off into the bushes and I ran on along the footpath. I came out in the open, a circular field where the sun boiled and you could smell the dry grass. Another guard was cutting along the opposite side. For an instant he paused to look at me, then ran on. When I entered the woods again I heard his feet pounding along up ahead. I came to another fork and sat down on a stump to get my wind, but a cloud of insects began circling around my head, so I got up and walked on.

At a turn in the path I found him sitting beneath a pine tree, holding his head in his hands. I stopped and said, "Hot work, isn't it?" He looked up without taking his hands from his head. There was a foggy expression in his eyes and his jaw was slack.

His voice lagged when he said, "Look out; he got my gun." His knees were flopped outward and he looked very tired. "I stopped to light a butt and he must ha' been standing behind this tree. He socked me with a rock, I guess. Look out; he's armed now."

"Are you hurt?"

"I don't think so. Just dizzy. I'll be okay. Only look out for him. Tell the others, if you see 'em."

I WENT along more cautiously now. Before, it was all right, but now it was different. Before, it was just a man with two hands but now it was a man with a gun. I heard sounds on the other side of a low ridge and stopped. I listened and heard the sound of voices.

"Harrigan," I yelled.

"Yeah?"

"He's got a gun." I climbed over the ridge and saw Harrigan standing with one of the guards. I said, "He clouted that big fellow with the yellow hair and got his gun."

"He must be nuts," Harrigan said.

A shot exploded in the woods down the slope. Its echoes clacked away among the trees and were smothered by two shots that were almost interlocked. The guard was crouched, his eyes popping. There were three shots in a row and their echoes clacked, then in a minute there was complete silence. Then a whistle blew.

"Blow yours," Harrigan said.

The guard blew.

A voice rose from the bottom of the slope. "Okay. Down this way. I got him."

We went down the slope. Strickland was sitting with his back propped against a tree. He didn't look up at us. His face was sweat-streaked, saturnine.

Harrigan said, "Who did all the shooting?"

"He did," the guard said. "Anyhow, most of it. I just fired once."

"Where'd you shoot him?"

"He ain't shot. When he emptied his gun I came out at him and just fired a shot at his feet, in front of him. I guess he's pretty tired, though. It's a hot day. Muggy."

CHAPTER 17

I USED the phone in the library to call Pascarella and as I hung up Mabel Ryan came to the doorway. She was holding the strongbox, which Harrigan had thrust into her hands.

[Continued on page 109]

Shoes featured are — BARBARA (*White buck and cubana tan calf*) HARRIET (*White kid, side gore step-in*) ADELAIDE (*White calf, perforated tie*) NELL (*White suede, shawl strap*)

WHITE HIGHLIGHTS THE SUMMER FOOTWEAR MODE

Vitality gives you new glamour-fashions in white footwear—the lustrous gleam of kid—the downy softness of buckskin and suede—the delicate tracery of perforations—the coolness of dainty cutouts—slimming grace of line—moulded fit—and above all, a lift for your spirits in the way they feel on your foot.

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TWO WEEKS IN JULY

MARIAN COREY

TWO WEEKS in the middle of summer to go somewhere away from where you are. Two weeks in July which, if jammed full of sailing, swimming, golf, tennis and dancing, will be forever after referred to as a "wonderful time." Or if not so gay, forever after spoken of as a "good rest." The idea of a good rest never having much appeal for us—it really makes us terribly tired—we are choosing from the fashions in this book a perfect wardrobe that has nothing to do with rest but much to do with having a wonderful time during a two weeks holiday in July.

Whenever we start listing all the items that make-up a perfect wardrobe, we are embarrassed to find that it runs into such a lot of clothes. Of course, actually it wouldn't. Everybody has many of the things needed, to start with. But not knowing just what these are, we can only list everything, and leave it to the individual to do the crossing off.

WHEN YOU ARRIVE. The costume that one travels in should look well with one's luggage. Suit cases and printed dresses, for instance, just do not go together. But suits and bags compliment each other extravagantly. Also, a suit is thoroughly in the picture whether you go by train, car, bus, boat or airplane. A spring suit would be quite all right. But if you prefer a new one, we would advise a dark silk suit, black or navy moire faille, or some such novelty silk. It is something which you will find useful all summer for cool days, grey days, and rainy days. Suits are getting softer, and, therefore, more becoming. Two interesting things have happened to their jackets—one is blousing, and the other is pleats. Both types of softer suits are shown on page 120. Either one will make your arrival and your departure well worthy of notice. On your arm, you carry your sports coat. It is one of the "shorties," without buttons or fastenings of any kind. The color is yellow.

BREAKFAST AT 9:30. For this and for all the lazy morning up to swimming time, we choose that rust-and-white printed silk dress on page 114. It will look cool and fresh above the grapefruit and coffee. It will be so pretty in a deck chair on the lawn where you read your paper. You will need a second dress for there are, after all, thirteen more mornings in these two weeks, and it is the yellow linen shirtwaister on page 115. For shoes, yellow sandals are always a good idea, and they will go beautifully with both frocks. And both frocks are all right with your yellow sports coat.

SWIMMING AND SAILING. For beaches and for boats, that grand slacks costume shown here, No. 9780. In white wool jersey, as illustrated, it is the dry cleaners' delight. More practical and just as smart and the newest thing in color combinations is—grey for the slacks, mustard for the bolero, wine for the topper. These are Molyneux' colors. He made a suit in these three which pleased every one so much that it became a "Ford" immediately. Another good idea for this slacks costume is stone-blue rough linen, all one color save for a yellow leather belt. Your bathing suit is something very sketchy indeed, in bright blue crepe, or black satin.

TENNIS AND GOLF. The shorts on page 108. Last year the separate skirts that accompanied shorts had buttons, but seldom used them. This year these skirts do not even pretend to button up. We choose this particular shorts ensemble because of that, because the skirt is gathered peasant fashion, and because the top is bloused. All smart points.

AFTERNOONS when nothing strenuous happens. That pink blouse-and-skirt dress on page 114 is the right thing. Not too fussy, not too tailored. You will also wear this at lunch sometimes, and for movies on those evenings when you do not dress up. Three things influenced us in selecting this dress—its bloused top and sleeves, its small print, and its color. Pink is very smart this season, so are tiny prints, and so is the new bloused silhouette. Don't think all that fulness means bunchiness under your skirt! It doesn't. It is laid in pleats towards the hem of the tucked-in blouse, and that forever keeps the blousing in place and preserves the smoothness of your hipline.

IN THE EVENING. At least two new evening frocks, and all your old ones. This is a seashore holiday and that means dress every evening. For the new gowns—take that striped organdy frock on page 113, just as it is, and the lovely floating chiffon dress beside it. Put your back hair up in the new-old manner, with curls bunched on top. And pin your fresh flowers up there too, right in the center and right at the top.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

THE FULL BLOUSES now coming into style are a pleasant change after all the tight bodices. The black one shown above blouses all around over a wide hipband. The skirt uses stripes in a slender way. It has a slim flare. Nos. 9778 and 9783.

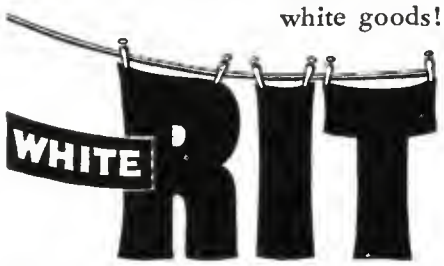
CLIPS and square necks go together beautifully. The square-neck dress here has a fold of drapery in line with the neck edges which softens the bodice. It is easy to do. The belt is grosgrain. A very good dress for printed crêpe. No. 9754.

PLEATS and tucks were never smarter than at this moment. The trick is, if you make your own clothes, to find something in which a few pleats look like many. You will find it here in the printed blouse and seven-pleat skirt. Nos. 9769 and 9782.

THE NEW BLOUSED PLAYSUIT is shown at the right. This year the separate skirts do not even pretend to button up. And they are gathered, peasant style. The shirt blouses all around, with the blousing so arranged that it stays in place. No. 9750.

THE NEW BLOUSING

Just the opposite of dyeing, White Rit "*un*dyes" quickly and safely, removes color from fabrics, leaving them virgin white again—so you can re-dye dark things light summery shades. White Rit affects only the dye, not the material—is harmless as boiling water. Even black and dark colors surrender to White Rit—the world's largest selling Color Remover . . . and it's little short of miraculous for removing stains from white goods!



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WEEK-END TO KILL

[Continued from page 105]

She said, "This is probably dynamite. Will you take it?"

"I'll take it up to Harrigan, sure."

I went up to Harrigan's room and put the box down on his dresser. Strickland was sitting on a chair by the window. There were scratches on his face and arms from fighting through the bushes.

I said, "Pascarella says he'll be over in about twenty minutes."

Harrigan was taking it easy in a deep chair. "Well, the gun's his, all right," he said.

I looked at Strickland. He glanced over his shoulder at me and then stared out the window again.

Harrigan said, "When he went upstairs to dress before, after Mrs. Cantwell first said she was going to a hotel, he told her to take the gun and Shultzy's box in her bags."

"Where'd they been all along?"

"In a wall safe in Mrs. Cantwell's bedroom. He didn't have any chance to get them out of the house before. He made sure never to leave the house alone. That's so he wouldn't arouse suspicion."

"And then he runs out on Ivy?"

Strickland snapped across his shoulder, "I didn't run out on her. It was the only chance there was. She would have had to explain possession of the gun and Shultz's box and papers. Besides, when I bought the gun a year ago, its number was taken by the firm where I bought it. What would you have done?" he snapped.

"Run, I guess, the same as you."

He said in a bitter voice, "She took the gun about two weeks ago. From a compartment in my car. We were out riding. We stopped for some gas and I got out and while I was out she took it. I didn't discover it was gone until I got home. I'd told her that I didn't want to go on with her any longer, I was getting in too deep. And besides, I was preparing plans for Stan's new building. It was to have been one of the finest in the city. I didn't want that spoiled. But she took the gun and when I wanted it back she wouldn't give it to me."

HE STOOD up and ground the knuckles of his right hand against the palm of his left.

Harrigan said, "Why wouldn't she give it back?"

"She said that if ever Stan came in her room, if he ever tried, she'd shoot him. And she had my gun. Friday afternoon I caught her in her room with the tray of her wall safe out on the bed. I tried to get the gun. She picked it up and I chased her around the room and she ran out in the hall. She ran into the first open room she came to and it was Hazelhurst's. She thrust the chair out of the way and tried to close the door but I got in and we struggled for the gun. It was in the struggle that the screen was knocked out. I had her by the open window, then, and in the struggle her hand, the one that held the gun, struck the sill and the gun went off and she dropped it. Shultz was down below, picking up the screen. He saw both of us. He picked up the gun too and walked back to the garage. Ivy ran back to her room. I went to mine and brushed up and then I went downstairs."

[*Continued on page 110*]

THEY BEGGED FOR INTRODUCTIONS BUT NOBODY TOOK HER HOME

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WEEK-END TO KILL

[Continued from page 109]

He turned and leaned straight-armed on the windowsill. "I accosted Shultz a couple of hours later and asked him for the gun. He wouldn't give it to me. He said he knew plenty about Ivy and me and that he was going to tell Stan. I asked him to sleep on it and think it over. He said he'd think about it."

HE SAT down and wiped perspiration from his face. "When we all came home from the beach club Friday night, I couldn't sleep. I knew he hadn't come home yet and I wanted to see him. I went downstairs at about half-past two and looked in the garage and saw that the beach wagon wasn't there. So I walked down to the gate and I was there when he came along. He stopped and I asked him for the gun again. He didn't answer. He simply put the car in gear but I reached in and knocked it out. I grabbed hold of his arm. to talk to him, and he struck at me. I struck back at him and then he picked up a short length of lead pipe which I guess he carried on the seat for protection. I wrenched that away from him and hit him in the head. I must have hit him very hard."

"Plenty," said Harrigan.

"Then I drove him to that gravel pit. put on his shoes. took his keys. I threw the pipe in the river. I walked back here and unlocked his room and pulled all the shades down. I had a flashlight shaped like a pencil and I used it. Then I found the green strongbox but none of the keys would open it. That was because there was a combination lock on it. I shook it and I could tell there was something heavy inside. I put my own shoes on. left his there, turned out my flashlight and pulled up the shades the way they'd been before. Then I took the box to my room."

"Did you make that fake call?"

"Yes. From Ivy's room."

"How about Shultzy's bankbook?"

"It must have been on the floor all the time. Pascarella simply missed it when he made his first search. Why should I have put it there when my purpose was to help along the belief that Shultz was killed by someone far removed from this house?"

Harrigan wagged his head. "I can't understand why she didn't get a divorce, if she couldn't stand him."

"She had no grounds. She kept inviting Mabel Ryan to the house in the hope that she might eventually get some. She figured that if she kept Stan away from herself, barred her door against him, he'd finally ask her to divorce him. That way, she could ask for a larger settlement."

I said. "You certainly don't talk like a guy who was in love with her."

"I got caught," he said. "I got caught and I couldn't get away. She wouldn't let me." He struck his knees. "And Stan was my friend."

Harrigan said, "I'm old-fashioned maybe, but any guy that monkeys around with a pal's wife, even if she's willing, the guy's a heel."

Vivian was lying on a wicker long chair on the terrace. She moved her legs over and I sat down on the edge of it. The twilight was soft and had a sweet smell.

"What's Stan going to do?" I said.

"He's through with Ivy."

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"Did he say so?"

"Yes. But I knew it before he said it. I know the exact moment it happened. When she came to after fainting, he was sitting on her bed bathing her face. I supose that in the first moment of her consciousness she didn't remember what had taken place downstairs. She snatched the face cloth and threw it in his face. He got up and turned and walked out and right then I knew he was through."

"It took a long time, didn't it?"

"He'd built this dream around her and I guess he realized it was crumbling but he wouldn't admit it, even to himself. He wanted to take her away to the South Seas on that schooner he talked about. I guess he thought it might keep his dream alive. But she laughed at the idea."

"Maybe he'll go when this is all over."

She nodded. "I think he will. I think—you know, I shouldn't be surprised if some day he married Mabel Ryan. They've known each other since they were kids."

"Ivy never liked Shultz, did she?"

"She was always trying to get Stan to fire him, but Stan wouldn't."

"Is her middle name Marie?"

"No. Her first name is Marie but she never used it. Ivy's her middle name."

"She used it when she was a kid in Rochester," I said. "That's where Shultz knew her. That's why she didn't want him around. That's why she refused to meet his brother."

She put her hands back of her head, closed her eyes. "I wish I could just say some magic word that would drive it all away, everything. all the nastiness and double dealing."

"Oh, it could have been worse."

"I don't see how."

"Sure. It could have dragged on and on. This way, it's all over."

She sighed. "I suppose so. You do make things sound logical."

"How would a guy go about making it sound logical that he's quietly nuts about some girl?"

"I think you could make almost anything sound logical."

"You're probably prejudiced in my favor."

"I'm afraid I am."

"Well," I said, "don't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid really."

"I wonder if we're both talking about the same thing."

She took hold of my hand. "I think so, Larry. I think so."

"You're certainly a mind reader."

"A girl would have to be, with you."

FRITZ said that Harrigan was in the pantry and when I went in there, he was leaning with one arm on the refrigerator. The cook, Fritz's wife, was seated at the table.

"Well, first now," Harrigan said, "you cut up two pounds of chuck in inch cubes; you roll 'em in flour and then brown 'em in fat from a half a pound of salt pork. Then you cover the meat with boiling water and simmer it for an hour. Then you cut up, oh, about four carrots, four onions and a couple of green peppers, and then take a couple of bay leaves and whole cloves. Then you add two tablespoons of chili sauce and two tablespoons of chopped parsley and simmer a couple of more hours. Then you thicken the gravy and season to taste, we make it fairly hot, and then you serve it with Viennese noodles."

"My!" said the cook.

"Boy, it slays 'em!"

"And what do you call it, Mr. Harrigan?"

"We call it Viennese Potpourri. Yeah. And me an Irishman!"

For yardage see page following last fashion page

WEDDING GOWN IN DOUBLE RÔLE

EXTRA! Wedding gown turns into evening gown! That happens when this bride takes off the holero and cuts off the train. She is wearing her veil in the new manner, held on by an upstanding houquet. The ruching is lace or chiffon, the buttons satin covered. The dress, white or ivory satin, or alabaster —a warm greyed white—or moonstone blue, champagne beige, or faint pink. No. 9784.

A BLOUSE-LIKE WRAP for evening has suddenly appeared. You see it here in its two versions—with and without a tunic, and with long bloused sleeves. The first one on record was of dotted satin. No. 9773.

THE PULLEY STRAP décolletage is illustrated in this evening gown. Something new and very pretty in shoulder straps at last! The bodice does not slide on this pulley, however. It's safely anchored. No. 9774.

For back view and yardage see page following last fashion page

SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE EVENING

9777

9768

9777

9777

For yardage see page following last fashion page

A ROMANTIC GOWN with a wide wide skirt. This year wide skirts are usually just gathered. The black lace is shown over a black slip. They are also putting black over flesh colored chiffon with lovely effect. No. 9768.

THE CORSET IDEA has influenced the striped bolero frock. Boned satin "corsets" are actually worn on the outside of some French evening frocks. This girdle is something like them, but it looks much prettier. No. 9777.

VACATION VARIETIES

THE SHIRTWAIST FROCK has taken up the bloused silhouette. In the white dress the way the fulness radiates outward from the center is an important new detail. It is supposed to slim the waistline. And it does, too. No. 9785.

AN UMBRELLA-GORED SKIRT and a balloon blouse make this year's two-piece frock. The bloused fulness of the pink frock disappears into tucks at the lower edge, so one does not have any hunchiness inside the skirt. No. 9746.

A SHIRRED WAISTLINE is very graceful if there is only slight fulness in the shirrings and if the dress has unbroken lines from the shoulder to hem. All of which is true about the princess dress above with its shirred waist. No. 9760.

GUIMPE FROCKS are the latest move of the peasant dress vogue. This particular one is able to lead a double life. Without the guimpe it turns into a strapped sun-frock. Colored organdy guimpes and white ones are both good. No. 9759.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

THE NEAT PLEAT

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

RICK-RACK is more interesting this year because dark and vivid colors are used. The pale blue frock marks off its pleated vest with navy. It is, incidentally, a very good simple dress, one that everyone can wear. No. 9745.

BONBON COLORS are smart as can be, especially yellow, blue, pink, and lavender. The yellow dress has the new pushed-to-the-side fulness, with tucks running into pleats. And that is a slenderizing note. No. 9764.

DARK ORGANZA dresses with white accents are the coolest looking town frocks. This one has tucks and pleats at either side, because that is chic and also because it obscures the lines of the slip beneath. No. 9761.

COLLARLESS DRESSES are growing important now that collarless coats and jackets are such a success. Ones cut like that of the pink dress. Notice how nicely the skirt carries on the lines of the bodice. No. 9781.

For back view and yardage see page following last fashion page.

BOLERO ENSEMBLES

PRINTED BOLEROS are charming with plain crêpe frocks. The print may be crêpe too, or linen, or cotton. In this bolero frock both are rayon. The dress has a new, high, draped, straight-across neckline. That kind of a neckline looks ever so nice under a jacket. No. 9751.

PUTTING ODD COLORS together is getting to be a kind of game this year. You see what happens when rust and turquoise join up. The dress under the turquoise bolero is one of those long slim ones. Its beltless front produces the smart long-legged effect. No. 9755.

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For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

THE WEEK-END ENSEMBLE that can be broken down into two costumes is the most useful thing devised. Such an ensemble is illustrated here. You arrive in the redingote on Saturday. On Sunday you appear looking fresh and charming in the gay printed dress. No. 9763.

A PRINTED JACKET DRESS is a must, any year. Smartest when it looks like a suit, as does this one, for its jacket is the suit type and its contrasting top has the blouse look. The jacket is slightly bloused also which is the last word. Everything is taking on looser, easier lines. No. 9762.

WEEK-ENDERS

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

SQUARE NECKS are being seen more often. In this dress the square neck is accompanied by drapery, which accounts for much of its charm. That yoke is for the new low-waisted effect. No. 9766.

PRINTED TOPS we have told you about. They are part of this new feeling for less print and more plain color. The one here has the prettiest top in the mode, the butterfly bodice. No. 9749.

DUSKY CHIFFON with white prints makes the prettiest summer dress. This one allows the wearer to appear at her prettiest, too, mostly because of white piping near her face. No. 9776.

LOWER WAISTLINES really are coming back. Not the kind worn ten years ago. But like that in the white frock, which fits at the normal line and then marks off a lower one too. No. 9771.

THE NEW LOOSENESS in clothes is just right for chiffon. The brown chiffon dress has plenty of this easy fulness and, though simple, it is lovely. Notice that bow ties are narrower. No. 9748.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

THIN DARK DRESSES like this navy shirtwaister are very chic, and pink is newer than white for accent. The slip underneath matches. Printed slips are also being much used. No. 9747.

PINK is the preferred color this year—dawn pink, azalia, cyclamen, dusty, chalky, etc. Lovely with wine, as used here. There are always new ways to shirr a dress. This is the newest. No. 9753.

IF IT'S SHEER, IT'S CHIC

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

SUITS THAT SUIT SUMMER

THE BLOUSED JACKET is one of two new moves in suit fashions. Notice that this one is just slightly bloused from released tucks. It gives one a nice figure. All the newest suits are being made softer. No. 9765.

THE PLEATED JACKET is the other new thing about suits. The one above is pleated only at the back, and slightly bloused there. Smart summer suit fabrics for it include grosgrain, shantung, shark-skin and linen. No. 9779.

THE BEST BOLEROS in the dozens that one now sees, are the three illustrated above. With the white one is worn a one-button girdle that deserves a few words of praise. It is seamed to fit beautifully. No. 9772.

A LONG WAY AROUND THE HEMLINE

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

No. 9770. A charming little linen princess frock with its smart lines rick-rack trimmed. It buttons down the front and teaches her to dress herself. It is belted at the back, and there are matching panties underneath.

No. 9620. Designed after a lovely French party frock. Its bodice is shirred and banded in the front in a very pretty manner, not difficult to do. It is buttoned at the back. Nice made in flowered crêpe, chiffon, or sheer.

No. 9627. Stripes are used two ways in this frock. Its square neck, which is new, its puffed sleeves and the ribbon trimming are sure to endear this dress to her. Easily made, as it is mostly straight gathered pieces.

No. 9775. A dress-yourself frock with a very brief bolero jacket. The bodice fronts are shirred along the panel quite like grown-ups. The dress is belted at the back, and underneath there are panties to match it.

No. 9767. A printed Tyrolean suspender-skirt, with a contrasting bolero-jacket and a blouse. The full skirt is shirred to a wide band at the waistline. The blouse has the always preferred very tiny puffed sleeves.

No. 9752. The bodice of this flared princess dress is cut bolero effect, and edged with rickrack. Its sleeves are darted at the top as importantly as anyone's. It's an especially good dress for linen and for chambray.

No. 9757. A fitted button-down-the-front jumper in princess style, with all its important lines trimmed with rick-rack. The sheer little blouse is also rick-rack trimmed. There are matching panties to go with it.

No. 9756. Another princess jumper-dress with a printed silk blouse. This is a very quick dress to make as its panels are in one from the shoulder to the hem. It can be worn without its guimpe as a fun-frock.

FOR ALL OF OUR LIVES

[Beginning on page 26]

"Almost twenty."

They were stopping outside the entrance to Derek's apartment house.

Suddenly they and the whole evening before them dropped away, became trivial. She wondered whether the nurse would let her see Derek!

The producer and the agent got out of the car, stood beside her on the sidewalk. She made her goodbyes as hurriedly as she could.

But when she gave the producer her hand, he held it a moment. "Tell me one thing. Why are you bothering to waste an evening you ought to be celebrating, calling on an actor who has more hits behind him certainly than he has left ahead?"

Her anger steadied her voice: "Many reasons. The most important, you would think, is that it was through Mr. Waring's insistence I was given the lead in *Tennessee.*"

The producer smiled down at her. Only just amused at her anger.

He said, "At the beginning, one does have a little time for gratitude."

They said "good night" then and went away.

She rang the doorbell hard. The nurse must let her see Derek!

THERE she stood, in the doorway of his room. He thought absurdly, "This is the very best minute of my life."

"Well, Gillian!"

"Well, Derek!"

Miss Blaine took the leopard coat. He said to her, "Get my man up, and have him cool a bottle of champagne. Don't tell me I should drink my milk instead. I've always heard champagne was excellent for convalescents. And tell him to get some supper for Miss Dwight. She didn't eat her dinner."

"How do you know I didn't eat my dinner?"

"Because I know everything about young actresses in the hours before their first first night."

Miss Blaine was choosing to be agreeable. Fortunate. He didn't want to waste one scrap of the pleasant energy surging through him, persuading his nurse to let him be as reckless as he chose. He wanted to talk to Gillian, to entertain her, while she waited with him to read the reviews of *Tennessee.*

"The important ones will be out by two-thirty, Gillian."

"What are you talking about?"

"Your reviews, you darling. Did you really forget for three minutes."

"Yes."

Miss Blaine had gone out of the room. He said, "Come and kiss me once, my darling. Have you forgiven me for my horrible behavior last week?"

She nodded her bright head. She kissed him. He caught his breath, let the moment go past, said lightly enough, "Sit over there where I can look at you."

She said, "You were right last week, and I was wrong. It doesn't seem important now, does it?"

"No."

"You haven't asked me one question about how *Tennessee* went."

"No."

"Aren't you going to?"

"No."

She looked so bewildered that he laughed aloud. "Gillian, they'll say you have genius, but I'll know that, aside from that, you are not outstandingly bright. I was there, at *Tennessee.* You should have known I would be there."

"Oh, Derek, Derek."

She was kneeling beside his bed. Her arms were around his neck and a tumble of shining curls was up against his shoulder.

Miss Blaine came into the room. Who cared? Not he or Gillian. Who was saying, up against his shoulder, "I forgot about the reviews, because I was thinking of something else, more important. . . ."

"What, Gillian?"

"You and me. You said, 'After *Tennessee* opens, we will talk again of you and me.'"

He had not been sure what he must do. It had depended altogether on how she felt, after *Tennessee* opened. Besides, that conversation was in the life that preceded a recent discussion with his doctor.

Miss Blaine had gone away again.

He said, "We'll be married, of course. But not just yet. In about a year or a little longer. When you've had a fair try at your career."

She had lifted her head. But he did not want to look at her face yet. Not quite yet. "You see, the doctor urges me strongly to take a year's holiday, so that I never have a recurrence of this chest condition. It's a sensible idea. I've been working very steadily for a long time. Afterward, you and I can find a play to do together. There is some business I should attend to in England." He paused. And still he did not want to look at her.

He went on: "I thought I'd sail quite quickly, as soon as I'm able, in fact. The sooner I go, and begin my holiday in some warm climate, the sooner I'll be back. Do you mind waiting, Gillian?"

He looked at her then, at her radiant young face.

No, she did not mind waiting.

After a little while, she said conscientiously, that she didn't suppose it would be right for her to leave *Tennessee* even to marry him. She said as if it were much more momentous that he must sail quickly, "Some day we'll take holidays in sunshine together, won't we?"

He said that they would.

HIS man rose to the occasion, and produced caviar for supper. By then, Gillian was talking happily and excitedly of all that happened backstage. Even she told him about the producer and the agent.

He said, "You sign up with Pat tomorrow. He's as good as any of the others, and much better than most."

"But the League?"

"Trust my judgment, Gillian. You play the rest of the season in *Tennessee* and change to something new in the fall. The League can get someone ready for your part by then."

She said slowly, "If I opened in a new play in the fall, it mightn't be closed by a year from now. Then we'd have to delay our marriage."

He said hastily, "A year from spring. Let's settle on that. Can you keep a secret until a year from spring?"

"Must it be a secret? I'm afraid I want to boast of you, Derek, of the amazing fact that you love me."

"So do I want to boast, of the fact that Miss Gillian Dwight—"

"Don't laugh at me, Derek."

But he knew she did not mind.

He said, carefully, "I am taking the long view. I want you to have your year, or a little more—two plays—absolutely on your own. Ever after, I shall be as interfering as possible. But for the year, I want you to try to think even that you are by yourself, working out your life."

"I shan't mind, since I know I'm not."

Well, let it go at that. He was beginning to be tired. Miss Blaine's face was grown rather anxious by the time the morning papers came.

He summoned concentration with an effort. But he read them through. Gillian was very white, reading them.

When he was finished, he saw that she was crying.

"Derek, I can't believe it."

"No, not quite yet. Try though to remember this that I say, a long time from now, when as is bound to happen, you have other reviews in other plays that won't read like these. . . . Always remember, that once at least in life, you touched it. The critics, first and last, are sound. I imagine they're glad, when they have the chance to be whole-hearted in praise."

His voice and his eyes grew distant, fixed on something far from that room, fixed perhaps on the oblong of stars and sky outside his window. "Very whole-heartedly they welcome you, Gillian Dwight, who aren't quite twenty years old, to the company of the few whose names in the theater have a more lasting shining than the lights outside the *porte-cochères* in which so many names are written for a little while."

His eyes, his voice came back to her. "So go home, my darling, and sleep well. We have so many tomorrows now."

THE day he sailed was a matinee day for her so she could not come to the boat with him. She did not guess that he had deliberately arranged his sailing for her matinee day.

He had been afraid toward the end that he might have told her. Because toward the end he wanted so much one year of her life, knowing that she was almost young enough to have one year to waste. Almost, not quite. If her chance had not come so soon, if she'd never played the lead in *Tennessee*, she could have afforded a year. Not now.

So they said their goodbyes at luncheon in a fashionable restaurant where people interrupted constantly to wish Derek bon voyage and other people interrupted to say, "Derek, we want to meet Miss Dwight."

"You will write me, Derek."

"Advice on every given subject, and also, continuously until you're bored hearing it, that I love you. It's time I took you to the theater."

There was her name on the *porte-cochère*, an incidental result of the talk he'd had with Barbara, the more important result of which was that the League would not try to keep Gillian after the run of *Tennessee* or even through it, if a good opportunity came for her in the new season.

Well, the League would look after Gillian for a little while. Her agent would look after her with a high degree of efficiency thereafter. And in time, Gillian would look after Gillian.

She was standing at the entrance to the stage door beside him. She was looking at him as if he were all on this earth she would ever love. And she was trying to smile.

"The time will pass, Derek. I'll be busy."

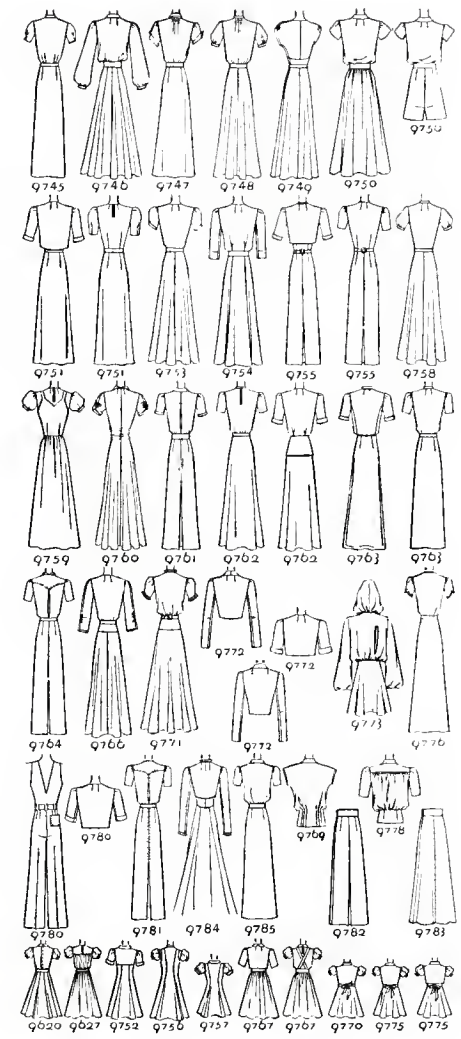
Realization swept him. This was the last time he would ever see her. When he turned and left her, she would be gone from his life forever.

She could speak. He could not. "My dearest, don't look unhappy. I will wait. You—you have a pleasant holiday and feel well."

A child's words of comfort.

"Yes, Gillian."

[*Continued on page 124*]



No. 9620. Size 12, 2¾ yards 39-inch material, belt, 1¾ yards.

No. 9627. Size 10, 2⅜ yards 35-inch material.

No. 9745. Size 36, 3¾ yards 35-inch material, rickrack, 1⅛ yards.

No. 9746. Size 16, 4⅝ yards 39-inch material.

No. 9747. Size 36, 3¼ yards 39-inch, ½ yard 39-inch contrast.

No. 9748. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 39-inch material.

No. 9749. Size 36, waist, ⅞ yard 39-inch, skirt, 2⅛ yards 39-inch.

No. 9750. Size 16, 5⅛ yards 39-inch material.

No. 9751. Size 16, dress, 2⅞ yards 39-inch, bolero, 1¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 9752. Size 8, waist, ¾ yard 35-inch, skirt, 1¼ yards 35-inch, rickrack, 2 yards.

No. 9753. Size 36, 3¼ yards 39-inch material.

No. 9754. Size 36, 3¼ yards 39-inch material.

No. 9755. Size 16, 3 yards 35-inch material, bolero, 1¼ yards 35-inch.

No. 9756. Size 8, dress, 2¼ yards 31-inch material, blouse, 1 yard 35-inch.

No. 9757. Size 4, dress and panties, 1⅞ yards 35-inch, blouse, ¾ yard 35-inch.

No. 9759. Size 16, dress, 3 yards 35-inch material, blouse, 1¼ yards 35-inch.

No. 9760. Size 16, 3¾ yards 39-inch material, contrast, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 9761. Size 36, 3⅜ yards 39-inch material, ⅜ yard 39-inch contrast.

No. 9762. Size 36, 3⅜ yards 39-inch material, 1⅜ yards 39-inch for waist.

No. 9763. Size 36, dress, 3 yards 39-inch, jacket and redingote skirt, 3 yards 39-inch.

No. 9764. Size 36, 4½ yards 32-inch material.

No. 9765. Size 16, 2⅝ yards 54-inch material.

No. 9766. Size 36, 3¼ yards 39-inch material.

No. 9767. Size 12, blouse, 1¼ yards 35-inch, skirt, 2 yards 35-inch, bolero, 1⅛ yards 35-inch.

No. 9768. Size 16, 8⅜ yards 39-inch, 2⅝ yards 2-inch ribbon, slip, 2⅝ yards 39-inch.

No. 9769. Size 36, 1⅞ yards 35-inch material.

No. 9770. Size 4, 3 yards 27-inch material.

No. 9771. Size 36, 3⅛ yards 39-inch material, ruching, 2 yards.

No. 9772. Size 16, blue jacket, 2 yards 35-inch, red jacket, 1⅛ yards 39-inch, white jacket, 1⅛ yards 54-inch, girdle, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 9773. Size 16, with peplum, 3⅞ yards 39-inch, without peplum, 2⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 9774. Size 16, 3⅛ yards 39-inch material.

No. 9775. Size 4, dress, 2⅜ yards 32-inch material, bolero, ⅜ yard 35-inch.

No. 9776. Size 36, 3¼ yards 39-inch material.

No. 9777. Size 16, 2¾ yards 72-inch striped net, girdle, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 9778. Size 16, 2 yards 35-inch material.

No. 9779. Size 16, jacket, 1⅝ yards 54-inch material, skirt, 1¼ yards 54-inch, or plain material, 3¾ yards 39-inch.

No. 9780. Size 16, 3⅞ yards 35-inch material, waist, 1 yard 35-inch.

No. 9781. Size 36, 3⅛ yards 39-inch material.

No. 9782. Size 30, 2⅞ yards 35-inch material.

No. 9783. Size 28, 2¾ yards 35-inch material.

No. 9784. Size 16, with train, 8 yards 39-inch material, 1⅛ yards pleating; without train, dress, 4⅛ yards 39-inch, jacket, 1⅜ yards 39-inch.

No. 9785. Size 16, 3⅞ yards 32-inch material.

WAKE UP AND LIVE

These true-life experiences may be just the help you need. Read how these four people found a way to *New Energy* and the happy, busy kind of life everyone wants to live

George Eade and his daughter Lila are real pals

Feels Made Over

"Last year, when George was salesman for a big incinerator company, his health was not as good as it should have been. It's true he was outdoors most of the time. But it seemed as though he spent his life sitting in the car driving from town to town.

"I worried when he came home every night dead tired. I could see he was getting more and more run-down.

"One night George read about Fleischmann's Yeast in the newspaper. He said he'd like to try it. So the next day I bought a supply and he began eating it regularly.

"After a few weeks he felt better. He was rested in the morning, ready to tackle his job. Now, after 4 months, he says he feels made over, and there is all the difference in the world in the way he looks and acts."—MRS. GEORGE EADE

Hedwig Kerber—back dancing with her friends

Week Ends Filled Up with Fun

"Three months ago, I nearly bought the drugstore out of salves and things, trying to get rid of the ugly blotches that broke out on my face.

"I'd always been so proud of my skin, you can believe how I felt when I looked in the mirror and saw those pimples! I *had* to go to school, even though I was miserable, but I stopped going to dances with the crowd.

"Then a friend told me about Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it faithfully, every day. It only took a month to notice a decided change in the way I looked and felt. Now—I'm back with the dancing group again—and week ends are filled up with fun."—HEDWIG KERBER

Samuel Orr

Lots More Energy

"Last summer I came near staying home from camp because of my skin. It was *terrible*—pimples all over my face.

"I know a lot of fellows my age have bad skin, and I thought it was just something to expect around 16 and 17. But when it got worse and worse I was pretty disgusted.

"Then Mother suggested I try Fleischmann's Yeast. So I did—3 cakes a day. In a month my face looked better and I was all fixed up by the time I left for camp.

"I still eat yeast—to play safe. I've got lots more real energy, too. This year, there's hardly a sport I don't go in for."
SAMUEL ORR

3 Jobs—and Pep to Spare

"Five days a week I'm a receptionist and secretary. I teach a class in arts and crafts on the sixth day, and work four nights a week besides. That's a heavy schedule! I got overtired and nervous and began to develop a case of constipation.

"I didn't know what to do. Then I remembered my success with Fleischmann's Yeast once in college.

"So I went back to eating it. In three weeks all signs of constipation were gone. Now I have all the energy I need for all three jobs—and enough extra pep to have fun besides!"
MURIEL WHITCOMB

Muriel Whitcomb playing a winning hand

IT IS THE PROMPT ACTION of the millions of tiny, *live yeast plants* in every cake that makes Fleischmann's fresh Yeast so effective.

These get busy at once helping to stimulate the flow of gastric juices. Then digestion speeds up and your entire system is kept healthier and more active. Elimination improves—skin troubles from intestinal poisons begin to clear up, that pepless feeling to go.

Each cake of this fresh food is fortified with four vitamins (A, B, D and G)—the Cold-Resistance Vitamin, the Nerve Vitamin, the Bone Vitamin and the Vitality Vitamin. Three cakes a day, plus your meals, should give you *all* of these vitamins you need. Start today to eat a cake about ½ hour *before* each meal.

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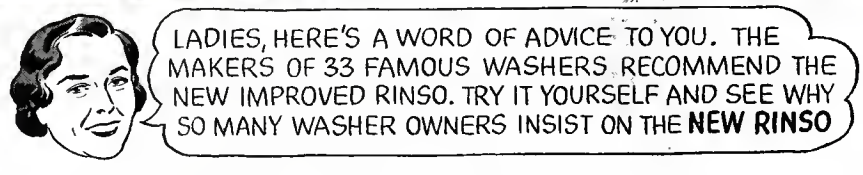
MY SHIRTS LOOK LIKE NEW, HONEY—SINCE YOU CHANGED TO THAT NEW SOAP
HAVE YOU NOTICED IT, TOO? THE NEW IMPROVED RINSO CERTAINLY DOES GIVE CLOTHES A DAZZLING WHITENESS

WHITE THINGS COME FROM MY WASHER AT LEAST 5 SHADES WHITER THAN ORDINARY SOAPS COULD GET THEM. AND THE COLORS COME BRIGHT AS SUNLIGHT
MY MOTTO IS — WHEN YOU'VE FOUND A GOOD THING — STICK TO IT

DON'T WORRY, I'LL NEVER USE ANYTHING BUT THE NEW RINSO. IT GIVES OVER 25% MORE SUDS THAN THE OLD. THEY'RE FASTER-ACTING AND LONGER-LASTING, TOO


LADIES, HERE'S A WORD OF ADVICE TO YOU. THE MAKERS OF 33 FAMOUS WASHERS RECOMMEND THE NEW IMPROVED RINSO. TRY IT YOURSELF AND SEE WHY SO MANY WASHER OWNERS INSIST ON THE NEW RINSO

IF YOU do not own a washer—then by all means you simply *must* use the New improved Rinso. Cup for cup, the New Rinso gives over 25% more suds than the old. Active, longer-lasting suds that *soak* out dirt without hard scrubbing or boiling. White clothes come at least 5 shades whiter than ordinary soaps could get them. Colors come out bright and gay as new. This safer, gentle, "no-scrub" way to wash clothes makes them last 2 or 3 times longer.

Grand for dishes

The New Rinso is marvelous for dishwashing. All you have to do is to soak the dishes in Rinso's lively suds for a few minutes. Then swish...rinse ...and the dishes are ready to drain dry, if you wish. The New Rinso is as kind as ever to hands. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. It is America's biggest-selling package soap. Get the big household package.

TUNE IN RINSO'S "BIG SISTER" every Monday through Friday over Columbia Network. See your local paper for time and station.

FOR ALL OF OUR LIVES

[Continued from page 122]

"Think of all the plays we'll do in the time after . . ."

He would not have his last sentence to her false. What he had thought, on her opening night, recurred to him, suddenly. He could find nothing better for goodbye. "Gillian my dear, the life one lives and the parts one plays get all confused in time. For an actor like me, for an actress like you, the parts one plays count more."

She did not understand yet.

He kissed her. She went away, through the stage door, into a dusty backstage corridor like so many that he knew.

THERE was a cold wind swirling snow down into the blue dusk. The last daylight was fading from the airport, the dark thickening, the lights flashing sharper against the sky.

Miss Gillian Dwight stood outside, waiting for Oliver, who had a matinee but had said he would get to Newark at the last minute to see her off.

There were still ten minutes.

Her maid said, "Pity the weather changed, Miss Dwight. You'd better put on your fur coat." She slipped her arms into it. A mink coat. Part of Derek's advices. "Get clothes first. Apartments can wait. You'll be East and West too unpredictably to bother."

She thought about Derek, not quite happily. Fourteen months since he had sailed, and yet he had strongly urged her to take this one-picture contract on the Coast, before she sailed to England to join him. Well, perhaps he was wise. That picture she'd made in the East had been a surprising success, and as Derek said, it was worth consolidating that success with another. In July, she would be free to go to him.

Something in the vista of thickening dusk, and the signal lights flashing, that inconsequential flurry of snow in April was reminiscent. But she could not quite decide. . . .

Then she remembered. A railroad station platform, the first snow of winter, Miles and herself. How far away that was!

She'd heard that Miles and Millicent had a baby, had meant to send them some gift, had been busy, and forgotten. That was in the week before the opening of *Long Passage*, her second play, which the critics had not liked, though they liked her in it.

Her maid said, "Them newspaper gentlemen, Miss Dwight."

Matter of factly, she went inside to the light, posed for photographs, answered their questions simply. Yes, she was going for just one picture. She did not believe the title had been settled. Her plans afterward were not definite. She expected to go for a holiday in England.

Then, there was Oliver, looking unaccountably worried. She asked the reporters politely if that were all, and moved toward him.

One of the reporters said, "Just a minute, Miss Dwight. Would you like to make some comment on Derek Waring? We're having a little symposium of opinions by prominent people in the theater . . ."

She stared at him. Oliver took her arm. He spoke before the reporter could. "Gillian, it's in the late editions. I came as fast as I could. Gillian, he died, the account says, after a long illness."

The reporter was taking a folded newspaper out of his pocket, and handing it to her. On the front page, a small single column photograph. She couldn't read the headline.

Oliver's voice was very far off. "This is rather disturbing news for Miss Dwight. You see, Mr. Waring got her her first part."

THE reporter was saying something. "Perhaps, Miss Dwight, then you'll just leave it to us. Some little comment about his importance to the theater of his day."

She said to Oliver, "He knew all the time. He must have known all the time."

That reporter. There were things one had to remember. The loud speaker was beginning to shout. "Sleeper express for the Southwest loading now at Gate 5. All passengers give their names to stewardess Miss Johnson as they enter the plane."

She said to the reporter. "Yes, whatever you like."

She walked beside Oliver outside to the plane.

[THE END]

PRICE LIST OF NEW McCALL PATTERNS

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to McCall Corporation, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, Room 1181, The Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., Spring and Mitchell Streets, Atlanta, Ga., 710 Commerce Street, Dallas, Texas, 50 York Street, Toronto 2, Can., Park Avenue, North Circular Road, London, N. W. 10, Eng.

No.	Sizes	Price
9620	8-14	.35
9627	8-14	.35
9631	12-18, 36-42	.45
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9658	12-18, 36-42	.65
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9681	12-20	.50
9687	12-18, 36-42	.45
9700	12-18, 36-42	.50
9707	12-20	.45
9715	12-18, 36-42	.65
9724	12-20	.50
9735	4-14	.25
9741	12-20	.25
9744	12-20	.45
9745	12-18, 36-42	.45
9746	12-20	.45
9747	12-18, 36-42	.65
9748	12-18, 36-42	.50
9749	12-18, 36-42	.50
9750	12-20	.45
9751	12-20	.65
9752	6-14	.35
9753	12-18, 36-42	.50
9754	14-18, 36-46	.25
9755	12-20	.65
9756	8-14	.35
9757	2-6	.25
9758	12-20	.45
9759	12-20	.45
9760	13-17, 12-20	.50
9761	12-18, 36-42	.45
9762	12-18, 36-42	.65
9763	12-18, 36-42	.75
9764	12-18, 36-42	.45
9765	12-20	.50
9766	12-18, 36-42	.50
9767	6-14	.35
9768	12-20	.75
9769	12-18, 36-42	.35
9770	2-6	.25
9771	12-18, 36-42	.50
9772	12-20	.45
9773	12-20	.50
9774	12-20	.65
9775	2-8	.25
9776	12-18, 36-46	.50
9777	12-20	.65
9778	12-20	.35
9779	12-20	.50
9780	12-20	.50
9781	12-18, 36-46	.25
9782	24-36	.35
9783	24-36	.35
9784	12-20	.75
9785	12-20	.50

EMBROIDERY AND NOVELTY PATTERNS

No.	Sizes	Price
537	Infants' Blue	.35
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584	12-14; 16-18 Yellow or blue	.35
585	Blue	.25
586	22, 23	.35

A doubly lovely *You*

this healthful Double Mint way

HERE is a charm secret which everyone knows brings admiration from men—women, too, for that matter. It is that doubly lovely look which invigorating *Double Mint gum* adds to your smile and style. And this is more than a pretty promise as you see by reading below—

Add loveliness to your smile • The daily enjoyment of healthful, refreshing, delicious Double Mint gum, in this soft food era, supplies much-needed beneficial chewing exercise . . . In a normal, natural way, this double-lasting mint-flavored gum firms sleepy face muscles and saggy chin lines, keeping facial contours young It gives an easy, gentle chewing exercise which safely massages your gums, stimulating healthy circulation—helps mold round, shapely lips and whitens your teeth. You appear more awake and responsive. The added loveliness of your smile is apparent. Your friends take more delight in you. Enjoy Double Mint gum any place or time. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Be alert to new fashions • Through Double Mint gum you can dress beautifully, flatteringly, in the most advanced style. Below left, is the attractive, new bosom dress so femininely lovely. Below right, is the new style, little girl's party frock. To make these dresses available to you, Double Mint gum has had them put into McCall Patterns.

"Oh yes," you say, *"I now see just how Double Mint gum can add to my Smile and Style."* Enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum. Millions do. It beautifies your lips, mouth, teeth. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, assures a pleasant, inoffensive breath. It satisfies your craving for confection yet is not fattening. Double Mint gum makes you a happier, more vital person whom people want to know. *Buy several packages today.*

For Travel, Schoolwear, Business, look **YOUR CHARMING BEST** *in this smartly feminine, new* **DOUBLE MINT** *dress, specially designed for you in New York and made available to you by Double Mint gum in* **McCALL** *Pattern 9758. (Sizes 12-20)*
You can buy this pattern at your local department store. Or write to McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

SCENES FROM WALT DISNEY'S
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

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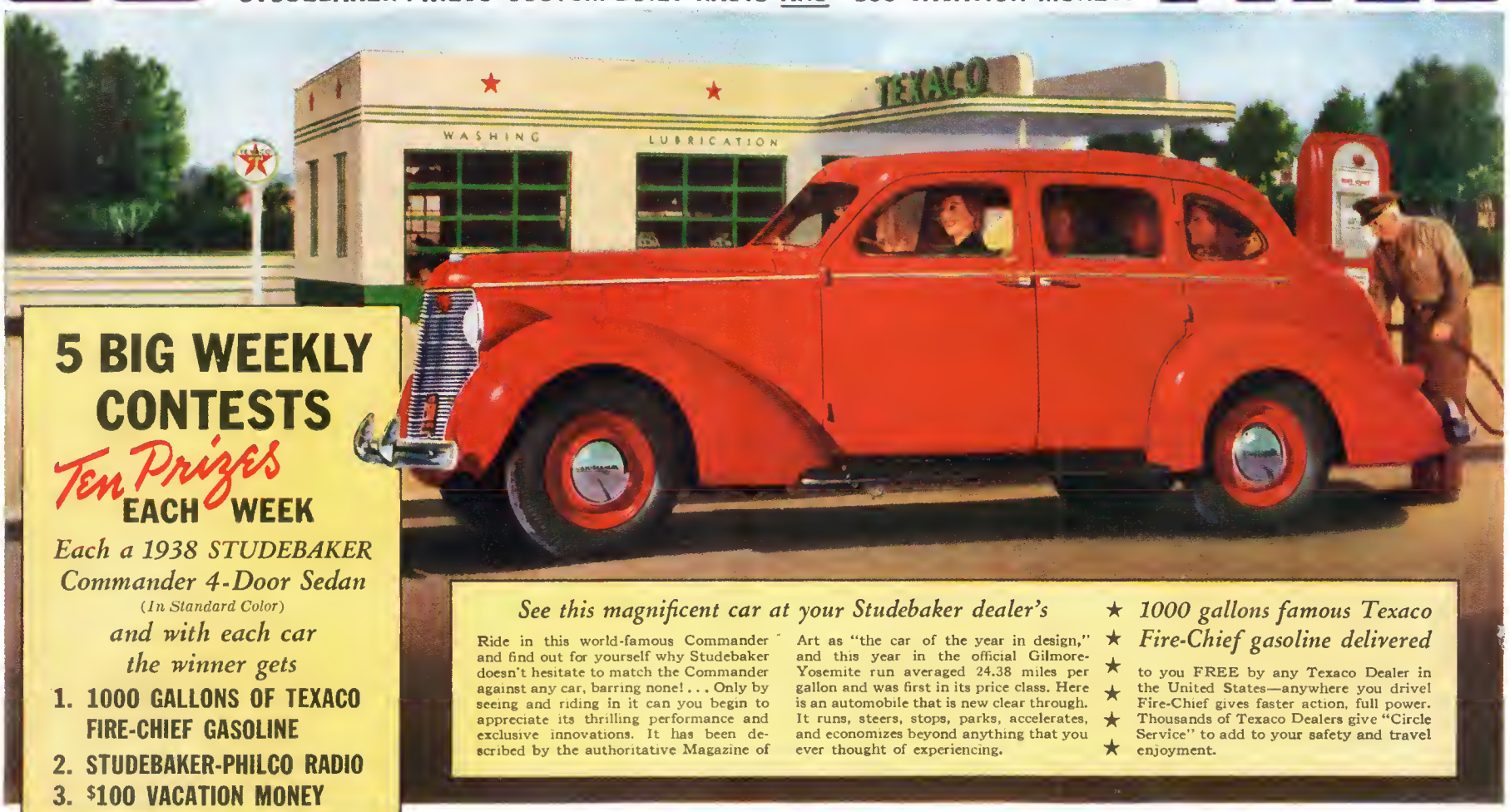
Walt Disney
Enterprises

For Parties, Graduation, Confirmation—look as delightful as Walt Disney's star of **"SNOW WHITE** *and the Seven Dwarfs" in this Snow White* **DOUBLE MINT** *dress. Made available by Double Mint gum in* **McCALL** *Pattern 558. (6-14 yrs.) You can buy this pattern at your local department store. Or write McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.*

COMMANDER 4-DOOR SEDANS

50 STUDEBAKERS FREE

EACH WITH 1000 GALLONS OF TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF* GASOLINE AND STUDEBAKER-PHILCO CUSTOM-BUILT RADIO AND $100 VACATION MONEY!



5 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

Ten Prizes EACH WEEK

Each a 1938 STUDEBAKER Commander 4-Door Sedan
(In Standard Color)
and with each car the winner gets

1. 1000 GALLONS OF TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE
2. STUDEBAKER-PHILCO RADIO
3. $100 VACATION MONEY

See this magnificent car at your Studebaker dealer's

Ride in this world-famous Commander and find out for yourself why Studebaker doesn't hesitate to match the Commander against any car, barring none!... Only by seeing and riding in it can you begin to appreciate its thrilling performance and exclusive innovations. It has been described by the authoritative Magazine of Art as "the car of the year in design," and this year in the official Gilmore-Yosemite run averaged 24.38 miles per gallon and was first in its price class. Here is an automobile that is new clear through. It runs, steers, stops, parks, accelerates, and economizes beyond anything that you ever thought of experiencing.

★ *1000 gallons famous Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline delivered* ★ to you FREE by any Texaco Dealer in the United States—anywhere you drive! Fire-Chief gives faster action, full power. Thousands of Texaco Dealers give "Circle Service" to add to your safety and travel enjoyment. ★ ★ ★ ★

WIN! START NOW! JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE:

"I like Ivory Flakes because..... (IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)

A new contest every week! Enter now... enter every week!

Thrilling prizes! 50 Studebaker 1938 Commander Sedans... each with Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline to last about 2 years... each with a factory-engineered and approved Studebaker-Philco Radio!

"The car of the year in design," says Magazine of Art. 1938 Studebaker Commander Sedan first in its price class—averaged 24.38 miles per gallon in the Gilmore-Yosemite run.

Ace of gasolines!... Texaco Fire-Chief, the full-mileage, full-power gasoline.

The nation's favorite radio!... Philco, bringing you clear, rich reception at any speed, in high or low.

AND... $100 IN CASH! What a thrill to drive away in this beautiful Studebaker—with $100 extra in your pocket—to a glorious, carefree vacation!

WHY?... These grand prizes are offered to get more women to try Ivory Flakes, made from pure Ivory Soap, for washing fine fabrics. Ivory Flakes protect the most delicate colors, the sheerest materials. Remember *that*, in finishing the sentence, "I like Ivory Flakes because ....." in 25 additional words or less.

HINTS HOW TO WIN! Use Ivory Flakes for washing your silk stockings, dainty print dresses, silk underwear, or baby's clothes. Notice how fast Ivory Flakes foam into rich suds, how fresh and new your things come out. Isn't that easy to write about?

Isn't it easy to tell us about it, in your own simple, sincere words? For example:

"I like Ivory Flakes because Ivory Flakes washing kept my last summer's print dresses so bright and colorful that I'm happy to wear them this summer."

DON'T HESITATE TO ENTER! It's so easy to write a good sentence right out of your own experience. Nothing fancy—nothing "literary." The judges are looking for sentences that are simple and sincere—and that tell about some good use for Ivory Flakes.

DON'T DELAY! Enter this contest today!

"THE MOST THRILLING SURPRISE" says CAR WINNER in the last big Ivory contest. "It was marvelous that a simple sentence could win me such a beautiful Studebaker car and 1000 gallons of Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline."
Mrs. G. F. Sanford, Jr., Upper Montclair, N. J.

RADIO

FOR CONTEST NEWS and PRIZE-WINNERS TUNE IN ON "THE O'NEILLS" and "MARY MARLIN"
Mondays thru Fridays—See your local newspaper for exact time and stations

ENTRY BLANK

"I like Ivory Flakes because .....

.....

.....

....."

(FINISH THE ABOVE SENTENCE IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS... OR LESS)

IVORY FLAKES, Dept. M, Box 123, Cincinnati, Ohio

Here is my entry for the Ivory Flakes Contest. I attach an Ivory Flakes box-top, either size (or facsimile).

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

READ THESE EASY RULES:

1. Finish the sentence "I like Ivory Flakes because....." in 25 additional words or less. Write on this entry blank or on one side of a sheet of paper. Sign your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings or photographs with your entries.
2. Attach a box-top from either size of Ivory Flakes (or facsimile) to each entry.
3. Mail to Ivory Flakes, Dept. M, Box 123, Cincinnati, O.
4. There will be 5 weekly contests. Weekly prizes listed in panel left of car illustration.
5. Entries received before Sunday, June 5th, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before Saturday midnight July 9th. Opening and closing dates are—

CONTEST	OPENING	CLOSING
1st—	Sun. June 5th	Sat. June 11th
2nd—	Sun. June 12th	Sat. June 18th
3rd—	Sun. June 19th	Sat. June 25th
4th—	Sun. June 26th	Sat. July 2nd
5th—	Sun. July 3rd	Sat. July 9th

6. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. The decision of the judges will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble. Any resident of the United States or Hawaii may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contests subject to Federal, State and Local regulations.
7. Winners of the Studebaker automobiles will be announced shortly after the close of each contest over Ivory's radio programs "The O'Neills," and "Mary Marlin"—Coast-to-Coast.